

RESOLVES
A Duple Century

the VII Edition
by Owen Felltham .
With a large Alphabetically
Table therunto .

et sic demulceo
Vitam .

LONDON

Printed for Henry Seile
and are to be sold at J. Signet
Tigres-head in St. Pauls
Church-yard 1647.

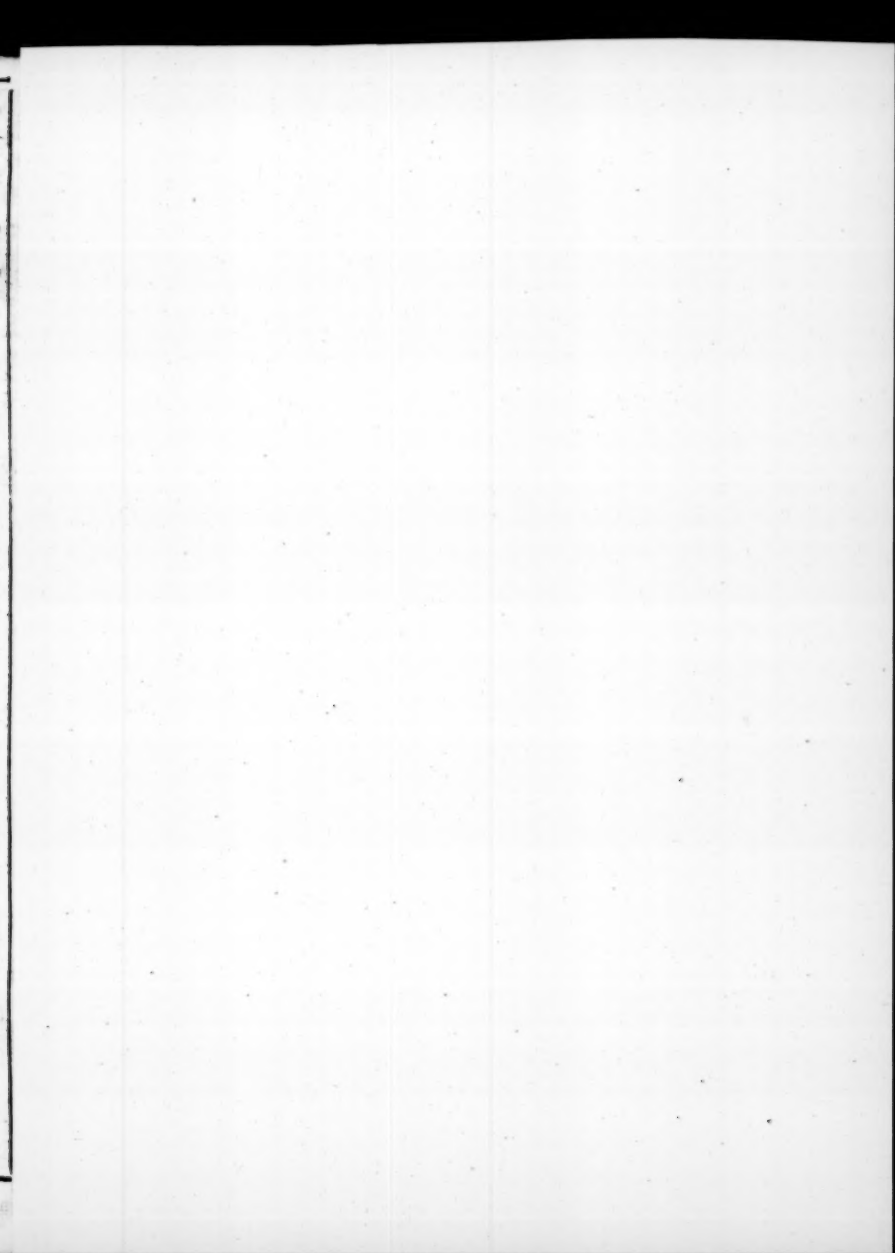
IGNORANTIA .

K Feltham (2)

The Face of the Book
unmasked.

Here, th' *Universe* in *Natures* Frame,
Sustain'd by *Truth*, and *Wisdoms* Hand,
Doth, by *Opinions* empty Name,
And *Ignorance*, distracted stand :
Who, with strong *Cords* of *Vanity*, conspire,
Tangling the *Totall*, with abstruse *Desire*.

But then, the *Noble Heart* infir'd
With *Rays*, divinely from above,
Mounts (though with *Wings* moist, and bemin'd)
The great *Gods* glorious *Light* to prove,
Slighting the *World* : yet *self-renouncing*, tryes,
That where *God* draws not, there *she* sinks, and dyes.





//

R.e

TO
THE RIGHT
HONORABLE
THOMAS
Lord COVENTRY,
Baron of *Allesborough*, Lord Keeper
of the great Seale of *England*,
and Counsellour of Estate
to his Majesty of Great
BRITAIN.

May it please your Lordship,



Hough I should not know your Person,
I cannot be a stranger to your *Vertues*;
all eares are filled with report of
them : And what a *Predecessour* of
yours, to his great *Honour*, wrote of
the *Greatnesse of Peace*, you, My Lord,
have to your greater *Honour*, practised. These my

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Excogitations, I humbly dedicate to your *Lordship*; which, I confesse, I should scarce have done, if your *Noblenesse* had not bin more *eminent* than your *Place*. All that hath made me thus presuming, is your *Goodnesse*, which I know is full of *Pardons*, for those that erre by *reverencing*. That I have prefixed your *Name*, is not in thought of adding ought to your *Honour*; but in gaining something to the *Work*: that being so *inscribed*, it may carry with it, what already shineth in your *Noble Bosome*, *Honest Authority*. May it live but as long as your *Fame*, and known *Integrity*; then I rest assured, it shall never meet a *Grave* in comming *Ages*. Howsoever, I shall be *prayed* for this, (if I have not covered too *high*, and intruded on your more *weighty Affairs*,) that I have cholen an *approved Patron*.

The *God of Goodnesse* perpetuate your *Lordships* happiness.

*The most humble of your Lordships
truest Honourers,*

OW. FELTHAM.

To the READERS.

A *Am to anser two Objections: One, that I have made use of Story, yet not quoted my Authorities; and this I have purposely done. It had been all one Labour, inserting the matter, to give them both the Authour, and place. But while I am not Controversiall, I should onely have troubled the Text, or spotted a Margent, which I always wish to leave free, for the Comments of the man that reads. Besides, I do not professe my self a Scholler: and for a Gentleman, I hold it a little pedanticall. He should use them rather, as brought in by Memory, raptim, and occasionall; than by Study, search, or strict collection: especially in Essay, which of all writing, is the neereest to a running Discourse. I have so used them, as you may see I do not steale, but borrow. If I do, let the Reader trace me; and if he will, or can, to my shame discover: there is no cheating, like the Felony of Wit; He which thieves that, robs the Owner, and coozens those that heare him.*

The next is, for the Poetry; wherein, indeed, I have been strict, yet would be full. In my opinion, they disgrace our Language, that will not give a Latine Verse his English, under two for one. I confesse, the Latine (besides the curiosnesse of the Tongue) hath in every Verse, the advantage of three or four Syllables; yet if a man will labour

To the Reader.

labour for't, hee may turn it as short, and I believe, as full. And for this, some late Translations are my proof. What you finde here, if you please, like: But remember always, To censure a Resolve in the middle, is to Give your judgement a possibility of erring. If you ask, why I writ them? 'Twas because I lov'd my Study: If, why I publish them? Know, that having no other means to shew my self to the World, so well, I chose this, not to boast, but because I would not deceive.

RE.



RESOLVES:

DIVINE, MORAL, POLITICAL.



I.

Of suddain Prosperity.

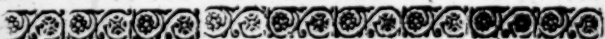
Prosperity in the beginning of a *great Action*, many times, undoes a *Man* in the end. *Happinesse* is the *Cause* of *mischief*. The *faire chance* of a *treacherots Dye*, at first flatters an *improvident Gamester*, with his own hand, to throw away his *wealth* to another. For while we expect all things, *laughing* upon us, like those we have pass'd, we term it our *care*, and *perish* by *neglecting*. When a *Rich Crown* ha's newly kifs'd the *Temples* of a gladdened King, where he findes all things in a *golden swim*, and *kneeling* to him with *Auspicious reverence*; he *carelessly waves* himselfe in the *swelling plenty*;

B

Layes

Layes his heart into pleasures, and forgets the future till Ruine seize him before he can thinke it. Felicity eates up Circumspection: and when that guard is wanting, wee lye spread to the shot of generall Danger. How many have lost the victory of a Battell, with too much confidence in the good fortune, which they found at the beginning? Surely 'tis not good to be happy too soone. It many times undoes a Noble Family, to have the estate fall to the hands of an Heire, in minority. Witty children oft faile in their age, of what their childhood promised. This holds not true in Temporall things onely, but even in Spirituall. Nothing slackens the proceedings of a Christian more than the too-early applause of those that are groundedly honest. This makes him thinke he now is farre enough, and that he may rest and breathe, and gaze. So he slides backe for want of striving, to goe on with increase. Good successe in the midd'lt of an action, takes a man in a firme settlednesse: and though he finds the event alter, yet custome before, will continue his care for afterwards. In the end, it crowns his expectation; and encourages him to the like care in other things, that by it, he may finde the sequell answerable. But in the beginning it falls like much raine as soone as the seede is sowne: which does rather wash it away, than give it a moderate rooting. How many had ended better, if they had not begun so well? Pleasure can undoe a man at any time, if yielded to. 'Tis an inviting Ginne to catch the Woodcock-man in. Cræsus counsell'd Cyrus, if he meant to hold the Lydians in a slavery, that he should teach them to sing, and play, and drinke, and dance,

dance, and dally; and that would doe it without his *endeavour*. I remember *Ovids* fable of the *Centoculated Argus*; The *Devill* I compare to *Mercury*, his pipe to pleasure, *Argus* to *Man*, his hundred eyes to our care, his sleeping to security, I to our soule, his transformation to the curse of *God*. The *Morall* is onely this; The *Devill* with pleasure, pipes *Man* into security, then steals away his soule, and leaves him to the wrath of *Heaven*, It can ruine *Anthony* in the midd'ft of his fortunes, it can spoile *Hanibal* after a long and glorious *Warre*; but to meete it at first, is the most danger; it then being aptest to finde admission; though to meet and yeeld, be worst at last: because there is not then a time left for recovery. If the Action be of worth that I take in hand, neither shall an ill accident discourage me, nor a good one make mee carelesse. If it happen ill, I will be the more circumspect, by a heedfull prevention to avoid the like, in that which insues. If it happen well, my fear shall make me warily vigilant. I will ever suspect the smoothed stream for deepnesse; till wee come to the end. Deceit is gracious company; for it alwayes studies to be faire and pleasing: But then, like a thiefe, having train'd us from the Roade, it robbes us. Where all the benefit we have left, is this: that, if we have time to see how we were cozened, we may have so much happinesse as to die repenting.



I I.

Of Resolution.

WHat a *skeyne* of ruffled *filke* is the *uncomposed*
Man? Every *thing* that but offers to even
him, intangles *him* more, as if, while you unbend
him one way, he warpeth worse the other. He cannot
 but meet with *variety* of occasions, and every one
 of these, intwine *him* in a deeper trouble. His *wayes*
 are strewn'd with *Briers*, and he busshes himselfe into
 his own *confusion*; Like a *Partridge* in the net, hee
 maskes himselfe the more, by the anger of his *flut-*
tering wing. Certainly, a good *Resolution* is the most
fortifying Armour that a *Discreet* man can weare.
 That, can defend him against all the unwelcome
Shuffles that the poore rude *World* puts on him.
 Without this, like *hot Iron*, he hisses at every drop
 that findes him. With this, He can be a *servant* as well
 as a *Lord*; and have the same inward *pleasantesse* in
 the quakes and shakes of *Fortune*, that he carries in
 her *softest smiles*. I confesse, biting *Penury* has too
 strong talons for *mud-wal'd Man*, to graspe withall.
Nature is importunate for *necessities*: and will try
 all the *Engines* of her wit, and power, rather than
 suffer her own *destruction*. But where shee hath
 so much as shee may live: *Resolution* is the onely
Marshall that can keepe her in a *decent order*.
 That which puts the loose woven minde into a
 whirling-tempest, is by the *Resolute*, seen, slighted,
 laughed

laughed at: with as much honour, more quiet, more safety. The World has nothing in it worthy a man's serious anger. The best way to perish discontentments, is neither not to see them, or convert them to a dimpling mirth. How endlesse will be the quarrels of a chollerick man, and the contentments of him, that is resolved to turne indignities into things to make sport withall? 'Tis sure, nothing but experience, and collected Judgement, can make a man doe this: but when hee has brought himselfe unto it, how infinite shall he find his ease? It was Zantippe's observation, that shee ever found Socrates return with the same countenance that hee went abroad withall. Lucan can tell us;

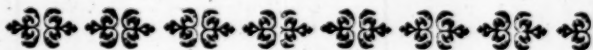
----Fortunaque perdat,
Opposita virtute, minas----

----All Fortunes threats be lost,
Where Vertue does oppose.----

I wish no man so spiritlesse, as to let all abuses press the dulness of a willing shoulder: but I wish him an able discretion, to discern which are fit to be stirred in, and those to prosecute for no other end, but to shew the injury was more to Vertue, and deare Natures Justice, than to himself. Every man should be Equities Champion: because it is that eternall Pillar, whereon the World is founded. In high and mountain'd Fortunes Resolution is necessary, to in safe us from the thefts, and wiles of prosperity: which steals us away, not only from ourselves, but verine: and for the

most part, like a *long peace*, softly delivers us into *impoverishing Warre*. In the *wane* of *Fortune*, *Resolution* is likewise *necessary*; to guard us from the *discontents* that usually *assaile* the *poore dejected man*, For all the *World* will beate the *man* which *Fortune* buffets. And unlesse by this, he can turn off the *blowes*, he shall be sure to *feele* the *greatest burthen*, in his own *sad minde*. A *wise man* makes a *trouble lesse*, by *Fortitude*: but to a *foole*, 'tis heavier by his *stooping* too't. I would fain bring my *selfe* to that *passé*, that I might not make my *happinesse* depend on any others *Judgement*. But as I would never doe any thing *unhonestly*: so I would never feare the *immateriall winde of censure*, when it is done. Hee that steers by that *gale*, is ever in danger of *wrack*. *Honesty* is a *warrant* of far more *safety* than *Fame*. I will never be *asham'd* of that which bears her *scale*: As knowing 'tis onely *Pride's* being in *fashion*; that hath put *honest Humility* out of *countenance*. As for the *crackers* of the *brain*, and *tongue-squibs*; they will *dye* alone, if I shall not *revive* them. The best way to have them *forgotten* by others, is first to *forget* them my *selfe*. This will *keepe* my *selfe* in *quiet*, and by a *noble not-caring*, *arrow* the *intenders* *bosome*; who will ever fret most, when he findes his *designes* most *frustrate*. Yet, in all these, I will somthing respect *custome*, because shee is *magnified* in that *world*, where-in I am one. But when shee parts from *just reason*, I shall rather *displease* her by *parting*, than offend in her *company*. I would have all men set up their *rest*, for all things that this *world* can yeeld: Yet so, as they *build* upon a *surer foundation* than themselves: otherwise,

otherwise, that which should have been their foundation, will surely crosse them; and that is, *G O D*.



I I I.

A Friend and Enemy, when most dangerous.

I Will take heed both of a *speedy Friend*, and a *slow Enemy*. Love is never lasting, that flames before it burns. And Hate, like wetted Coals, throws a fiercer heate, when fire gets the mastery. As the first may quickly fail, so the latter will hardly be altered. Early fruits rot soon. As quick wits have seldome sound judgements, which should make them continue: so friendship kindled suddenly, is rarely found with the durability of affection. Enduring love is ever built on Vertue, which no man can see in another at once. Hee that fixeth upon her, shall finde a beauty that will every day take him with some new grace or other. I like that Love, which by a *soft ascension*, does degree it selfe in the soule. As for an *Enemy* that is long a making: he is much the worse, for being ill no sooner. I count him as the actions of a wise State, which being long in resolving, are in their Execution sudden, and striking home. He hates not but with cause, that is unwilling to hate at all. If I must have both, give me rather a friend on foot and an enemy on horseback. I may perswade the one to stay, while the other may be galloping from me.

I V.

Of the ends of Vertue and Vice.

VERTUE and VICE never differ so much, as in the end; at least, their difference is never so much upon the view, as then. And this I thinke, is one reason, why so many judgements are seduced in pursuit of ill. They imagine not their last Act will be Tragickall; because their former Scenes have all beene Comedie. The end is so farre off, that they see not those stabbing shames, that await them in a killing ambush. If it were neerer, yet their owne dimme sight would leave them undiscovered. And the same thing that encourageth Vice, discourageth Vertue. For, by her ragged way, and the resistance that shee findes in her passage; shee is oft perswaded to step into Vice's path: which while shee findeth smooth, shee never perceiveth slippery. Vice's Road is paved with Ice; Inviting by the eye, but tripping up the heele, to the hazzard of a wound, or drowning. Whereas Vertue is like the passage of Hannibal over the Alpes; a work of a trying toyle, of infinite danger. But once performed, it lets him into the Worlds Garden, Italy: and with all, leaves him a fame as lasting; as those which he did Conquer, with his most unused weapon of War, Vineger. Doubtless the World hath nothing so glorious as Vertue: as Vertue when she rides triumphant. When like a Phœbean Champion, shee hath rowted the Army of her Enemies, flatted their strongest Forts, brought the

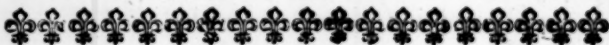
the mightiest of her Foes, in a chained subjection, to humour the motions of her thronged Chariot, and be the gaze of the abusive World. Vice, at best, is but a diseased Harlot: all whose commendation is, that shee is painted.

*Sed locum Virtus habet inter astra;
Vere dum flores venient tepenti,
Et comam sylvis hyemes recident,
Vel comam sylvis revocabit aestas,
Pomaque Autumno fugiente cedent,
Nulla te terris rapiet vetustas,
Tu Comes Phœbo, comes ibis astris.*

But Vertue's thron'd among the Stars;
And while the Spring warms th'infant bud,
Or Winter bald's the shag-hair'd wood:
While Summer gives new locks to all,
And fruits full ripe, in Autumne fall,
Thou shalt remayn and still shalt be,
For Stars, for Phœbus, Company.

Is a rapture of the lofty Tragedian. Her presence is a dignity, which amazes the beholder with incircling rays. The conceit of her Actions, begets admiration in others, and that admiration both infuseth a joy in her, and inflames her magnanimity more. The good honour her, for the love of the like, that they finde in themselves. The bad, though they repine inwardly, yet shame (which is for the most part an effect of base Vice,) now goes before the action, and commands their baser hearts to silence. On the other

otherfide, what a *Monster*, what a *Painters Devill* is *Vice*, either in her *bared skin*, or her own *ensordid raggs*? Her own *guilt*, and the *detestation* which she findes from others, set up two great *Hels*, in her one little, narrow, *heart*; *Horror*, *Shame*, and that which most of all doth *gall* her, is, that shee findes their *flames* are *inextinguishable*. Outwardly, sometimes shee may *appeare* like *Vertue*: For all the severall *Iemmes* in *Vertue*, *Vice* hath counterfeited *stones*, wherewith shee guls the *Ignorant*. But there be too main *reasons* which shall make me *Vertues Lover*: for her *inside*, for her *end*. And for the same *reasons* will I hate *Vice*. If I finde there be a *difference* in their *wayes*; I will yet thinke of them, as of the two *sonnes* in the *Gospel*, whereof *Vertue* said hee would not goe to the *Vineyard*, yet *did*. And *Vice*, though he promised to goe; *desisted*.



V.

Of Puritans.

I Finde many that are called *Puritans*; yet few, or none that will own the *name*. Whereof the reason sure is this; that 'tis for the most part held a *name of infamie*; and is so new, that it hath scarcely yet obtain'd a *definition*: nor is it an *appellation* derived from one *mans* name, whose *Tenents* wee may finde, digested into a *Volume*: whereby wee doe much erre in the *application*. It imports a kinde of *excellencie* above another; which *man* (being *conscious*

scious of his own fraile bendings) is ashamed to assume to himselfe. So that I beleeeve there are men which *would be Puritans*: but indeed not any that *are*. One will have him one that lives religiously, and will not revell it in a shorelesse excesse. Another, him that separates from our *Divine Assemblies*. Another, him that in some tenents onely is *peculiar*. Another, him that will not *swear*. Absolutely to define him, is a worke, I thinke, of *Difficulty*; some I know that rejoyce at the *name*, but sure they be such, as least *understand it*. As hee is more generally in these times taken, I suppose wee may call him a *Church Rebelle*, or one that would exclude *order*, that his *brain* might rule. To decline *offences*; to be carefull and conscionable in our severall *actions*, is a *Parity*, that every man ought to labour for, which we may well doe, without a sullen *segregation* from all society. If there be any *Priviledges*, they are surely granted to the Children of the *King*; which are those that are the Children of *Heaven*. If *mirth* and *recreations* be lawfull; sure such a one may lawfully use it. If *Wine* were given to cheere the *heart*, why should I feare to use it for that end? Surely, the merry soule is freer from intended *mischiefe*, than the *thoughtfull man*. A bounded *mirth*, is a *Patient* adding time and happinesse to the crazed life of *Man*. Yet if *Laertius* reports him rightly, *Plato* deserves a *Censure*, for allowing *drunkennesse* at *Festivals*; because, saies he, as then, the *Gods* themselves reach *Wines* to present *Men*. *God* delights in nothing more, than in a *cheerefull heart*, carefull to performe him service. What

Parent

Parent it is, that rejoyceth not to see his *Childe*
 pleasant, in the limits of a *filiall duty*, I know, we
 # read of *Christs weeping*, not of his *laughter*: yet we
 " see, hee graceth a *Feast* with his *first Miracle*, and
 that a *Feast of joy*: And can wee thinke that such a
meeting could passe without the noyse of *laughter*?
 What a lump of *quickned care* is the *melancholike*
man? Change *anger* into *mirth*, and the Precept
 will hold good still: *Be merry, but sin not*. As
 there be many, that in their life assume too great
 a *Liberty*; so I believe there are some, that a-
 bridge themselves of what they might lawfully
 " use. *Ignorance* is an ill *Steward*, to provide for either
Soule, or *Body*. A man that submits to reverent *Or-*
der, that sometimes unbends himselfe in a mode-
 rate *relaxation*, and in all labours to approve him-
 selfe, in the sereneness of a healthfull *Conscience*:
 # such a *Puritane* I will love immutably. But when a
 man, in things but *ceremoniall*, shall spurne at the
 grave Authority of the *Church*, and out of a need-
 less *nicetie*, be a Thiefe to himselfe, of those bene-
 fits which God hath allowed him: or out of a
 blind and uncharitable *Pride*, censure, and scorne
 others as *Reprobates*: or out of obstinacie, fill the
 World with *brawles*, about *undeterminable Tenents*:
 I shall thinke him one of those, whose *opinion* hath
 severed his zeale to *madnesse* and *distractiō*. I have
 more faith in one *Salomon*, than in a thousand
Dutch Parlours of such *Opinionists*. Behold then,
 what I have seene good! That it is comely to eat,
 and to drinke, and to take pleasure in all his labour
 wherein hee travaileth under the *Sonne*, the whole
 number

number of the dayes of his life, which God giveth him. For this is his *Portion*. Nay, *there is no profit to Man, but that he eat, and drinke, and delight his soule with the profit of his labour*. For, he that saw other things but *vanity*, saw this also, that it was the *hana* of God. Me thinks the reading of *Ecclesiastes*, should make a *Puritan* undresse his brain, and lay off all those *Phanatique* toys that gingle about his *understanding*. For my own part, I thinke the World hath not better men, then some, that suffer under that name: nor withall, more *Seclestique Villaines*. For, when they are once claud with that *pride*, they so contewne others, that they infringe the Laws of all *humane society*.



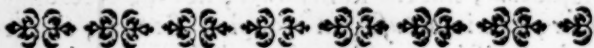
VI.

Of Arrogancy.

I Never yet found *Pride* in a *Noble Nature*: nor *Humility* in an *unworthy minde*. It may seeme strange to an *inconsiderate eye*, that such a poore *virtue*, should ever dwell with *Honour*: and that such an aspiring fume as *Pride* is, should ever sojourne with a *constant Basenesse*. 'Tis sure, we seldome finde it, but in such, as being conscious of their own *deficiencie*, thinke there is no way to get *Honour*, but by a bold assuming it. As if, rather then want *fame*, they would with a rude assault, *desflowre* it: which indeed, is the way to lose it. *Honour* like a *Noble Virgin*, will never agree to grace the man that *ravisheth*.

ravisheth, if she be not wonne by *Courtesie*, shee will
 never love truly. To offer violence to so choysse
 beauty, is the way to be *contemn'd* and *lose*. 'Tis he
 that hath nothing else to commend him, which
 would invade mens good opinions, by a *mis-becom-*
 37 *ming sawsinesse*. If you search for high and strained
 71 *Carriages*; you shall for the most part, meet with
 77 them, in *low men*. *Arrogance*, is a weed, that ever
 77 grows in a *dunghill*. 'Tis from the rankenesse of that
 soyle, that she hath her *height* and *spreadings*: Wit-
 nesse *Clownes*, *Fooles*, and *fellows* that from *nothing*,
 are lifted some few steps upon *Fortunes Ladder*:
 where, seeing the glorious representment of *Ho-*
nour, above, they are so greedy of *imbracing*, that
 they strive to leape thither at once: so by over-
 reaching themselves in the way, they faile of the
 end, and fall. And all this happens, either for
 want of *Education*, which should season their *mindes*
 with the generous precepts of *Morality*; or, which
 is more powerfull, *Example*: or else, for lack of a
 discerning judgement, which will tell them, that
 77 the best way thither, is to goe about, by *humility*
 77 and *desert*. Otherwise, the River of *Contempt* runs
 betwixt them and it: and if they goe not by these
 passages, they must of necessity either *turne back*
 with *shame*, or suffer in the desperate *venture*. Of
 all *Trees*, I observe, God hath chosen the *Vine*, a
 low *plant*, that creeps upon the helpfull *Wall*. Of
 all *Beasts*, the soft and patient *Lambe*; Of all
Fowles, the mild and galllesse *Dove*. *Christ*
 is the *Rose* of the *Field*, and the *Lilly* of the *Valley*.
 # When God appeared to *Moses*, it was not in the
 lofty

lofty *Cedar*, nor the sturdy *Oake*, nor the spreading *Plane*; but in a *Bush*; an humble, slender, abject *shrub*. As if he would by these *elections*, checke the conceited arrogance of *Man*. Nothing procureth *Love*, like *Humility*; nothing *Hate* like *Pride*. The proud man walkes among *daggers*, pointed against him: whereas the *humble* and the *affable* have the *People* for their guard in *dangers*. To be humble to our *Superiours*, is *duty*; to our *Equals*, *courtesie*; to our *Inferiours*, *Noblenesse*. Which, for all her *lownesse*, carries such a sway, that shee may command their *souls*. But we must take heed, wee expresse it not in unworthy *Actions*. For then leaving *Vertue*, it falls into *disdained basenesse*; which is the undoubted *badge* of one, that will betray *Society*. So farre as a man, both in *words* and *deeds*, may be free from *flattery*, and unmanly *cowardice*, hee may be humble with *commendation*. But surely, no *circumstance* can make the expression of *Pride* laudable. If ever it be, 'tis when it meets with *Andacious Pride*, and conquers. Of this good it may then be *author*, that the *affronting man*, by his own *folly*, may learn the way to his *duty*, and *wit*. Yet this I cannot so well call *Pride*, as an *emulation of Divine Justice*; which will alwayes vindicate it self upon *presumptuous ones*: and is indeed said to fight against no *sinne*, but *pride*.



VII.

Of Reward and Service.

#
WHen it lights upon a *worthy Nature*, there is nothing procures a more faithfull *Service*, than *The Masters liberality*: nor is there any thing makes *that* appear more, than a *true fidelity*. They are each of other *alternate Parents*; begetting and begotten. Certainly, if these were practised; *Great men* need not so often change their *Followers*: nor would the *Patrons* be abandoned by their old *Attendants*. Rewards are not *given*, but paid, to *Servants* that be good and wise. Nor ought that *blond* to be accounted *lost*, which is out-letted for a *Noble Master*. *Worth* will never fail to give *Deserts* her *Bayes*. A *liberall Master* that loves his *Servant* well, is in some sort a *God* unto him; which may both give him *blessings*, and protect him from *danger*. And believe it, on the other side, a *diligent and discreet Servant*, is one of the *best friends* that a man can be blest withall. Hee can doe whatsoever a *Friend* may: and will be commanded with lesser hazzard of losing. Nay, hee may in a kinde, challenge a glory above his *Master*: for though it bee harder to play a *Kings part* well, then 'tis to act a *Subjects*; yet *Natures* inclination is much more bent to *rule* than to *obey*: *Service*, being a condition which is not found in any *Creatures* of one kinde. but *Man*. Now, if the *Question* be, when men meet

in these *relations*, who shall the first begin? The *lord* will surely fall upon the *Servant*: For he is tyed in duty to be *diligent*; and that ever binds without exception. The *Lord* is tyed but by his *Honour*: which is voluntary, and not compulsive, *Liberality* being a free adjection, and not a *Tye* in his bargain. 'Tis good sometimes for a *Lord* to use a *Servant* like a friend, like a companion: but 'tis alwayes fit for a *Servant* to pay him the reverence due to a *Master*. *Pride* becomes neither the *commander* nor the *commanded*. Every *Family* is but a severall *Plume* of *Feathers*: the meanest is of the self-same stuffe: onely he that made the *Plume*, was pleased to set the *Lord* highest. The power of *commanding*, is rather *Politically* than from equall Nature. The *service* of man to man, followed not the *Creation*, but the *fall* of *Man*: and till *Noah* curs'd his *Sonne*, the name of *Servant* is not read in *Scripture*. Since, there is no absolute *freedom* to be found below. Even *Kings* are but more splendid *Servants*, for the *Commonbody*. There is a mutuality betweene the *Lord* and *Vassals*. The *Lord* serves them of *necessaries*: and they him, in his pleasures and *conveniencies*, *verine* is the truest *liberty*: nor is he free that stoops to *passions*: nor he in bondage, that serves a *Noble Master*. When *Demonax* saw one cruell in the beating of a *Servant*: *Fie* (sayes he) *forbeares, lest by the World, your selfe be taken for the servant*. And if we have any faith in *Claudian*, we may believe, that

He knows no bondage; whom a good *King* swaies:
For *Freedom* never shines with clearer rayes,
Than when brave *Princes* reign.

Pallitur, egregio quisquis sub Principe credit
 Servitium: nunquam libertas gratior extas!
 Quam sub Rege pio.

Imperiousnesse turns that *servant* into a *slave*; which *Moderation* makes as an humble-speaking friend. *Seneca* begins an *Epistle*, with rejoycing, that his *Friend* lived familiar with his *Servant*. Neither can have comfort, where both are *uncommunicable*. I confesse, the like countenance is not to be shewed to all. That which makes a wise man modest, makes a foole unmannerly. 'Tis the saucy *servant*, that causes the *Lord* to shrinke his descending favours. Of the two, *Pride* is the more tolerable in a *Master*. The other is *preposterousnesse*, which *Salomon* saw the *Earth* did groan for. *Hadrian* sent his *inferiour servant* a box on the eare, for walking but between two *Senators*. As I would not *serve*; to be admitted to nothing, but to *high-commands*: So I thinke whos'ere is rudely *malepart*, blemishes the discretion of himselfe, and his *Lord*. As there ought to be equality, because *Nature* has made it: so there ought to be a difference, because *Fortune* has set it. Yet cannot the distance of their *Fortunes* be so much, as their *neernesse*, in being *Men*. No fate can fright away that likenesse. The other we have found in *motion*, in *variance*, even to rare and inverted *mutations*. Let not the *Lord* abuse his *Servant*; for 'tis possible he may fall below him: Let not the *servant* neglect his *Master*, for he may be cast to a meaner condition. Let the *servant* deserve, and the *Master* recompence: and if they would both be *noble*; the best way is, for those

those that be subject, to forget their services; and for those that are *Commanders*, to remember them. So, each loving other, for their *generous worthinesse*, the World shall strew praises in both their *Paths*. If the *servant* suppose his *lot* be hard, let him think that *service* is nothing but the *free-mans* calling: wherein while he is, he is bound to discharge himselfe, well.



VIII.

Of Reprehension,

TO *Reprehend* well, is both the hardest, and most necessary part of *Friendship*: Who is it, that will either *not merit a check*, or *endure one*? Yet wherein can a *Friend* more unfold his *love*, than in preventing *dangers*, before their birth: or, in reducing a Man to *safety*, which is travelling in the way to *Ruine*? I grant, the manner of the *Application*, may turne the *benefit* into an *injury*: and then it both strengtheneth *Error*, and wounds the *Giver*. *Correction* is never in vain: *Pride* is a *myerie deepnesse*: if thou strivest to help one out, and dost not, thy stirring him, sincks him in the further. *Fury* is the madder for his chain. When thou chidest thy *wandring Friend*, doe it secretly, in season, in love: Not in the eare of a popular *convention*: For many times, the presence of a *Multitude*, makes a man take up an unjust *defence*, rather than fall, in a just *shame*. Diseased *eyes* endure not an unmasked *Sunne*: nor does the *wound* but racke more,

which is vanned by the publike ayre. Nor can I much blame a man, though hee shuns to make the *vulgar* his *Confessor*: For they are the most uncharitable *tell-tales* that the burthened earth doth suffer. They understand nothing, but the *Dregs* of *Actions*; and with spattering those abroad, they besmeere a deserving *Fame*. A man had better be convinced in *private*, than be made guilty by a *Proclamation*. *Open Rebukes* are for *Magistrates*, and *Courts of Justice*: for *Stelled Chambers*, and for *Scarlets*, in the *thronged Hall*. *Private* are for *Friends*; where all the witnesses of the offenders *blushes*, are blinde, and deafe, and dumbe. Wee should doe by them, as *Ioseph* thought to have done by *Mary*, seeke to cover blemishes, with *secrecie*. *Publike Reproofe*, is like striking of a *Deere* in the *Herd*, it not only wounds him, to the losse of enabling *bloud*: but betrayes him to the *Hound* his *Enemy*: and makes him, by his *fellows*, be pusht out of *company*. Even *concealment* of a fault, argues some *Charity* to the *Delinquent*: and when we tell him of it in secret, it shews, wee wish he should amend, before the *World* comes to know his amiss. Next, it ought to be in *season*, neither when the *Brain* is misted, with arising *fumes*: nor when the *Minde* is madded, with un-reined *passions*. Certainly, hee is *drunk* himselfe, that prophanes *Reason* so, as to urge it to a *drunken man*. Nature unloosed in a flying speed, cannot come off with a sudden stop.

*Quis matrem, nisi mentis inops, in funere Nati
Flere vitat? non hoc ulla movenda loca est:*

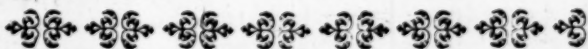
Hee's

Hee's mad, that dryes a *Mother's* eyes full tide
 At her *Sons* grave. There 'tis no time to chide:

Was the opinion of the *smoothes* Poet. To admo-
 nish a man in the height of his *passion*; is, to call a
Souldier to *Counsell*, in the mid'st, in the heat of a
Battaile. Let the *Combat* slack, and then, thou may'st
 expect a hearing. All *passions* are like *rapid Tor-*
rents: they swell the more, for meeting with a
Damme in their *violence*. Hee that will heare nothing
 in the raged and rore of his *anger*, will after a pause,
 enquire of you. Seem you to *forget him*; and hee
 will the sooner *remember himself*. For it often falls
 out, that the end of *passion*, is the beginning of *Re-*
pentance. Then will it be easie to draw back a rety-
 ring man: As a *Boat* is rowed with lesse labour,
 when it hath both *Winde* and *Tyde* to drive it. A
 word seasonably given, like a *Rudder*, sometimes
 steeres a man quite into another *Course*. When the
Macedonian Philip was capring in the view of his
Captives: Sayes *Demades*,----*Since Fortune has made*
you like Agamemnon; *why will you shew your selfe like*
Thersites? And this chang'd him to another Man.
 A blow bestow'd in the striking time, is better than
 ten, delivered unseasonably. There are some nicks
 in *Time*, which whosoever findes, may promise to
 himself *success*. As in all things, so in this; especi-
 ally, if hee doe it as hee ought, *In Love*. It is not
 good to be too *tetricall* and *virulent*. *Kinde words*
 make *rough actions* plausible: The bitterness of *Re-*
prehension, is insweetned with the pleasingness of
Compellations. If ever *Flattery* might be lawfull,

here is a *Cause*, that would give it admission. To be *plain*, argues *Honesty*: but to be *pleasing*, argues *discretion*. Sores are not to be anguish't with a rustick pressure; but gently stroaked; with a *Ladies hand*. *Physitians* fire not their eyes at *Patients*: but calmly minister to their *diseases*. Let it be so done, as the *offender* may see *affection* without *arrogancy*. Who blowes out *Candles* with too strong a breath, does but make them stinke, and blowes them light again. To avoyd this, it was ordained amongst the *Lacedemonians*, that every *Transgressor*, should be, as it were, his own *Beadle*: for, his punishment was, to compasse the *Altar*, singing an *Invective* made against himselfe. It is not consonant, that a member so un-boned as the *tongue* is, should smart it with an *Iron lash*. Every man that *advise*th, assumes as it were, a *transcendency* over the other; which if it be not allayed with *protestations*, and some selfe-including terms, grows hatefull: that even the *Reprehension*, is many times the greater fault of the two. It will be good therefore, not to make the *complaint* our own, but to lay it upon some others: that not knowing his grounded *Vertues*, will, according to this, be apt to judge of all his *actions*. Nor can he be a competent *Judge* of anothers *crime*, that is guilty of the like himselfe. 'Tis unworthily done, to *condemne* that in others, which wee would not have but *pardoned* in our selves. When *Diogenes* fell in the *Schoole* of the *Stoicks*; Hee answers his deriders, with this question: *Why doe you laugh at me for falling backward, when you your selves doe retrograde your lives?* He is not fit to cure a *dimmed sight*, that looks upon

upon another with a *beamed eye*, Freed, we may free others. And, if we please them with *praising*, some of their virtues, they will with much more *ease*, be brought to know their *Vices*. *Shame* will not let them be *angry* with them, that so equally *deale* both the *Rod* and *Laurell*. If he be much our *Superiour*: 'tis good to doe it somtimes in *Parables*, as *Nathan* did to *David*: So, let him by *collection*, give himselfe the *Censure*. If he be an *Equall*, let it appeare, *affection*, and the truth of *friendship* urging it. If he be our *Inferiour*, let it seeme our *care*, and *desire* to benefit him. Towards all, I would be sure to shew *Humility* & *Love*. Though I finde a little *bluster* for the present, I am *confident*, I shall meet with *Thanks* afterward. And in my *absence*, his reverend report following me. If not: the best way to lose a *friend*, is by *seeking*, by my *love*, to save him. 'Tis best for others that they *hate* me, for *vice*; but if I must be *hated*, 'tis best for my selfe, that they hate me for my *goodnesse*. For, then am I mine own *Antidote*, against all the *poysen* they can *spit* upon me.



IX.

Of Time's continuall speed.

IN all the *Actions* that a *Man* performes, some part of his life passeth. We *dye* with doing that, for which onely, our *sliding life* was granted. Nay, though we doe nothing, *Time* keeps his constant *pace*, and flies as fast in *idlenesse*, as in *employment*.

Whether we play or labour, or sleepe, or dance, or study, the *Sunne* posteth, and the *Sand* runs. An houre of *Vice* is as long as an houre of *Vertue*. But the difference which follows upon good actions, is infinite from that of ill ones. The good, though it diminisheth our time here, yet it layes up a pleasure for *Eternity*: and will recompence what it taketh away, with a plentiful return at last. When we trade with *vertue*; we doe but buy pleasure with expence of time. So it is not so much a consuming of time, as an exchange. Or as a man sowes his corne, he is content to wait it a while, that he may at the Harvest, receive it with advantage. But the bad deeds that we doe here, doe not onely robbe us of so much time; but also be-speake a torment for hereafter: and that in such a life, as the greatest pleasure wee could there be crown'd withall, would be the very act of dying. The one, Treasures up a pleasure in a lasting life. The other, provides us torture, in a death eternal. Man as soon as he was made, had two great Suitors, for his life and soule: *Vertue*, *Vice*. They both travaill'd the world with trains, harbingers, and large attendants: *Vertue* had before her, *Truth*, running naked, valiant, but unelegant: then labour, cold, hunger, thirst, care, vigilance, and these but poorly arrayed, and shee in plain, though clean attire. But looking neere, shee was of such a selfe-perfection: that shee might very well emblem, whatsoever omnipotency could make most rare. Modest shee was, and so lovely, That whosoever look't but stedfastly upon her, could not, but insoule himselfe in her. After her, followed content full of Jewels, Coyne
Perfumes

Perfumes, and all the *massy riches* of the World
 Then *Foy*, with *Masquers*, *Mirth* revelling, and all
Essentiall pleasures. Next *Honour*, with all the an-
 cient *Orders of Nobility*, *Scepters*, *Thrones*, and
Crowns Imperiall. Lastly, *Glory*, shaking such a
brightnesse from her *Sunny Tresses*, that I have heard,
 no man could ever come so neere, as to *describe* her
 truly. And behinde all these, came *Eternity*, ca-
 sting a *Ring* about them, which like a strong in-
 chantment, made them for ever the same. Thus
Vertue. Vice thus: Before her, First went *Lying*, a
smooth, painted hufwife: clad all in *Changeable*, but
 under her garments, full of *Scabs*, and ugly *Ulcers*.
 Shee spake *pleasingly*, and promised, whatsoever
 could be *wisht for*, in behalfe of her Mistris, *Vice*.
 Upon her, *Wit* waited: a *conceited Fellow*, and one
 that much tooke *Man* with his pretty *Tricks* and
Gamballs, Next *Sloath*, and *Luxury*, so full: That they
 were after *choaked* with their own *fat*. Then (be-
 cause shee could not have the true ones, for, they
 follow *Vertue*) shee gets *Impostors*, to personate *Con-
 tent*, *Foy*, *Honour*, in all their *wealth* and *Royalties*: Af-
 ter these, she comes her selfe, sumptuously *apparel'd*,
 but a *nasty surfettred Stur*: whereby, if any *kist* her,
 they were sure by her *breath* to *perish*. After her,
 followed on a suddain, like *enemies* in ambush,
guilt, *horror*, *shame*, *losse*, *want*, *sorrow*, *torment*. These
charm'd with *Eternities Ring*, as the other. And
 thus they wooed *fond Man*: who taken with the
snbrill coozenings of *Vice*, yeelded to lye with her:
 where he had his *nature* so *impoysoned*, that his seed
 was all *contaminated*, and his *corruption*, even to this
 day,

day, is still *Conduited* to his undone *Posterity*. It may be *Virgill* knew of Such a Story, when he writ,

*Quisquis enim, duros casus virtutis amore
Vicerit, ille sibi laudemque, decusque parabit :
At qui desidiam, luxumque, sequetur inertem,
Dum fugit oppositos, incauta, mente, labores,
Turpis inopique simul, miserabile transiget ævum.*

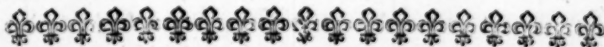
Man that Love-conquers *Vertues* thorny wayes,
Rears to himselfe a fame-tombe, for his prayse:
But he that *Lusts*, and Leaden *Sloth* doth prize,
While heedlesse he, opposed *Labour* flies,
Al, foule and poore, most miserably, dies.

'Tis true, *they* both spend us *time* alike: nay, many times, *honest industry*, spends a man more, than the ungirted *Solaces*, of a sensuall *Libertine*: unlesse they be pursued with *inordinatenesse*: then they destroy the *present*, shorten the *future*, and hasten *pain*. Why should I wish to *pass away* this *life* ill, which to those that are ill, is the *best*? if I must daily *lessen* it, it shall be by that, which shall joy mee with a future *Incomm*. Time is like a *Ship*, which never *Anchors*: while I am *aboord*, I had better doe those things that may advantage mee at my *Landing*, then *practice* such, as shall cause my *commitment*, when I come to the *Shore*. Whatsoever I doe, I would *thinke* what will *become* of it, when it is *done*. If good, I will goe on to *finish* it. If bad, I will either leave off, where I am, or not undertake it at all. *Vice*, like an *unthrif*, sels away the *Inheritance*,

tance, while 'tis but in Reverſion: But *Vertue* husband-
ing all *things* well, is a *Purchaſer*. Heare but the witty
Spaniards Dyſtick;

*Ampliat etatis ſpatium ſibi, vir bonus, hoc eſt
Vivere bis, vita poſſe priori frui.*

He that his former well-led life injoyes,
Lives twice: ſo gives addition to his dayes.



X.

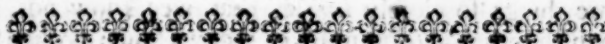
Of Violence and Eagerneſſe.

THe too eager purſuit of a thing, hinders the en-
joyment. For, it makes men take *indirect* wayes,
which though they *proſper* ſometimes, are bleſſed
never. The *Covetous*, becauſe he is madde upon *ri-*
ches, practiſeth *injurious* courſes, which God cur-
ſing, bring him to a ſpeedy *poverty*. *Oppreſſion* will
bring a *Conſumption* upon thy *gains*. *Wealth* ſnatch't
up by *unjuſt* and *injurious* wayes, like a rotten ſheepe,
will *infect* thy *healthfull ſtock*. We thinke by *wrong*
to hide our ſelves from *want*, when 'tis that onely,
which unavoydably *pulſ* it on us. Like *Theeves*
that Hooking for *cloathes* in the *darke*, they draw
the *Owner* which takes, and then imprifons them.
He that longs for *Heaven*, with ſuch *impatience*, as
hee will *kill* himſelfe, that hee may bee there the
ſooner, may by that *act*, be excluded thence: and
lye *gnaſhing* of his *teeth*, in *Hell*. Nay, though
wee

wee be in the *right way*, our *haste* will make our *stay* the longer; Hee that rides all upon the *driving Spurre*, tyres his horse ere his *journey ends*: so is there the *later*, for making such *unwonted speed*. Hee is like a giddy *messenger*, that runnes away without his *errand*: so dispatches lesse for his *nimbleness*. When God hath layd out Man a way, in vaine hee seeks a neerer one. Wee see the things wee ayme at, as Travailleurs doe Townes in hilly Countries; wee judge them neere, at the eyes end, because, wee see not the Valleys and the brooke in them, that *interpose*. So, thinking to take shorter *courses*, wee are led about through *Ignorance* and *Incredulity*. Surely; God that made disposing Nature, knows her better, than imperfect Man. And hee that is once *perswaded* of this, will rather stay the *leasure* of the Deity, than follow the *chase* of his owne *delusions*. We goe surest, when we poast not in a *precipitation*. Sudden risings, have seldome sound foundations. Wee might sweat lesse, and avails more. How have I seen a *Beefe-braind-fellow* (that hath onely had *impudence* enough to shew himselfe a *foole*) thrust into *discourses* of wit, thinking to get *esteeme*; when, all that hee hath purchased, hath beene onely, the *hisse* of the wise, and a just *derision* from the *abler judgments*? Nor will it bee lesse *soyle some*, than wee have already found it, *incommadous*. What *jealous* and *envious furies*, gnaw the *burning brest* of the *ambitious Foole*? What *feares* and *cares* affright the *starting sleepers* of the *covetous*? Of which if any happen, they thrush him, ten times heavier, than they would doe the *minde* of the *well-temperd-man*. All that affect things

things over-violently, doe over-violently grieve in the disappointment. Which is yet occasioned, by that, the too-much earnestnesse. Whatsoever I wish for, I will pursue easily, though I doe it assiduously. And if I can, the hands diligence shall go without the leaping bounds of the heart. So if it happen well, I shall have more content: as comming lesse expected. Those joyes claspe us with a friendlier arme, that steal upon us, when we look not for them. If it fall out ill, my minde not being set on't, will teach me patience, in the sadning want. I will coozen pain, with carelesnes; and plump my joys, by letting them surprize mee. As, I would not neglect a suddain good opportunity; so I would not fury my self in the search.

*Mens expectata
ac sperata minus
signa contingunt
multas gratias
contingere, quam
qua de multum
expectantur:
Seneca.*



XI.

Of the triall of Faith and Friendship:

Faith and Friendship, are seldom truly tryed; but in extreames. To finde Friends, when wee have no need of them, and to want them, when wee have, are both alike easie, and common. In Prosperity, who will not professe, to love a man? In Adversity, how few will shew that they doe it, in deed? When wee are happy, in the Spring-tyde of Abundance; and the rising flood of Plenty, then, the World will be our servant: then, all men flock about us, with bared heads, with bended bodies, and protesting tongues. But when these pleasing waters fall to ebbing; when wealth but

*Donc eris folix
multos numerabis
Amicos.*

St. Croix.

shifts, to another stand: Then, men looke up-
 on us, at a distance: and stiffen themselves, as if
 they were in *Armour*; lest, (if they should com-
 ply us) they should get a wound, in the close. Ad-
 versity is like *Penelope's* night, which undoes all, that
 ever the day did weave. 'Tis a misery, that the
 knowledge of such a blessednesse, as a friend is, can
 hardly be without some sad misfortune. For we can
 never throughly try him, but in the kick of malign-
 ant *Chance*. And till we have tri'd him, our know-
 ledge can be call'd, but by the name of *Hope*. What
 a pittifull plight is poore dust tempered-Man in,
 when hee can neither bee truly happy without a
 friend, nor yet know him to be a true friend, with-
 out his being unhappy? Our *Fortunes*, and our selves,
 are things so closely link'd, that wee know not,
 which is the Cause of the love, that we finde. When
 these two shall part, we may then discern to which
 of them affection will make wing. When they are
 Covenanted together, we know not, which is in pur-
 suit. When they rise and breake, we shall then see,
 which is aymed at. I confesse, he is happy, that findes a
 true friend in extremity: but he is happier, that fin-
 deth not extremity, wherein to try his friend. Thus the
 tryall of friendship, is, by finding, what others will
 doe for us. But the tryall of Faith, is, by finding, what
 we will doe for God. To trust him for estate, when
 we have the *Evidences* in our Iron Chests, is easie, and
 not thankeworth. But to depend upon him, for
 what we cannot see; As 'tis more hard for Man to
 doe, So 'tis more acceptable to God, if it be done.
 For, in that act, we make confession of his *Power*.
 We

We know not in the *flowes* of our contentednesse, what wee our selves are, or, how we could neglect our selves, to follow *God*, commanding us. All men will bee *Peters*, in their *bragging tongue*; and most men will be *Peters*, in their *base denyall*. But few men will be *Peters* in their *quick repentance*. When wee are well, we sweare we will not leave him, in our greatest *sicknesse*; but when our *sicknesse* comes, we forget our *vowes*; and stay. When we meet with *blowes*; that will force us, either to let goe our hold of *God*, or our selves, then we see to which, our *soules* will cleave the fastest. And, of this *triall* excellent is the *use*, we may make. If wee finde our *Faith* upon the *Test*, firme; it will be unto us, a perpetuall *banquet*. If we finde it *dastardly starting aside*, knowing the *weaknesse*, we may strive to sinew it, with a stronger *nerve*. So that it ever is, either the assurance of our *happinesse*, or the way, whereby wee may finde it. Without this *confidence* in a *Power* that is alwayes able to aid us, wee wonder both in *trouble* and *doubt*. *Infidelity* is the cause of all our *woes*; the *ground* of all our *sins*. Not trusting *God*, wee discontent our selves with *fears* and *solicitations*; and to cure these, wee runne into *prohibited paths*. Unworthy *earthen worne*! that canst thinke *God* of so un-noble a nature, as that he will suffer such *to want*, as with a *dutifull endeavour* doe depend upon him. It is not usuall with *Man*, to be so base. And canst thou beleewe, that that most *heroicall* and *omnipotent infinitenesse* of his, will abridge a *Follower* of such poore *toyes*, as the *accon- trements* of this life are? Can a *Deity* be inhumane?

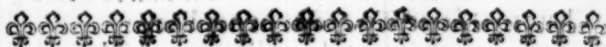
Or

¹ *Peters*
² *Peters*
³

a

Or can he that grasps the un-emptied provisions of
 the world in his hand, be a niggard to his Sons, unless
 he sees it be for their good and benefit? Nay, could'st
 thou that readest this (whatsoever thou art) if thou
 had'st but a *Sareptan Widdows Cruse of Gold*, could'st
 thou let a diligent and affectionate *Servant*, that ever
 waited on thee, want necessities? Could'st thou en-
 dure to see him shamed in disgracing rags; nip't to a
 benumbing, with the *Icy thumbs of Winter*; complain-
 ing for want of sustenance; or neglected in the times
 of sickness? I appeal to thy inward and more noble
 acknowledgement; I know, thou couldst not. O per-
 verse thought, of per-verted man! And wilt thou yet
 imagine, thou canst want such things as these; from so
 unbounded a bounty as his is? Serve him, and but
 beleeve, and upon my soule, he will never fail thee, for
 what is most convenient. O my God! My Refuge, my
 Altar, and my souls Anchor: I beg that I may but serve
 thee, and depend upon thee: I need not beg supply: To
 the other two, thou givest that without asking. Thou
 knowest, for my selfe, my souls wishes are not for a
 vast abundance. If ever I should wish a Plenty, it should
 be for my friends, not me. I care not to abound in a-
 bounding: and I am perswaded, I shall never want;
 not necessities, not conveniences. Let me find my heart
 dutifull, and my faith upon triall stedfast: and I am
 sure these will be ground enough for sufficient hap-
 pinesse, while I live here.

That



XII.

That a wise man may gain by any company.

AS there is no *Booke* so poorly furnished, out of which a man may not gather something, for his benefit: so is there no *company* so salvagely bad, but a wise man may from it learn something to make himself better. *Vice* is of such a toady complexion, that shee cannot chuse but teach the *soul* to hate: So lothsome, when shee's seen in her own ugly dresse: that, like a man false in a pit before us, shee gives us warning to avoid the danger. So admirably hath *God* disposed of the wayes of *Man*; that even the sight of *vice* in others, is like a warning-Arrow; shot for us to take heed. When shee thinks by publishing of her selfe, to procure a *train*; *God* by his secret working, makes her turn her *weapons* against herselfe: and strongly plead for her Adversary, *vertue*. Of which take *Balaam* for a type: who intending to curse the *Israelites*, had enforced *blessings*, put in his dissenting tongue. Wee are wrought to good by contraries. Foulle *Acts* keepe *vertue* from the charmes of *vice*. Sayes *Horace*.

— Thus my best *Father* taught
Me, to flie *Vice*, by noting those were nought.
When he would charge me thrive, and sparing be,
Content, with what he had prepar'd for me:
See'st not how ill young *Albus* lives? how low
Poore *Barrus*? Sure, a weightry *Item*, how

One spent his means. And when he meant to strike
A hate to *Whores*; To *Sectan* be not like.

-----thus me a childe

He with his Precepts fashio'd----

-----*Insuevit Pater optimus hoc me,
Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.
Quum me hortaretur parce, frugaliter, atque
Viverem uti contentus eo, quod mi, ipse parasset:
Nonne vides, Albi ut male vivat filius? usque
Barrus inops? Magnum documentum, ne patriam rem
Perdere quis velit. A turpi meretricis amore
Quum deterreret, Sectani de similis sis.*

-----Sic me

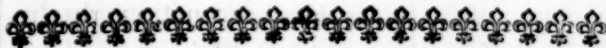
Formabat puerum dictis-----

I confesse, I doe not learnto correct faults in my
selfe, by any thing more, then by seeing how un-
comely they appear in others. Who can but thinke
what a nasty beast he is in his drunkenesse, that hath
seen how noysome it hath made another? How
like a nated Sop, spunged, even to the cracking of a
skin? Who will not abhor a chollerick passion, and a
sawcy pride in himselfe, that sees how ridiculous and
contemptible they tender those, that are infested
with them? Why should I be so besottedly blinde,
as to beleeve, others should not spie those vices in
me, which I can see, when they doe disclose in them?
vertue and vice; whensoever they come to act, are
both margin'd with a poynting finger; but in the in-
tent, the difference is much: when 'tis set against
vertue, it betokens then respect and worth: but against
vice

vice, 'tis set in scorn, and for *aversion*. Though the *bad man* be the worse, for having *vice* in his eye: yet the *good man* is the better, for all that hee sees, is ill. 'Tis certaine, neither *example*, nor *precept*, (unlesse it be in matters *wholly religious*,) can be the absolute guides of the true *wise man*. 'Tis onely a *knowing*, and a *practicall judgment* of his owne, that can direct him in the *maze of life*: in the *bustle of the World*: in the *twiches* and the *twirles of Fate*. The other may helpe us something in the *generall*: but cannot be sufficient in *particulars*. Mans life is like a *State*, still casuall in the *future*. No man can leave his *Successour* rules for *severals*, because hee knows not how the *times* will be. Hee that lives alwayes by *Book-rules*, shall shew himself *affected* and a *Foole*. I will doe that which I see comely, (so it be not dishonest) rather than what a *grave Philosopher* commands mee to the contrary. I will *take*, what I see is fitly good, from *any*: but I thinke there was never any one *man*, that liv'd to be a *perfect guide of perfection*. In many things, I shall fall short: in something, I may goe beyond him. Wee feed not the *body* with the food of one *Dish* onely: nor does the *sedulous Bee*, *thyme* all her tighes from one *Flowers* single vertues. Shee takes the best from *many*: and together, shees makes them serve: not without working that to *honey*, which the *putrid Spider* would convert to *poyson*. Thus should the *Wifeman* doe. But, even by this, hee may better learne to *love the good*, than avoyd that which is *offensive*. Those that are thoroughly arted in *Navigation*, doe as well know the *Coasts*, as the *Ocean*: as well the *Flawes*, the

Sands, the Shallowes, and the Rockes; as the secure depths, in the most unperillous Channel. So I thinke, those that are perfect men, (I speake of perfection, since the fall) must as well know bad, that they may abstrude it; as the good, that they may embrace. And, this knowledge we can neither have so cheap, or so certain, as by seeing it in others, with a pittifull dislike. Surely wee shall know Vertue the better, by seeking that which is not shee. If we could passe the World, without meeting vice: than, the knowledge of Vertue onely were sufficient. But 'tis not possible to live, and not to encounter her. Vice is as a God in this World: whether can we goe, to fly it? It hath an ubiquity, and ruleth too. I wish no man to know it, either by use, or by intrusion: but being unwittingly cast upon it, let him observe, for his own more safe direction. Thou art happy, when thou mak'st another mans vices steps for thee to climbe to Heaven by. The wise Physitian makes the poyson medicinable. Even the mud of the World, by the industrious Hollander, is turned to an usefull faell. If I light on good company, it shall either induce me to a new good, or confirme me in my liked old. If I light on bad, I will, by considering their dull stains, either correct those faults, I have, or shunne those that I might have. As the Mariner that hath Sea-roume, can make any Winde serve, to set him forward in his wished voyage: so a wise man may take advantage from any company, to set himselfe forward to vertues Religion. Vice is subtil, and weaving, for her own preferment: Why should not vertue be plotting for hers? It requires as much policy
to

to grow good, as great. There is an *innocentia* providence, as well as the *flynesse* of a *Vulpine* craft. There are *vices* to be *displac'd*, that would stop us, in the way of our *Rise*. There are *parties* to be made on our side; good *Mementoes*, to uphold us when wee are declining, through the private lifts of our *unjust maligners*. There is a *King* to bee pleased that may protect us against the shock of the *envious Plebeians*: the reigning *Humours* of the *Time*, that plead *custome*, and not *reason*. Wee must have *Intelligencers* abroad, to learne what practices, *Sinnes* (our *Enemies*) have no foot against us: and beware what *Suites* wee entertain, lest wee dishonour our selves in their grant. Every good man is a *Leiger* here for Heaven: and hee must be wise and circumspect, to vaine the *fleeke navations* of those, that would undoe him. And, as those that are so for the Kingdoms of *Earth*, will gaine something from all *Societies* that they fall upon: So, those that are for this *higher Empire*, may gather something beneficiall, from all that they shall converse with; either for *prevention*, or *confirmation*: either to *strengthen themselves*, or *confound their opposers*.



XIII.

Of Man's unwillingnesse to dye.

What should make us all so unwilling to dye, when yet wee know, till death, wee cannot be

be accounted *happy*? Is it the sweetnesse wee finde in this *lifes solaces*? Is there pleasure in the *lushuons blond*? Is it the *horrou*, of the *pain*, that doth in *Death* affright us? Or, is it our feare, and doubt of what shall become of us after? Or, is it the guilt of our mis-guided souls, already condemning us, by the *pre-apprehension* of a *future punishment*? If I found *Death* terrible alike to all, I should thinke there were something more in *Death*; yea, and in *life* too, than yet we doe imagine. But, I finde one man can as willingly *dye*, as another man can bee willing to *dine*. Some, that can as gladly *leave this World*, as the wise man, being old, can forbear the *Court*. There are, to whom *Death* doth seeme no more than a *blond-letting*; and these, I finde, are of the sort of men, which we generally doe esteeme for *wise*.-----Every man in the *Play* of this *World*, besides an *Actor*, is a *Spectator* too: when 'tis *now begun* with him, (that is, in his *youth*) it promiseth so much that he is loth to *leave* it: when it growes to the middle, the *Act* of *viriliry*, then hee sees the *Scenes* grow thick, and fill, he would gladly understand the *end*: but, when it draws neere, and he findes what that will be, hee is then content to *depart*, and leave his *Roome* to *succeders*. Nay, many times, while before this, hee considers, that 'tis all as it were *delusion*, and a *dream*: and passeth away, as the *consumed dew*: or as the sound of a *Bell* that is *rung*. He then grows weary with *expectation*, and his *life* is entertain'd with a tedious *dislike* of *it selfe*. Oh the unsetled *conceit* of *Man*! that seeking after *quiet*, findes his *unrest* the more: that knows

knows neither what *he is*, nor what *hee shall be* !
 Wee are like men benighted in a *Wildernesse* : wee
 wander in the tread of severall *paths* : wee try one,
 and presently finde another is more *likely* : we follow
 that and meeete with more, that *croffe* it, and while
 wee are distracted about these various *wayes*, the
 fierce Beast, *Death*, devoures us. I finde two sorts of
 men, that differ much, in their conceptions that
 they hold of *Death*. One lives in a full joy here : hee
sings and *revels*, and *pleasants* his *spleen*, as if his *Har-*
vest were perpetuall, and the whole world's face
 fashioned, to a *posture* laughing upon him. And this
 man would doe any thing, rather than *dye* : where-
 by hee tels us (though his tongue expresse it not)
 that *he expects a worser estate hereafter*. Another lives
 hardly here, with a heaue heart, furrowing of a
 mournfull *face* : as if, like the *Beast* he were yeaned
 into the World, onely to act a *sad mans* part, and
 dye : And this *man* seeks *Death* and misses him, in-
 timating that he expects a *better condition* by *Death* :
 for 'tis sure, *Natura semper in meliorem tendit* : Nature
 everayms at better, nor would shee wish a change,
 if shee did not thinke it a benefit, Now, what doe
 these two tell us ? but that there is both a *Misery* and
 a *Joy* attending *Man*, when hee is vanished hence.
 Thelike is shewed by the *good man*, and the *bad* :
 one avoyding what the other would wish, at least
 not *refuse*, upon offer. For, the *good man*, I must reck-
 on with the *wise* ; as one that equally can *dye*, or
live. He knows, while he is here, *God* will protect
 him, and when he goes hence, *God* will receive him.
 I borrow it from the *Father* : *Non ita vixi, ut me*

vixisse pudeat : ne timeo mori, quia bonum habeo Dominum. I have not so liv'd, as I should be ashamed : nor feare I to dye, for God is mercifull. Certainly, wee are never at quiet, in any thing long, till wee have conquered the feare of death. Every spectacle of Mortality terrifies. Every casuall danger affrights us. In to what a dumpe, did the sight of Cyrus Tombe, strike the most noble Alexander ? It comes, like an arrest of Treason in a Follity : blasts us, like a Lightning-flash, and like a Ring put into our Noses, checks us in the frisks and Lavaltoes, of our dancing bloud. Feare of death, kills us often when Death it selfe can doe it but once. I love therefore, the saying of the Dying Emperour Julian, *Hee that would not dye when hee must, and hee that would dye when hee must not, are both of them Cowards alike.* That which we know we must doe, once, why should we be afraid to doe it at any time ? What wee cannot doe till our time comes, why should wee seeke to doe it before ? I like the man that can dye willingly ; whensoever God will have him dye ; and that can live as willingly, whensoever God would have him not to dye. To feare Death much, argues an evill man ; at best a man that is weak. How brave did Socrates appeare, when hee told the Athenians, they could doe nothing, but what Nature had ordain'd, before them, condemne him to dye : How unmovedly did he take his poyson : as if hee had been drinking of a Glory to the Deity. Into what a trepidation of the soule, does feare decline the Coward ? How it Drownes the head in the intrembled bosome ? But the Spanish Tragedy tels us,

He that smiling can gaze on
 Styx, and black-wav'd Acheron ;
 That dares brave his ruine ; he
 To Kings, to Gods, shall equall be.

*Qui vultus Acherontis atri,
 Qui Styga tristem, non tristis videt,
 Audetque vitæ ponere finem,
 Par ille Regi, par Superis eris.*

'Tisa Fathers Sentence, *Nihil est in morte quod metuamus, si nihil timendum, vitæ commisit* : Death hath nothing terrible, but what our life hath made so. He that hath liv'd well, will be seldome unwilling to dye. Death is much facilitated, by the vertues of a well-led-life. To say the goodman feares not God, I thinke may be good Divinity. Faith approches Heaven with confidence. Aristippus told the Sayers, that wondred why hee was not, as well as they, affraid in the stormes ; that the ods was much : for, they feared the torments due to a wicked life. and hee expected the rewards of a good one. Vice draws Death with a horrid looke, with a whip, and flames and terrours. It was cold comfort Diogenes gave a lewd Liven : that banisht, complain'd hee should dye in a forreigne soyle. Be of good cheere, man, whatsoever thou art, the way to Hell is the same. I confesse, take a man, as Nature has made him, and there is some reason why hee should feare Death : because hee knows not what it will doe with him. What hee findes heere, hee sees, and knows ; what hee shall finde after death, hee knoweth not. And no
 man,

man, but would rather continue in a *moderate delight*, which he knowes : than indure *pain*, to be delivered to *incertainties*. I would *live*, till *G O D* would have me *dye* : and then, I would *doe it* without either *fear* or *grudging*. It were a shame for me, being a *Christian*, and beleeving *Heaven*, to be *afraid* of removing from *Earth*. In *resolving* thus, I shall *triumph* over other *casualties*. All things that we *feare* here, we *feare* as steps, that descend us toward our *graves*, towards *infamy*, and *deprivation*. When we get the *Victory* over this great terrour; all the small ones are conquered in it. Great *Cities* once *expugned*, the *Dorps* and *Villages* will soon come in of *themselves*.



XIV.

Of the worship of Admiration.

WHatsoever is *rare*, and *passionate*, carries the soule to the thought of *Eternity*. And, by *contemplation*, gives it some *glympses* of more absolute *perfection*, than here 'tis *capable* of. When I see the *Royalty* of a *State-show*, at some unwonted *solemnity*, my thoughts present me something, more *royall* than this. When I see the most *enchanting beauties*, that *Earth* can shew me; I yet thinke, there is something farre more *glorious* : mee thinks I see a kinde of higher *perfection*, peeping through the *frailty* of a *face*. When I heare the *ravishing strains* of a *sweet tuned voyce*, married to the *warbles* of the *Artfull*

Artfull instrument: I apprehend by this, a higher *Diapason*: and doe almost believe, I heare a little *Deity* whispering, through the *pory substance* of the *tongue*. But, this I can but *grobe* after. I can neither *finde*, nor say, what it is. When I reade a *rarely sententious man*, I admire him, to my own *impatency*. I cannot reade some part of *Seneca*, above two *Leaves* together. Hee raises my *soule* to a *contemplation*, which sets me a thinking, on more, than I can *imagine*. So am I forced to cast him by, and *subside* to an *admiration*. Such effects workes *Poetry*, when it lookes to towring *Vertues*. It gives up a man to *raptures*, and *inradiates* the *soule*, with such high *apprehensions*: that all the *Glories* which this *World* hath, hereby appear, *contemptible*, Of which the soft-soul'd *Ovid* gives a touch, when he complains the want.

*Impetus ille Sacer, qui vetum Pectora nutrit,
Qui prius in nobis esse solebat, abest.*

That sacred vigor, which had wont, alone,
To flaine the *Poets* noble brest, is gone.

But this is, when these excellencies incline to *gravity*, and *seriousnesse*. For otherwise, light aires turn, us into *sprighfull actions*, which breathe away in a loose *laughier*, not leaving halfe that *impression* behind them, which serious *considerations* doe. As if *Mirth* were the excellency of the *body*, and *meditation* for the *soule*. As if one were, for the *contentment* of this *life*: and the other, *eying* to that of the *life*

life to come. All *Indeavours* aspire to *Eminency*; All *Eminencies* doe beget an *Admiration*. And, this makes mee beleeve, that *contemplative Admiration*, is a large part of the worship of the *Deity*. 'Tis an *adoration*, purely, of the *Spirit*; a more *sublime* bowing of the *soule* to the *Godhead*. And this is it, which that *Homer* of *Philosophers* avowed, could bring a man to *perfect happinesse*; if to his *Contemplation*, hee joyned a constant *Imitation* of *God*, in *Justice*, *Wisdom*, *Holinesse*. Nothing can carry us so neere to *God*, and *Heaven*, as this. The *winde* can walke, beyond the *sight* of the *eye*; and (though in a *cloud*) can lift us into *Heaven*, while wee live. *Meditation* is the *souls Perspective Glasse*: whereby in her long *remove*, shee discerneth *God*, as if hee were neerer hand. I perswade no man to make it his whole *life's* businesse. We have *bodies*, as well as *soules*. And even this *World*, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those *States* are likely to *flourish*, where *execucion* follows sonnd *advise*ments: so is *Man*, when *contemplation* is seconded by *action*. *Contemplation* generates, *Action* propagates. Without the first, the latter is *defective*. Without the last, the first is but *abortive*, and *embrious*. *Saint Bernard* compares *contemplation* to *Rachel*, which was the more *faire*: but *action* to *Leah*, which was the more *fruitfull*. I will neither alwayes be *busie*, and *doing*: nor ever *shut up* in nothing but *thoughts*. Yet, that which some would call *Idlenesse*, I will call the *sweetest part* of my *life*: and, that is, my *Thinking*. Surely, *God* made so many *varieties* in his *Creatures*, as well for the *inward*

soul,

soule, as the outward *senses*; though he made them *primarily*, for his own *Free will*, and *Glory*. He was a *Monke* of an *honest age*, that being asked how he could endure that *life* without the pleasure of *books*, answered: The *Nature* of the *Creatures* was his *Library*: wherein, when he pleased, he could muse upon *Gods deep Oracles*.



XV.

Of Fame

IT may seeme *strange*; that the whole *world* of *men*, should be carryed on with an *earnest desire* of a *noble fame*, and *memory* after their *deaths*: when yet we know it is not *Materiall*, to our *well*, or *ill* being, what *censures* passe upon us. The *tongues* of the *living* avail nothing, to the *good*, or *hurt*, of those that lye in their *graves*. They can neither adde to their *pleasure*, nor yet diminish their *torment*, if they finde any. My *account* must passe upon mine-own *actions*, not upon the report of others. In vaine men labour'd, to *approve* themselves to *goodnesse*, if the *Palaces* which *Vertue* rears, could be *unbuilt*, by the *taxes* of a wounding *tongue*. *Falſe* *witnesſes* can never finde *admission*, where the *God* of *Heaven* ſits *judging*. There is no *Common Law* in the *New Jeruſalem*. There *Truth* will be received, though either *Plantiffe*, or *Defendant*, ſpeakes it. Here wee may *article* againſt a man, by a *common fame*: and by the *ſrothybuzze* of the *World*, caſt a-
way

way the bloud of *Innocents*. But *Heaven* proceeds not after such *incertainties*. The *single man* shall be beleev'd in *truth*, before all the *humming* of *successive Ages*. What will become of many of our *Lawyers*, when not an *Advocate*, but *Truth*, shall be admitted? *Fame*, shall there be excluded, as a lying *witnesse*? though here, there is nothing which we doe *possesse*, which we reckon of an *equall value*. Our *wealth*, our *pleasure*, our *lives*, will not all hold *weight* against it, when this comes in *competition*. Nay, when we are *circled round* with *calamities*, our *confidence* in this, like a *constant friend*, takes us by the hand, and cheers us, against all our *miseries*. When *Philip* ask'd *Democratus*, if he did not feare to lose his *head*, he answered no; for if hee did, the *Athenians* would give him one *immortall*. Hee should be *Statued*, in the *Treasury* of *eternall fame*. See if it were not *Ovids* comforter, in his *banishment*.

----- Nil non mortale tenemus,
 Pectoris exceptis, ingeniiq; bonis.
 Enego, cum patria, caream, vobisque domoque:
 Raptaque sint, adimique potuere mihi.
 Incepit tamen ipse meo comitorque, fruorque:
 Caesar, in hoc potuit Furis habere nihil.
 Quilibet hanc salvo vitam, mihi finiet ense:
 Me tamen extincto, fama perennis erit.

----- All that we hold will dye;
 But our brave thoughts, and ingenuity.
 Even I that want my countrey, house, and friend:
 From whom is ravish't, all that Fate can rend;

Pof-

Possesse yet my own *Genius*, and enjoy
That which is more, than *Cæsar* can destroy.
Each Groom may kill me: but whens'ere I dye,
My Fame shall live to mate Eternity.

Plutarch tells us of a poore *Indian*, that would rather endure a *dooming to death*, than shoot before *Alexander*, when he had discontinued; lest by shooting ill, hee should marre the *Fame*, hee had gotten. Doubtlesse, even in this, *Man* is ordered by a power above him; which hath instinced in the mindes of all men, an ardent *appetition*, of a lasting *Fame*. Desire of *Glory*, is the last garment, that, even wise men lay aside. For this, you may trust *Tacitus*, *E-tiam sapientibus, Cupido gloria, novissima exuitur*. Not that it betters himselfe being gone: but that it stirs up; those that follow him, to an earnest endeavour, of Noble actions; which is the onely means, to win the fame wee wish for. *Themistocles*, that streamed out his youth, in wine and venery; and was sodainly changed, to a vertuous, and valiant man, told one that ask'd what did so strangely change him: that, The *Trophie* of *Miltiades*, would not let him sleepe. *Tamberlaine* made it his practice, to read often the Heroick deeds of his own Progenitors: not as boasting in them: but as glorious examples propounded, to inflame his vertues. Surely, nothing awakes our sleeping vertues, like the Noble acts of our Predecessours. They are flaming Beacons, that *Fame*, and *Time* hath set on Hills, to call us to a defence of *Vertue*; whensoever vice invades the Common-wealth of *Man*. Who can endure to skulke away his life in
an

an idle *corner*, when he has means, and findes, how *Fame* has blown about *deserving-names*? *Worth* begets in weake and base mindes, *Envy*: but in those that are *magnanimous*, *Emulation*. *Romane* vertue, made *Romane* vertues, *lasting*. Brave men never die; but like the *Phenix*: From whose *preserved ashes*, one, or other, still doth *spring up*, like them. How many *valiant Souldiers*, does a generous *Leader* make? *Brutus*, and *Brutus*, bred many constant *Patriots*. *Fame*, I confesse, I finde more eagerly pursued by the *Heathen*, than by the *Christians* of these times. The *Immortality* (as they thought) of their *name*, was to them, as the *Immortality* of the *soule* to us: A strong *Reason*, to perswade to *worthinesse*. Their knowledge halted in the latter; so they rested in the first. Which often made them *sacrifice* their lives to that, which they *esteem'd* above their lives, their *Fame*. *Christians* know a thing beyond it: And, that *knowledge*, causes them to give but a *secondary* respect to *Fame*; there being no reason, why wee should *neglect*, that, whereon all our future *happinesse* depends, for that, which is nothing but a *name*, and *empty*. *vertue* were a kinde of *misery*, if *Fame* onely were all the *Garland*, that did *crowne* her, *Glory* alone were a *reward incompetent*, for the *toyles* of industrious *Man*. This follows him but on *Earth*, in *Heaven* is lay'd up, a more *Noble*, a more *Essentiall* recompence. Yet, because 'tis a fruit that springs from good *actions*, I must thinke, he that *loves* that, *loveth* also, that which *causes* it, *worthinesse*. In others I will honour the *Fame*, for the *deserving deeds* which

which caused it. In my self, I will *respect* the *Actions*, that may *merit* it. And, though for my owne *benefit*, I will not much *seeke* it: yet, I shall be glad if it may follow me, to *incite* others, that they may goe *beyond* mee: I will, if I can, tread the *Path* which leades to't. If I finde it, I shall thinke it a *blessing*: if not, my *endeavour* will be enough, for *discharging* my selfe within, though I *misse* it. God is not bound to reward mee any way: if hee *accepts* mee, I may count it a *Mercy*. The other I will not looke for. I like him, that does things that deserve a *Fame*, without eyther *search* or *caring* for it. *Christ*, after many *miraculous cures*, enjoyed his *patients* silence: perhaps to *checke* the *World*, for the too-too *violent quest*, of this *vacuum*. For a meane *Man* to thirst for a mighty *Fame*, is a kind of fond *Ambition*. Can wee thinke a *Mouse* can cast a *shadow*, like an *Elephant*? Can the *Sparrow* looke for a train like the *Eagle*? Great *Fames* are for *Princes*, and such as for their parts, are the *Glories of Humanity*. Good ones may *crowne* the *private*. The same *fire* may be in the *waxen Taper*, which is in the *starved Torch*; but 'tis not equall eyther in *quantity* or *advancement*. Let the *World* speake well of mee, and I will never care; though it does not speake much. *Checke* thy selfe, thou *Ayremonger*; that with a *madding thought*, thus *chasest* *fleeing shadows*. Love *substances*, and rest thy self content, with what *Boetius* tels thee,

*Quicumque solam, mente precipiti, petit
Summumque credit, Gloriam:*

Late patentes, atheris cernat plagas,

Arctumque terrarum sicum.

Brevem replere non valentis ambitum,

Pudebit, aucti nominis.

He that thirsts for Glories prize;

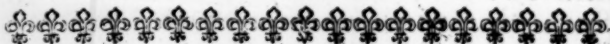
Thinking that, the top of all:

Let him view th'expanded skies,

And the Earth's contracted Ball.

Hee'l be ashamed then, that the name he wan,

Fils not the short walk, of one healthfull man.



XVI.

Of the choice of Religion.

Variety, in any thing, *distracteth the minde*; and leaves it *waving*: in a *dubious* trouble: and then how easie is it to *sway the minde* to eyther side: But, among all the *diversities* that wee meet with, *none* trouble us more, than those that are of *Religion*. 'Tis rare to finde two *Kingdomes* one; as if every *Nation* had (if not a *God*, yet at least) a *way to God* by it selfe. This stumbles the *unserled soule*: that not knowing which way to take, without the danger of *erring*, sticks to none: so *dies*, ere hee does that, for which hee was made to *live*: the *Service of the true Almighty*. Wee are borne as *Man* set downe in the midd'lt of a *Wood*; circled round with severall *voyses* calling us. At first, wee see not, which will lead us the right way out; so divided in our selves,

we

wee sit still, and follow none: remayning *blind* in a flat *Atheisme*, which strikes deep at the *foundation*, both of our *own*, and the whole World's *happinesse*. 'Tis true, if wee let our *dimmed understanding* search in these *varieties* (which yet is the onely *meanes*, that wee have in our selves, to doe it with) we shall certainly lose our selves in their *windings*; there being in every of them something to *believe*, above that *reason* which leads us to the *search*. *Reason* gives us the *Anatomy* of things, and *illustrates* with a great deale of *plainnesse*, all the wayes that she goes: but her *line* is too short, to reach the *depths* of *Religion*. *Religion* carries a *confutation* along with it: and with a high hand of *Sovereignty*, Awes the inquisitive *tongue* of *Nature*: and when shee would sometimes *murmur* privately, shee will not let her *speake*. *Reason*, like a milde *Prince*, is content to shew his *Subjects* the causes of his *commands* and *rule*. *Religion*, with a *higher straine* of *Majesty*, bids doe it, without inquiring further than the *bare command*: which, without doubt, is a *meanes* of procuring mighty *reverence*. What we know not, we *reverently admire*; what wee doe know, is in some sort subject to the triumphs of the *soule*, that hath discovered it. And, this *not knowing*, makes us not able to judge. Every one tels us, his owne is the truest: and there is none, I think, but hath beene *seal'd* with the blood of some. Nor can I see, how wee may more than *probably*, prove any: they being all fet in such *heights*; as they are not *subject* to the *Demonstrations* of *Reason*. And as wee may easier say what a *soule* is not, than what it is:

so wee may more easily disprove a *Religion* for
false, than prove it, for one that is *true*: There
 being in the *World* farre more *error*, than *Truth*.
 Yet is there besides, another *miserie*, neere as great
 as this: and that is, that wee cannot be our owne
Chusers: but must take it upon trust, from others.
 Are wee not oft, before wee can discern the *true*,
 brought up and grounded in the *false*, sucking in
Heresie, with our milke in *childhood*? Nay, when
 wee come to yeeres of *abler judgment*, wherein the
 Minde is growne up *compleat Man*: wee examine
 not the soundnesse, but retaine it meerly, because
 our fathers taught it us. What a lamentable *weak-*
nesse is this in Man, that hee should build his
Eternall welfare, on the *approbation*, of perhaps a
 weake, and ignorant *Parent*? Oh! why is our
neglect the most, in that, wherein our care should
 be *greatest*? How few are there which fulfill that
Precept of trying all *things*, and taking the *best*? As-
 suredly, though *Faith* be above *Reason*, yet is there
 a *Reason* to be given of our *Faith*. Hee is a *Foole*
 that believes hee knows neither what, nor why.
 Among all the *Diversities in Religion*, that the *World*
 holds, I thinke, it may stand with most safety, to
 take that, which makes most for *Gods Glory*, and
Mans quiet. I confesse, in all the Treatises of *Religi-*
on, that I ever saw, I finde none that I should so soon
 follow, as that of the *Church of England*. I never
 found so sound a *Foundation*, so sure a *direction* for
Religion: as the *Song* of the *Angels* at the *Birth* of
Christ: *Glory be to God on high*. There is the *Honour*,
 the *reverend Obedience*, and the *Admiration*, and the
Ado-

Adoration, which wee ought to give him. *On earth peace*. This is the effect of the former: working in the hearts of Men, whereby the World appears in his noblest beauty, being an entire chaine of inter-mutuell amity. And good will toward men. This is Gods mercie, to reconcile Man to himselfe, after this fearfull differtion of his Maker. Search all Religions the World thorow, and you will finde none that ascribes so much to God, Nor that constitutes so firme a love among men, as does the establisht Doctrin of the Protestant Church among us. All other either detract from G O D: Or infringe the Peace of Men. The Jews in their Talmud say before God made this, hee made many other Worlds, and marr'd them againe: to keepe himselfe from Idlenesse. The Turks in their Alchoran bring him in, discoursing with the Angels, and they telling him, of things which before hee knew. not: and after they make him sweare by Mahomets Pen, and Lines; and by Figgs, and Olives. The Papists portray him as an old Man: and by this means, discredit him, derogating also from his Royalty, by their odious interposing of merit. And for the Society of men; what bloody Tenents doe they all hold? as, That he deserves not the name of Rabbi, that hates not his enemy to the death: That 'tis no sinne to revenge injuries: That 'tis meritorious to kill a Heretike, with whom no Faith is to be kept: Even to the ungluing of the whole Worlds Frame; Contexted only, by Commerce and Contracts. What obhorred barbarismes did Selymus leave in Precept, to his Successor Solyman? which, though I am not

certaine they were ratified, by their *Musties*; I am sure, are practized by the *Inheritors* of his *Empire*. By this *Taste*; learne to detest them all.

*Ne putet esse nefas, cognatum haurire cruorem :
Et nece fraterna, constabilire Domum.
Fura, Fides, Pietas, regni dum nemo super sit
AEmulus, haud turbent religione animum.
Hac ratio est, que sola queat, regale tueri
Nomen, & expertem te finit esse metus.*

Thinke not thy kinreds murder ill, 'tis none :
By thy slain brothers, to secure thy Throne.
Law, Faith, Religion, while no Rivals aime
Thy ruine, may be practiz'd, else they maime.
This is the way, how kingly names may be
Insaft, and from distractive terrors freee.

In other *Religions*, of the *Heathen*, what fond opinions have they held of their *Gods*? reviling with unseemly *threats*, when their *affairs* have thwarted them. As if allowing them the name, they would conserve the *Numen* to themselves. In their *sacrifices*, how *Butcherly* cruell? as if (as 'tis said of them) they thought by *inhumanity*, to appease the *wrath* of an offended *Deity*. The *Religion* which we now professe, establisheth all in another *strain*. What makes more for *Gods Glory*? what makes more for the *mutuall love* of *Man*, than, The *Gospel*? All our *Abilities* of good, we offer to *God*; as the *Fountain* from whence they *streame*. Can the
day

day be *light*, and that *light* not come from the *Sunne*? Can a *Clock* goe, without a weight to move it, or a *Keeper* to set it? As for *Man*: it teaches him to tread on *Cottons*, mild's his wilder *temper*: and learnes him in his patience, to affect his *enemies*. And for that which doth partake on both: it makes *Just* *God*, a friend to *unjust* *Man*, without being *unjust*, either to himselfe, or man. Sure, it could be no other, than the *invention* of a *Deity*, to finde out a way, how *Man*, that had *justly* made himselfe *unhappy*, should, with a full *satisfaction* to exactest *Justice*, be made again most *happy*. I would wish no man that is able to try, to take his *Religion* upon others words: but once resolved in it, 'tis dangerous to *neglect*, where we know we doe owe a *Service*.

*Dii multa neglecta dederant,
Hesperia mala Ludnosæ.*

*God neglected, plenteously
Plagued mournfull Italy.*

And this, before *Horace* his time; when *God* is neglected of *Man*; *Man* shall be contemned of *God*. When *Man* abridgeth *God* of his honour; *God* will shorten *Man* of his happiness. It canor but be best, to give all to him, of whom whatsoever wee have, wee hold. I beleeeve it *safest* to take that *Religion*, which most magnifies *God*, and makes most, for the peaceable *Conversation* of *Men*. For, as wee cannot ascribe too much to him, to whom wee owe more

than we can *ascribe*: so I thinke the most splendid *estate* of *Man*, is that which comes neereſt to his firſt *Creation*: wherein, all things wrought together, in the pleaſant *embracements* of *mutuall love* and *concord*.



XVII.

Of Petitions and Denials.

D*enials* in *Suits*, are *Reprehensions*, to him that *Aſketh*. We ſeeme thereby to tell him, that he craves *That*, which is not convenient; ſo erres from that *ſtation* he ſhould reſt in. In our *demands*, wee uncover our own *deſires*, in the answers wee receive, we gather how we are affected. Beware what thou *aſkeſt*: and beware what thou *denyeſt*. For if *diſcretion* guide thee not, there is a great deale of *danger* in both. We often, by one request, open the *windowes* of our *heart* wider, than all the *indeavours* of our *obſervers* can. 'Tis like *giving* of a man our hand in the *darke*, which directs him better where wee are, then either our *voice*, or his owne *ſearch* may. If wee give *repulſes*, we are preſently held in *ſuſpicion*; and inſearched for the *cauſe*: which, if it bee found trenching on *diſcourteſie*; *Eove* dyes, and *Revenge* ſprings from the *aſhes*. To a *friend* therefore, a man never ought to give a rough *deniall*: but alwayes, either to grant him his *request*, or an able *Reason* why we *condeſcend* not; by no meanes ſuffering him to goe away *unſatisfied*:

For

For that, ever leaves *fire*, to kindle a *succeeding jarre*. Deny not a just suit, nor *prefer* thou one, that is *unjust*. Either, to a wise man, stamps unkindnesse in the *memory*. I confesse, to the generous spirit, as 'tis hard to *beg*, so 'tis *harsh*, to be denied. To such, let thy grant bee free, for they will never beg *injurious* favours, nor be *importunate*: and when thou beeest to receive of such, grant not too much on a yeelding *Friend*: though thou maist have thy wish for the present, thou shalt perhaps be a *loser* in the *sequell*. Those that are readily daunted upon a *repulse*, I would wish first to try by *circumstances*, what may bee the speed of their *suite*. 'Tis easier to beare collected *unkindnesse*, than that which we meeete in *affronts*: the one wee may wrap to death in a still silence: the other we must, for *honours* sake, take notice on. For this cause, 'twill be best, never to propound any thing, which carries not with it, a *probability of obteyning*. *Negat sibi ipsi, qui quod fieri non potest, petit*: When we aske what is not likely to be had, before we aske, wee give our selves the *deniall*. *Ill Questions* are the *mints* for *worser Answers*. Our *refusall* is deservedly, while our demands are either *unfitting*, or beyond the expedience of him that should grant. Nor ought wee to be offended with any but our selves, when we have in such *requests*, transgressed the bounds of *modesty*: though in some I have knowne the denyall of *one favour*, drowning the memory of many fore-performed ones. To thinke ill of any man, for not giving mee that, which he needs not, is *Injustice*: but for *that*, to blot our *former benefits*, is *Extream ingratitude*. The
good

good mans thanks for old favours, live; even in the blowes of injury. Why should a diswonted unkindnesse make me ingrate for wonted benefits? I like not those dispositions, that can either make unkindnesse, and remember them: or unmake favours, and forget them. For all the favours I receive, I will be thankfull, though I meeete with a stop. The failing of one, shall not make mee neglectfull of many: no, not though I finde upbraiding: which yet hath this effect, that it makes that an injury, which was before a benefit. Why should I, for the abortion of one childe, kill all the elder issue? Those favours that I can doe, I will not doe for thanks, but for Noblenesse, for Love and that with a free expression. Grumbling with a benefit, like a hoarse voyce, marres the musick of the song: Yet, as I will doe none for thanks; so I will receive none without paying them. For Petitions to others, I will never put up undecent ones: nor will I, if I faile of those, either vex my selfe, or distaste too much the denyer. Why should I thinke he does mean injury, when he only but keepe his own? I like Padarteus his mirth well, who when he could not be admitted for one of the three hundred among the Spartans, went away laughing, and sayd, He was heartily glad that the Republike had three hundred better men than himselfe. I will never importune too much upon unwilling mindes: nor will I be slow in yeelding, what I mean to give. For the first, with Ovid,

*Et pudet, & metua, semper que eademque precari,
Ne subeant animo tædio iustatuo.*

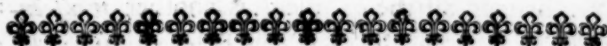
I shall

I shall both feare and shame, too oft to pray,
Lest *urged mindes* to just *disdains* give way:

For the other, I am confident, *Ausonius* gives good
counsell, with perfwading reasons:

*Sibenequid facias, facias cito: nam cito factum,
Gratum erit: ingratum, gratia tarda facit:*

Dispatch thy purpos'd good: quick *courteous deeds*
Cause *thinks*: slow *favour*, men unthankfull breeds.



XVIII.

Of Poverty..

THE Poverty of the *poore man*, is the least part of
his *misery*. In all the stormes of *Fortune*, hee is
the first that must stand the shock of *extremity*.
Poore men are *perpetuall Sentinels*, watching in the
depth of *night*, against the incessant assaults of
want; while the *rich* lie stoved in *secure repeses*: and
compas'd with a large abundance. If the *Land* be
ruffled with a *bloodlesse Famine*, are not the *poore*
the first that *sacrifice* their lives to *Hunger*? If *warre*
thunders in the trembling *Countries* lap, are not the
poore those that are exposed to the *Enemies Sword*
and *outrage*? If the *Plague*, like a loaded *sponge*, flies,
sprinkling *poysen* through a *Populous Kingdom*: the
poore are the *fruit* that are shaken from the bur-
then'd *Tree*: while the *rich*, furnisht with the helps
of

of *Fortune*, have means to winde out themselves, and turne these sad indurances on the *poore*, that cannot avoyd them. Like salt *marshes*, that lyē low: they are sure, whensoever the *Sea* of this World rages, to be first under, and embarrenn'd with a *fretting care*. Who, like the *poore*, are harrowed with *oppression*, ever subject to the *imperious taxes*, and the gripes of *mightinesse*? Continuall *care* checks the *spirit*: continuall *labour* checks the *body*: and continuall *insultation* both. Hee is like one rowled in a Vessell full of Pikes; which way soever hee turnes, hee something findes that pricks him. Yet besides all these, there is another *transcendent misery*: and this is, that it maketh men *contemptible*.

Nil habet infelix, &c.

Unhappy want hath nothing harder in it,
Then that it makes men *scorn'd*.---

As if the *poore man* were but *Fortunes dwarf*; made lower than the rest of men, to be *laughed at*. The *Philosopher* (though he were the *same minde*; and the *same man*) in his *squallid rags*, could not finde admission, when *better robes*, procured both, an open doore, and *reverence*. Though outward things can add nothing to our *essentiall worth*: yet when wee are judged on, by the helpe of others *outward senses*, they much conduce to our *value* or *dis-esteem*. A *Diamond* set in *brasse* would bee taken for a *Christall*, though it be not so; whereas a

Christall

Chrifall fet in *Gold* , will by many be thought a *Diamond*. A *poore man wife*, shall be thought a *Foole*; though hee have nothing to condemne him , but his being *poore* : The complaint is as old as *Solomon* : *The wifdome of the poore is defpised , and his words not heard*. *Poverty* is a *gulf*, wherein all good parts are swallowed. *Poore men*, though *wife* , are but like *Sattens* without a *gloffe* ; which every man will refuse to looke upon. *Poverty* is a *reproach* , which clouds the lustre of the *purest vertue*. It turnes the *Wife man Foole* , to humour him that is a *Foole*. Good parts in *poverty*, shew like beauty after sicknesse ; *pallid* and *pulingly deadish*. And if all these calamities be but *attendants*, what may we judge that she is in *her-selfe* ? Undoubtedly, whatsoever we preach of *Contentednesse in want* ; no precepts can so gaine upon *Nature* , as to make her a *non-sensitive*. 'Tis impossible to finde content in gnawing *penury*. Lacke of things necessary , like a *heavy load*, and an *ill-saddle*, is perpetually wringing of the backe that beares it. Extreame *poverty* one calls a *Lanthorne* , that lights us to all *miseries* ; And without doubt, when 'tis urgent and importunate , it is ever chasing, upon the very heart of *nature*. What pleasure can he have in *life* , whose whole *life* is griped by some or other *misfortune* ? Living no time free , but that, wherein he does not live, his *sleep*. His *minde* is ever at jarre, either with *desire*, *fear*, *care*, or *sorrow* : his appetite unappeasedly craving *supply of food* , for his *body* : which is eyther nummed with *cold* in *idlenesse* , or stew'd in *sweat* , with *labour* : nor can it be, but it will imbase even the *purest metall* in *Man* :

it will *Alchimy* the *Gold* of *Vertue*, and mixe it with more dull *Allay*. It will make a man submit to those *course wayes*, which another estate would scorne : Nay, it will not suffer the soule to exercise the *generous freedome*, which equall *nature* ha's given it : but haies it to such low *undecencies*, as pull *disdaine* upon it. *Concell* and *discretion*, eyther quite leave a man, or else are so limited, by unresistable *necessity*, as they lose the *brightnesse* that they use to shine withall.

*Crede mihi, miseros, prudentia prima reliquit,
Et sensus cum re, consiliumque fugit.*

Believe it, *Wisdom*e leaves the man distrest :
With *wealth*, both wit and counsell quits the brest.

Certainly, *extream*e poverty, is worse than *Abundance*. Wee may be good in *Plenty*, if we will : in byting *Penury* wee cannot, though we would. In one, the danger is *casuall* : in the other, 'tis *neecessitating*. The best is that which *partakes of both*, and *consists of neyther*. He that hath *too little*, wants *feathers* to flye withall. Hee that hath *too much*, is but combred with too large a *Tayle*. If a flood of *Wealth* could profit us, it would be good to swim in such a *Sea* : But it can neyther lengthen our *lives*, nor enrich us after the *end*. I am pleased with that *Epigram*, which is so like *Diogenes*, that it makes him byte in his *grave* :

*Effigiem, Rex Cræse, tuam ditissime regum,
Vidit apud manes, Diogenes Cynicus :*

*Constitit ; utque procul, solito majore cachinno
 Concussus, dixit : Quid tibi divitiæ
 Nunc prosunt, Regum Rex ô ditissime, cum sis
 Sicut ego solus, me quoque pauperior ?
 Nam quacunque habui, mecum fero, cum nihil ipse
 Ex tantis tecum, Cræse, feras opibus.*

When the *Tubb'd Cynick* went to *Hell*, and there
 Found the pale *Ghost* of *golden Cræsus* bare,
 He stops, and jeering till he shugs again,
 Says, O thou richest *King of Kings*, what gain
 Have all thy large heaps brought thee, since I spy
 Thee heer alone, and poorer now than I ?
 For, all I had, I with me bring : but thou,
 Of all thy wealth, hast not one farthing now.

Of what little use does he make the *mines* of this
 same opulent man ? Surely *Estates* bee then best,
 when they are likest *minde*s that be worst : I meane,
 neyther *hot*, nor *cold* : neyther distended with too
much, nor narrowly pent, with too *little* : yet nee-
 rer to a *plenty* than *want*. Wee may be at ease in a
 Roomie *larger* than our selves : in a Roomie that is
lesse wee cannot. Wee need not use *more* than will
serve : but wee cannot use *lesse*. Wee see all things
 grow *violent* and *struggle*, when wee would impris-
 on them in any thing *lesse* than themselves. *Fire*,
 shut up, is furious. *Exhalations* inclouded, breake
 out with *Thunder*. *Water*, compressed, spurteth
 thorow the stretched *strainer*. 'Tis harder to con-
 tract *many graines* into *one*, than to cause many
 spring out of *one*. Where the *Channell* is too
 little

little for the *flood*, who can wonder at the *overflowing*.

Quisquis inops peccat, minor est reus.

He is lesse guilty that offends for want;

was the charity of *Petronius Arbiter*. There is not in the *World* such another object of *piety*, as the *pinched State*; which no man being secured from, I wonder at the *Tyrants* *braves*, and *contempt*. Questionlesse, I will rather with *charity*, help him that is *miserable*, as I *maybe*: than despise him that is *poore*, as I *would not be*. They have flinted and steely *hearts*, that can add calamities to him, that is already but one intyred *Masse*.



XIX.

Of the evill in man from himself, and occasions.

TIs not so much *want of good*, as *excesse of ill*, that makes man poss to lewdnesse. I believe there are *sparks* enow in the *soule*, to flame a man; to the mortall life of *vertue*: but that they are quenched by the *putrid Figs* of *corruption*. As fruits of *hotter Countries*, trans-earth'd in *colder Climates*, have vigour enough in themselves to be *fructuous*, according to their *nature*: but that they are hindered, by the *chilling nips* of the *ayre*, and the *soyle*, wherein they are *planted*. Surely, the *Soule* hath the *reliquid*

Im-

Impress'd of divine *Vertue* still so left within her, as shee would mount her selfe to the *Towre of Noblesse*, but that shee is depressed, by an unpassable *Thicket* of hinderances : The *frailties* of the *Body*, the *current* of the *World*, and the *Armies* of *Enemies*, that continually warre against *goodnesse*, are everchecking the *production* of those *motions*, thee is pregnant with. When wee runne into *new crimes*, how wee schoole our selves when the *Act* is over ? as if *Conscience* had still so much *Iustice* left, as it would be upright in *sentencing* even against it selfe. Nay, many times, to gratulate the *Company*, we are faine to force our selves to *unworthinesse*. *Ill actions* runne against the grain of the *undefiled soule* : and, even while we are a doing them, our *hearts* chide our *hands* and *tongues*, for transgressing. There are few that are bad at the first, meerely, out of their love to *vice*. There is a *noblenesse* in the minde of *man*, which of it selfe, intitles it, to the hatred of what is *ill*. Who is it, that is so *bottomlesly ill*, as to love *vice*, because it is *vice* ? Yet we finde, there are some so *good*, as to love *goodnesse* purely, for *goodnesse* sake. Nay, *vice* it selfe is loved, but for the *seeming-good* that it carries with it. Even the first *sinne*, though it were (as Saint *Augustine* sayes) originall from the *sonle* : yet it was by a *wilfull-blindnesse*, committed out of respect to a *good*, that was look't for by it. 'Tis the bodies *contagion*, which makes the *Soule* leprous. In the opinion that wee all hold, at the first infusing 'tis *spotlesse* and *immaculate* : and where wee see there be meanes to second the *progressions* of it: it flies to a glorious height ;

scorning and weary of the muddy declining weight of the *body*. And when we have performed any *honourable Action*, how it *cheeres* and *lightens* it selfe, and *man*? As if it had no *true joy*, but in such things, as transcending the sense of the *druggie flesh*, tended to the *blaze*, and aspiring flame of *Vertue*: nay, then, as if she had dispatched the intent of her *creation*, shee rests full, in her own approvement, without the *weakeworlds* reedy *underpropping*. *Man* has no such *comfort*, as to be conscious to himselfe of the noble deeds of *Vertue*. They set him almost in the Throne of a Deity; ascending him to an *unmovednesse*, and take away from him those back *fearcs*, that would speake him still to bee but *fragile man*. 'Tis the sick and diseased soule, that drives us into unlimited *passions*. Take her as shee is her selfe, not dimm'd and thickned, with the mists of *corporality*; then is shee a *beauty*, displayed in a full and divine *sweetnesse*.

Amat, sapit, recte facit, animo quando obsequitur suo.

When man obeyes his minde, hee's wife, loves, and
(does right.

But this is not to be understood at large. For, sayes the same *Comedian*, *Dum id modo fiat bono*. Nor does it onely manifest it selfe, in it selfe: but even over the *body* too: and that so farre, that it even converts it to a *spirituality*: making it indefatigable in *travails*, in *toyls*, in *vigilancies*; insensible in *wounds*, in *death*, in *tortures*.

Omnia

*Omnia deficiunt, animus tamen omnia vincit ;
Ille etiam vires corpus habere facit.*

Say the grand *Love-master*.

Though all things want, all things the *minde* subdues,
And can new strength in fainting *Flesh* infuse.

When we find it seconded with the *prevalent incitations* of *Literature* and *sweet Morality*: how courageous, how comfortable, how towering is *she*? *Socrates*, calls *Nature*, the *Reason of an honest man*: as if *man*, following *her*, had found a *Square*, whereby to direct his *life*. The *soule* that takes a delight in *Lewdnesse*, is gain'd upon by *Custom*: and after an *undoing*, dulling *practice* takes a joy in that, which at first did daunt with *terror*. The first *Acts* of *Sinne*, are for the most part *trembling*, *fearfull*, and full of *the blush*. 'Tis the *iteration of evil*, that gives *forehead* to the *soule offender*. 'Tis easie to know a *beginning swearer*: hee cannot *mouth it*, like the *practised man*. Hee *oathes it*, as a cowardly *Fencer* playes; who as soone as hee hath offered a *blow*, shrinks backe as if his heart suffered a kinde of *violence* by his *tongue*: yet had rather take a step in *Vice*, than bee left behinde for not being in *fashion*. And, though a man be plunged in *wickednesse*, yet would hee be glad to be *thought good*. Which may strongly argue the *Intentions* of the *Soule* to be *good*; though unable to maturate that *seed* that is in it. Nay, and that like a kinde of *Captive*, shee is carried by *corruption*, through *Boggs* and *Desarts*, that at first shee teares

to tread upon. *Sinne* at first does a little startle the blood. *Vice* carries *horror* in her considered looke, though wee finde a *short plausibility*, in the present *imbraces*. There is no man, but in his *soule* dislikes a *new vice* before hee acts it. And this distaste is so generall, that when *Custom* ha's dull'd the *sense*, yet the *minde* shames to transmit it selfe to the *tongue*; as knowing, hee which holds *Tenents* against *Natures Principles*; shall, by shewing a *quick wit*, lose his *honest name*. *Goodnesse* is not so quite extinct in *man*, but that shee still flames out a glimmering light, in morality. Though *Vice* in some *soules* have got the start on her: yet shee makes every mans *tongue* fight for *Vices* extirpation. Hee that maintains *Vice* lawfull, shall have *mankinde* his enemy. 'Tis *gain*, not *love to Treason*, that makes man fall a *Traitor*. A *noble deed* does beare a *spurre* in it selfe. They are *bad works*, that need rewards to crane them up withall. I beleeve, if we examine *Nature*, those things that have a pleasure in their performance, are *bad* but by mis-use, not simply so in themselves. *Eating, drinking, mirth*, are ill, but in the *manner*, or the *measure*; not at all in the *matter*. *Mans wisdom* consists not in the *not using*, but in the *well using* of what the World affords him. *How to use*, is the most weighty lesson of *man*. And of this wee faile, for want of seconding the seedes that be in the *soule*: The *thornes* doe first choake them; and then, they *dwindle*, for lack of *watering*. Two things I will strongly labour for: *To remove Annoyance*; and *To cherish the growth of budding Vertue*. He that spends his time well, that strives to
reduce.

reduce *Nature* to her first perfection. Like a *true friend*, she wishes well to man, but is grown so *poore*, and *false* into such *decay*, as indeed shee is not *able*. I will helpher what I can in the way, though of my self, I be not able to set her safe in the end: and if it be in *spirituall things*, not able to begin. As man has not that free power of himselfe, which first he had: so I am farre from thinking him so *dull*, to be a *patient* meerely: it was not in the first Fall *slain*, but irrecoverably *lamed*: *debilitated*, not *annihilated*. But whether this be true or no, I thinke it cannot be ill, of whatsoever *good* we do, to give our *God* the *glory* on't.



XX.

Of Preaching.

THe *excesse* which is in the *defect* of *Preaching*, ha's made the *Pulpit* slighted: I meane, the much bad *Oratory* we finde it guilty of. 'Tis a wonder to me, how men can *Preach* so little and so long: so long a time, and so little matter: as if they thought to please by the inculcation of their vaine *Tautologies*. I see no reason, that so high a *Princesse* as *Divinity* is, should be presented to the *People* in the *sordid rags* of the *tongue*: nor that he which speaks from the *Father of Languages*, should deliver his *Embassage* in an ill one. A man can never speake too well, where he speakes not too *obscure*. Long and distended *Clauses*, are both tedious to the *care*, and dif-

difficult for their retaining. A *Sentence* well couch'd, takes both the *sense* and the *understanding*. I love not those *Cart-ropes speeches*, that are longer than the memory of man can fathome. I see not, but that *Divinity*, put into *significants*; might ravish as well as *Poetry*. The weighty *lines* men finde upon the *Stage*, I am perswaded have been the *lures*, to draw away the *Pulpit followers*. We complain of drowinesse at a *Sermon*; when a *Play* of a doubled length, leads us on still with alacrity. But the fault is not all in our selves. If wee saw *Divinity* acted, the *gesture* and *variety* would as much invigilate. But it is too high to bee personated by *Humanity*. The *Stage* feeds both the *ear* and the *eye*: and through his *latter sense*, the *Soule* drinks deeper draughts. Things *acted*, possesse us more, and are too, more retainable, than the *passable tones* of the *tongue*. Besides, here wee meete with more compassed *Language*: The *Dulcia sermonis*, moulded into curious *Phrase*; though 'tis to bee lamented, such *wits* are not set to the right *tune*, and conformed to *Divinity*; who without doubt, well deckt, will cast a far more radiant *lustre*, than those *obscene scurrilities*, that the *Stage* presents us with, though oe'd and spangled in their *gawdiest tyre*. At a *Sermon* well drels'd, what *understander* can have a motion to *sleepe*? *Divinity* well ordered, casts forth a *Bait*, which angles the *Soule* into the *ear*: and how can that cloze; when such a guest sits in it? they are *Sermons* but of baser metall, which leade the eyes to slumber. And should we heare a *continued Oration*, upon such a subject as the

the *Stage* treats on , in such words as wee heare some *Sermons* ; I am confident , it would not only be farre more tedious , but *nauseous* and *contempfull* . The most advantage they have of other places , is in their good *Lines* and *Action* . For 'tis certaine , *Cicero* and *Roscius* are most compleate , when they both make but one Man . Hee answered well , that after often asking , said still , that *Action* was the chiefeft part of an *Oratour* . Surely , the *Oration* is most powerfull , where the *Tongue* is diffusive and speaks in a *native decencie* , even in every *limbe* . A good *Oratour* should pierce the *eare* , allure the *eye* , and invade the *minde* of his *hearer* . And this is *Seneca's* opinion : *Fit words* are better than *fine ones* : I like not those that are *in-judiciously made* ; but such as be *expressively significant* : that leade the *minde* to something , beside the naked *term* . And he that speaks thus , must not looke to speake thus every day . A *kemb'd Oration* will cost both *sweate* , and the *rubbing of the braine* . And *kemb'd* I wish it , not *frizzled* , nor *curl'd* . *Divinity* should not *lascivate* . *Un-wormwooded Fests* I like well ; but they are fitter for the *Taverne* , than the *Majesty* of a *Temple* . *Christ* taught the *People* with *Authority* *Gravity* becomes the *Pulpit* . *Demosthenes* confest he became an *Oratour* , by spending more *Oile* than *Wine* . This is too fluid an *Element* to beget *Substantials* . *Wit* , procur'd by *Wine* , is , for the most part , like the *sparklings* in the *Cup* , when 'tis filling they *briske* it for a moment , but dye immediatly . I admire the *valour* of some men ; that before their *Studies* , dare ascend the *Pulpit* , and doe there take more

F 4

paines,

pains, than they have done in their *Library*. But having done this, I wonder not, that they there spend sometimes *three houres*, but to weary the People into *leepe*. And this makes some such *fugitive Divines*, that like *cowards*, they run away from their *Texts*. *Words* are not all, nor *matter* is not all, nor *gesture*, yet together, they are. 'Tis much moving in an *Oratour*, when the *soule* seemes to speake, as well as the *tongue*. Saint *Augustine* sayes, *Tully* was admired more for his *tongue*, than his *minde*; *Aristotle* more for his *minde*, than his *tongue*: but *Plato* for both. And surely, nothing decks an *Oration* more, than *Judgement* able well to conceive and utter. I know, *God* hath chosen by weake things, to confound the wise: yet I see not but in all times, a washed *Language* hath much prevailed. And even the *Scriptures* (though I know not the *Hebrew*) yet I beleeve they are penn'd in a *tongue* of deepe expressions: wherein, almost every word, hath a *Metaphoricall sense*, which does illustrate by some *allusion*. How *politick* is *Moses*, in his *Pentateuch*? How *Philosophicall* *Job*? How *massie* and *sentionious* is *Solomon* in his *Proverbs*? How *quaint*, and *flamingly-amorous* in the *Canticles*? How *grave* and *solemne* in his *Ecclesiastes*? that in the *world*, there is not such another dissection of the *world* as it. How were the *Jews* astonied at *Christs Doctrin*? How eloquent a *pleader* is *Paul* at the *Bar*? in *disputation* how *subtile*? And he that reads the *Fathers*, shall finde them, as if written with a *crisped pen*. Nor is it such a fault as some would make it, now and then, to let a *Philosopher* or a *Poet*, come in and wait, and give a

Trencher

Trencher at this Banquet. *Saint Paul* is president for
 ie. I will not man to be too darke, and full of shadow.
 There is a way to be pleasingly plain; and some have
 found it. Nor will I any man to a totall neglect of
 his hearers. Some *Stomachs* rise at sweet meats. Hee
 prodigals a *Mine of Excellency*, that lavishes a terse
Oration to an *Apron'd Auditory*. *Mercury* himselfe
 may move his tongue in vaine, if he has none to heare
 him, but a *Non-intelligent*. They that speake to *Chil-
 dren*, assume a pretty *lissing*. *Birds* are caught by the
 counterfeite of their own shrill notes. There is a
Magick in the *Tongue*, can charme the wilde mans
Motions. *Eloquence* is a *Bridle*, where with a wise man
 rides the *Monster of the World*, the *People*. Hee that
 heares, has onely those affections that thy tongue will
 give him. Thou mayst give smiles, or teares; which *joyes* do blor:
 Or wrath to *Judges*, which themselves have not.

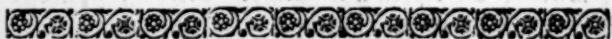
You may see it in *Lucians* words: *Ecce dante, capite Juxta quum non habet iram.*

Flat, si forte jubes, gaudet; gaudere coactus.

Ecce dante, capite Juxta quum non habet iram.

I grieve that any thing so excellent as *Divinity*
 is, should fall into a starchy handling. Sure, though
 other interposures doe eclipse her; yet this is a
 principall. I never yet knew a good *Tongue*, that
 wanted eares to heare it. I will honour her, in
 her plaine *manners*: but I will wish to meete her, in
 her gracefull *jewels*: not that they give addition to
 her

her goodnesse: but that shee is more perswasive in working on the soule it meets with. When I meete with *Worth*, which I cannot over-love, I can well endure that *Art*; which is a means to heighthen liking. *Confections* that are cordiall, are not the worse, but the better for being guilded.



XXI.

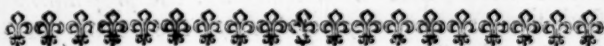
Of reconciling Enemies.

TIs much safer to *reconcile* an *Enemy*, than *conquer* him. *Victory* deprives him of his power; but *Reconciliation*, of his *will*: and there is lesse danger in a *Will* which *will not hurt*, than in a *power*, which *cannot*. The *power* is not so apt to tempt the *will*; as the *will* is studious to finde out *meanes*. Besides, an *Enemy* is a perpetuall *Spie*, upon thy *Actions*; a *Watch* to observe thy *failes*, and thy *excursions*. All which, in the time of his *Captivity*, he treasures up, against the *day of advantage*, for the confounding of him that hath beene his *Detainer*. When he is free from thy power, his *malice* makes him *nimble-ey'd*: apt to note a *fault*; and publish it: and with a *strained Construction*, to deprave those things that thy intents have told thy *soule* are *honest*. Like the *Crocodile*, he slimes thy way, to make thee fall; and when thou art down, he insidiates thy *intrapped life*, and with the warmest blood of thy *life*, fattens his insulting *Envie*. Thy wayes hee strewes with *Serpents* and *invenomings*. Thy *vices* he sets, like

Pauls,

Pauls, on him: for the gaze of the *world*, and the scatter'd *City*: Thy *Vertues*, like *Saint Faiths*, he placeth under ground, that none may note them. Certainly, 'tis a misery to have an *Enemy*, either very powerfull, or very malicious. If they cannot wound upon *Prooves*, they will doe it yet upon *likelihoods*: and so by degrees, and sly wayes, corrupt the fairetempter of our *Reputations*. In which, this *disadvantage* cannot be helped, that the Multitude will sooner beleeeve them than our selves, For *affirmations* are apter to win beliefe, than *Negatives* to uncredit them. It was a *Spawne of Machiavel*, that *A slander once raised, will scarce ever dye, or faile of finding some, that will allow it both harbour, and trust.* The *baggage World* desireth of her selfe to scarre the *face*, that is fairer than shee: and therefore, when shee findes occasion, shee leaps, and flies to the imbrace-ment of the thing shee wished for: where, with a sharpe-set appetite, shee quarries on the prey shee meets withall. When *Seneca* asked the Question, *Quid est homini inimicissimum?* *Seneca* answers, *Alius Homo.* Our *Enemies* studies are the plots of our ruine: nor is any thing left un-attempted, which may induce our *damage*. And many times, the danger is the more, because we see it not. If our *Enemy* be *Noble*, hee will beare himselfe valiantly, and scorne to give us an *advantage* against him: though his own judicious forwardnesse, may put us to the worse, let his *worth* perswade thee to an *atonement*. He that can be a worthy *Enemy*, will, reconcil'd, be a worthier *Friend*. He that in a just cause, can valiantly fight against thee, can in a like cause, fight as valiantly for thee.

thee. If hee be unworthy, reconcile him too: though there be nothing else gain'd, but *stilling of a scandalous tongue*; even that will be worth thy labour. Use him as a *Friend* in outward fairnesse: but beware him, as an *Enemy*, apt to re-assume his *Armes*. He that is a *base foe* will hardly be but false in *friendship*. *Enemies*, like *Miners*, are ever working, to blow up our untainted names. They spit a *poysen*, that will freckle the beauty of a good report: and that *fame* which is white and pure, they spot with the *puddled sprays* of the tongue: For, they cannot but sometimes speake as they thinke: and this *S. Gregory* will perswade us to beleewe: That *Humana mens, omnem quem inimicum tolerat, etiam iniquum & impium putat*: All men thinke their *Enemies* ill. If it may be done with *honour*, I shall thinke it a worke of good discretion, to regain a *violent Adversary*. But to do it so, as it puts a *poorenesse* on a mans selfe, though it be *safe*, is worse than to be conquer'd in a *manfull contestation*. *Friendship* is not commendable, when it rises from *dishonourable Treasits*. But he that upon good termes, refuses a *Reconcilement*, may be *stubborne* but not *valiant*, nor *wise*. Whosoever thou art, that wilfully continuest an *Enemy*, thou teachest him to doe thee a *mischiefe* if he can. I will thinke that endeavour spent to purpose, that either makes a *Friend*, or unmakes an *Enemy*. In the one, a *Treasure* is wonne; in the other, a *Siege* is raised. When one sayd he was a *wise King* that was kinde to his friends, and sharpe to his *Enemies*: Sayes another, He is *wiser*, that can retain his *Friends* in their love, and make his *Enemies* like them.



XXII.

Of our sense of absent Good.

SURELY, the *Mad worme* hath wilded all *Humanity*; We swear for what we lose, before wee know we have it. We ever *dote* most on things, when they are *wanting*: Before we *possesse* them, we *chase* them with an eager runne: When wee *have* them, wee *sleight* them: When they are *gone*, we sinke under the wring of *sorrow*, for their *losse*. *Insatuated estate of Man*! That the injoyment of a *pleasure*, must diminish it: That perpetuall use must make it, like a *Pyramide*, lessening it selfe by degrees, till it grows at last to a *punctum*, to a nothing. With what undelayable heate, does the *lime-twig'd Lover* court a deserving *Beauty*, Which, when hee obtains, is farre short of that *content* it promised him: Yet, hee againe no sooner *loses* it, but hee *over-esteems* it, to an *hyperbolicall summe*. *Presence* drownes, or mightily cooles *contentment*: and *Absence* seemes to be a *torture*, that afflicts most, when most *stretched*. *Want* teacheth us the *worth* of things more truly. How sweet a thing seemes *liberty*, to one immur'd in a *Case of Walls*? How deare a *Jewell* is *health* to him that tumbles in *distempered blood*? Is it so, that *Pleasure*, which is an *airy constitution*, cannot be grasped by a *reall body*? Or doe wee so empty our selves in the *Fruition*, that wee doe in it powre out our *appetites* also? Or is *content* such a slender

flender tittle, that 'tis nothing but the *present now*; fled sooner than enjoy'd? Like the report of a *loud-tongu'd Gunne*, ceas'd as soone as heard: without any thing to shew it has beene, save *remembrance* onely. Wee *desire long*, and please our selves with *hope*. Wee *enjoy* and *lose* together: and then we see what wee have forgone, and *grieve*. I have known many, that have lov'd their *dead friends* better, than ever they did in their *life time*. There is (if I have given you the right sense) alike *complaint* in the *finewie Lyricke*.

They that strive to chase away
Slaughter and intestine Warre:
They would have dumbe *Statues* say,
These their Cities Fathers are:
Let them their own wilde lusts tame,
They shall not live, till dead. (O Fate!)
We envious, hate safe Vertues name,
Shee dead, we sigh our widowed state.

*O quisquis voluit impias
Cades, & rabiem tollere cynicam:
Si querit, Pater urbium
Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
Refranare licentiam,
Clarus post genitis: quatenus (heu nefas!)
Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis, quarimus invidi.*

Wee adore the *blessings* that wee are *depriv'd* of.
An *estate* squander'd in a *wanton waste*, shewes better

in

in the *misse*, that while hee had the use on't. *Possession* blunts the *thoughts* and *apprehension*. *Thinking* is properest to *that*, which is *absent*. Wee enjoy the *present*: but we thinke on *future things*, or *passed*. When *benefits* are lost, the *minde* has time to recount the severall *works*: Which, after a considerate *search*: shee findes to be many more, than the *unexamining possession* told her of. We see more, in the *discomposure* of a *Watch*, than we can, when 'tis *set together*. 'Tis a true one: *Blessings* appeare not till they be *vanisht*. The *Comedian* was then *serious*, when hee writ,

*Tum denique homines nostra intelligimus bona,
Cum quæ in potestate habuimus, examisimus.*

Fond men, till we have lost the goods we had,
We understand not what their values were.

'Tis *Folly* to neglect the *present*; and then to grieve that we have *neglected*. Surely, hee does best, that is *carefull* to preserve the *blessings* he has, as long as he can; and when they must take their leaves, to let them goe without sorrowing, or *over-summing* them. Vaine are those *lamentations* that have no better fruit, than the *displeasing* of the *soule*, that owne them. I would adde a thirteenth *reall labour*, to the *fained twelve*: or doe any thing, that lyes in *noble man*, to pleasure or preserve the *life* of a *freind*. But *dead* once; all that *reaves* can doe, is only to shew the *World* our weakenesse. I speake but my selfe a *foole*, to doe that which *Reason* tels me is

unreasonable. It was the *Philosophers Dictate*, That he which laments the *death* of a Man, laments, that that Man was a Man. I count it a *deed royall*, in the kingly *David*, who began to warme his joyes again, when the *infants* blood was cold: As if the *breath* which the *child* lost, had *disclouded his darkned heart*. I will apply my selfe to the *present*; to *preserve* it; to *enjoy* it. But, never be *passionate* for the losse of *that*, which I cannot *keepe*; nor can *regain*. When I have a *blessing* I will *respect* it, I will *love* it, as ardently as any *man*. And when 'tis gone, I confesse, I would *grieve* a little. And this I thinke I may well doe, yet owe as deare *respect*, to the *memory* of that I *lost*.



XXIII.

That no man can be good to all.

I Never yet knew any man so *bad*, but some have thought him *honest*; and afforded him *love*. Nor ever any so *good*, but some have thought him *vile*: and *hated* him. Few are so *sygmaticall*, as that they are not *honest* to some. And few again are so *just*, as that they seeme not to some *unequall*? either the *Ignorance*, the *Envy*, or the *Partiality*, of those that *Judge*, doe constitute a *various man*. Nor can a man in himselfe, *alwayes appeare alike*; to all. In some, *Nature* hath invested a disparity. In some, *Report* hath fore-blinded *Judgement*. And in some, *Accident* is the cause of disposing us to *love*, or *hate*.

Or

Or, if not these, the variation of the *bodies humours*. Or, *perhaps*, not any of these. The *soule* is often led by *secret motions*, and *loves*, shee knowes not why. There are impulsive *privacies*, which urge us to a liking. even against the *Parliamentall Acts* of the two houses, *Reason*, and the *Common Sense*. As if there were some hidden *beauty*, of a more *Magnetique force*, than all that the eye can see. And this too, more, powerfull at one *time*, than *another*. Undiscovered influences *please* us now, with what wee would somtimes *contemne*. I have come to the same man, that hath now welcom'd mee with a *free expression of love*, and *courtesies*: and another time hath left me *unsaluted* at all. Yet, knowing him well, I have beene certaine of his sound *affection*: and have found this, not an *intended neglect*; but an *indisposednesse*, or, a *minde*, seriously busied within. *Occasion* reines the *motions* of the stirring *minde*. Like men that walke in their *sleepes*, we are led about, we neither know *whither* nor *how*. I know there is a *generation*, that doe thus, out of *pride*: and in *strangers*, I confesse, I know not how to *distinguish*. For there is no *disposition*, but hath a *varnish't vizer*, as well as an *unpencil'd face*. Some people coozen the *World*: are bad, and are not thought so. In some, the *world* is coozened: beleeving them ill, when they are not. Unlesse it hath been some few of a *Family*; I have knowne the whole *Molehill* of *Pismires* (the *World*) in an *errorr*. For, though *Report* once vented, like a *stone* cast into a *Pond*, begets *circle* upon *circle*, till it meets with the *banke*, that bounds it: yet *Fame* often playes the *Curre*, and *opens*, when

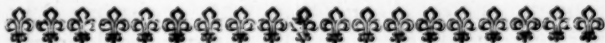
the *spring* no *game*. *Censures* will not hold out weight that have life onely from the *spongy Cels.* of the *common brain*. Why should I *definitively* censure any man, whom I know but *superficially*? as if I were a *God*, to see the *inward soule*. *Nature*, *Art*, *Report*, may all faile: Yea, oftentimes *probabilities*. There is no certainty to discover *Man* by; but *Time*, and *Conversation*. Every *Man* may be said in some sort, to have two *soules*; one, the *internall minde*; the other, even the outward *ayre* of the *face*, and *bodies* gesture. And how infinitely in some shall they differ? I have knowne a *wise looke*, hide a *foole* within: and a *merry face*, inhold a *discontented soul*. *Cleanthes* might well have failed in his *judgment*, had not accident have helped him, to the *obscured Truth*. Hee would undertake to reade the *minde* in the *body*. Some to try his *skill*, brought him a *luxurious fellow* that in his *youth*, had been expos'd to *toyle*: seeing his *face* tann'd, and his hands *leather'd* with a hardened *skinne*, hee was at a *stand*. Whereupon departing, the man *sneezed*, and *Cleanthes*, sayes, Now I know the man, hee is *effeminate*. For great Labourers rarely *sneeze*. *Judgement* is apt to *erre*, when it passeth upon *things* wee know not. Every man keeps his *minde*, if hee lists, in a *Labyrinth*. The heart of *Man*, to *Man*, is a *roome inscrutable*. Into which, *Nature* has made no certaine *window*, but as himselfe shall please to *open*. One man shews himselfe to mee, to another, he is shut up. No man can eyther *like all*, or be *liked of all*; *God* doth not please *all*. Nay, I thinke, it may stand with *Divinity*, as men are, to say,

say, hee cannot. Man is infinitely more *impotent*. I will speak of every man as I finde. If I heare hee hath been *ill* to others, I will *beware him*, but not *condemne* him, till I heare his own *Apology*.

*Qui statuit aliquid, parte inaudita altera,
Æquum licet statuerit, haud æquus est.*

Who judgment gives, and will but one side hear,
Though he judge right, is no good Justicer.

The Nature of many men is *abstruse*: and not to be espy'd at an *instant*. And without knowing this, I know *nothing*, that may warrant my *Sentence*. As I will not too far believe *reports* from others: So I will never *censure* any man; whom I know not *internally*; nor ever those, but *sparing*, and with *modesty*.



XXIV.

That Man ought to be extensively good.

I Finde in the *Creation*, the *first blessing* God gave *Man*, was, *Be fruitfull and multiply*. And this, I finde imposed by a *precept*, not a *promise*. It being a thing so necessary, as God would not leave it, but almost in an *impulsive quality*. And withall to shew us that (even from the beginning) *mans happinesse* should consist, in obeying *Gods commands*. All men love to live in *posterity*. *Barrennesse* is a *Curse*; and

makes men unwilling to dye. *Men*, rather than they will want insuing *memory*, will bee spoken by the *handed Statute* : Or by the *long-lasting* of some *insensate Monument*. When bragging *Cambyses* would compare himselfe with his Father *Cyrus*, and some of his *flatterers* told him, he did excell him: Stay, sayes *Cræsus*; you are not yet his *equall*; for hee left a *sonne* behinde him. As if he were an *imperfect Prince* that leaveth an *unhelmed State*. When *Philip* viewed his young sonne *Alexander*, hee layd, Hee could than be content to dye. *Conceit* of a surviving name, sweetens *Deaths* alloed *portion*. 'Tis for this, we so love those that are to *preserve* us in extended *successions*. There was something more in it, then the naked geere, when *Cæsar* (seeing strangers at *Rome*, with *Whelps* and *Monkies* in their indulgent laps) asked, if they were the *children*, that the *women* of those *Lands* brought forth. For hee thought such *respectfull love*, was due to none, but a selfe-extracted *Off-spring*. Nor, is this onely in the *baser part* of *Man*, the *Body* : but even in the *Sagacious Soule*. The first Act *God* requires of a *Convert*, is, *Bee fruitfull*. The good Mans *goodnesse*, lies not hid in himselfe alone: hee is still strengthening of his *weaker brother*. How soone would the *World* and *Christianity* faile, if there were not *propagation* both for it and *man*? Good *works*, and good *instructions*, are the *generative acts* of the *soule* : Out of which spring new *posterity* to the *Church*, and *Gospel*. And I am perswaded, to be a means of bringing more to *heaven*, is an inseparable desire of a *soule*, that is rightly *stated*. Good men, with all that they *con-*
verse

verse withall in goodness, to be like themselves. How ungratefully hee *sinks* away, that dyes and does nothing, to reflect a *glory* to Heaven? How barren a tree, he is, that *lives*, and *spreads*, and *cumbers* the ground, yet leaves not one *seed*, nor one good work to generate another, after him? I know all cannot leave alike; yet, all may leave something, answering their *proportion*, their *kinds*. They be dead, and withered grains of Corn, out of which, there will not one *Eare* spring. The Physician that hath a *Sovereigne Receipt*, and dyeth unrevealing it, robs the *World* of many *blessings*, which might *multiply* after his death: Leaving this *Collection*, a truth to all *Survivers*: that he did good to others, but to do himself a *greater*: which, how contrary it is to *Christianity*, and the *Nature of explicative Love*, I appeale to those minds where *Grace* hath sowne more *Charity*. *Virtue* is distributive, and had rather *pleasure* many with a *self-injury*, than bury *benefits* that might *pleasure a multitude*. I doubt whether ever he will find the way to *Heaven*, that desires to goe thither alone. They are envious *Favourites*, that wish their *Kings* to have no *Loyall Subjects*, but themselves. All *heavenly* hearts are *charitable*. *Inlightned souls* cannot but disperse their *rayes*. I will, if I can, do something for others, and *heaven*; not to deserve by it; but to expresse my *self*, and my *thanks*. Though I cannot do what I *would*, I will labour to do what I *can*.



XXV.

Of the horror sin leaves behind.

NO willing *sin* was ever in the *act* displeasing. Yet, is it not sooner *past*, than *distastfull*: though *pleasure* merries the *Senses* for a while: yet *horror* after vultures the *unconsuming heart*; and those which carry the most *pleasing tastes*, fit us with the *largest reluctations*. Nothing so soon, can work so strange a *change*: Now, in the *height of delight*, Now in the *depth of horror*. Damned *Satan*! that with *Orphean ayres*, and *dextrous warbles*, lead' st us to the *Flames of Hell*: and then, with a *contempt* deridest us. Like a cunning *Curtizan*, that dallies the *Ruffian* to undoe himself: and then pays him with a *flee* and *scorn*. Or as some men will do to a *desired beauty*, vow, and promise that, in the *heat of passion*, which they never mind to stand unto. Herein onely is the *difference*: *Gratitude*, and good *nature*, may sometimes make them *penitent*, and seek some way to satisfy: whereas, hee that yields to the *wooing Devill*, does but more augment his *tyranny*. For, when wee meete with *ignoble spirits*, the more *obedience*, is a cause of the *worser use*. How often, and how *infinitely* are wee *abused*? with what *Masques* and *Triumphs* are wee led to destruction? *Foolish*, *besotted*, *degenerate Man*! that having so often experimented his *juggling*, wilt yet believe his *fictions*, and his turfed
Mines:

Mimes : as if hee had not many wayes to one *destroying end* : or could bring thee any *pleasure*, and in it not ayme at thine *overthrow*. Knowest thou not, that he sowes his *Tares by night* ; and in his *Baits*, hides all hee knows may *hurt thee*. Are not all those *delights* he brings us, like *Trapps* wee set for *Vermine*, *charitable*, but to *kill* ? Does hee not first pitch his *Toyles*, and then *train* us about to *insnare* us ? Hee shewes us nothing but a *tempting face* ; where hee hath counterfeited *Natures excellency*, and all the *graces* of a *modest countenance* : while, whatsoever is *infective*, is veiled over with the exactest *drosse of comlinesse*. When our soules thirst after *pleasure*, wee are call'd as *Beasts* with *fodder*, to the *slaughter house* : or as *Boyes* catch *Horses*, with *provender* in their hands to *ride* them. *Ill actions* are *perpetuall perturbations* : the *punishment* that follows, is far more *grievous*, than the *performance* was *delightfull* : and the *guilt* is worse than the *punishment*.

Estq; pati pœnam, quam meruisse, minus.

The most smart is, to thinke we have deserv'd it.

Ile give you the *Story* : A *Pythagorean* bought a paire of *Shoes* upon trust: the *Shoomaker* dyes: the *Philosopher* is glad, and thinks them *gains* : but a while after, his *conscience* twiches him, and becomes a *perpetuall chider* : hee repairs to the *house* of the *dead*, casts in his *money*, with these words ; *There, take thy due, Thou livest to me, though dead to all beside.*

Certainly, *ill gotten gains* are far worse, than *losses* with preserved *honesty*. These grieve but once, the other are continually *grating* upon our quiet. He *diminishes* his own *contentment*, that would add to it, by *unlawfulness*; looking onely on the *beginning*, hee thinks not to what end, the end *extendeth*. 'Tis *indiscretion* that is *Hare-sighted*.

O Demea, istuc est sapere non quod ante pedes modo est Videne, sed etiam illa quæ futura sunt prospicere.

I tell thee, *Demea*, *Wisdom* looks as well,
To things to come, as those that present are.

This *difference* th a wise man and a foole: The first, *begins* in the end; the other *ends* in the beginning. I will take a part of both, and fixe one eye on the *Act*, another on the *consequence*. So if I spy the *Devill* be *shrowded* in the following *traine*, I will shut the doore against the *pleasure* it selfe, though it comes like a *Lord*, under *pretence* of honouring me.



XXVI.

Of Mans imperfection.

OF my selfe, what can I *doe* without the hazzard of *erring*? Nay, what can I *thinke*? Nay, what can I *not doe*, or *not thinke*? even my best *businessse*, and my best *vacancy*, are *works of offence and error*. Uncomfortable *constitution of man*, that canst not but be
bad,

bad, both in *Action*, and *forbearance*. *Corruption* mixeth with our purest *devotions*: and not to performe them, is *neglect*. When we thinke not of *God*, at all, we are *impious*, and *ungratefull*: when we do, we are not able to thinke *aright*. *Imperfection* swayes in all the *weake dispatches* of the palsied soule. If the *Devill* be absent, our own *frailties* are his tempting *Deputies*. If those forbear, the *Meretricious World* claps our *cheekes*, and fonds us to a *coozening faile*. So, which way soever we turn, we are sure to be bitten with the one, or the other head of this *Cerberus*. To what can wee intend our selves, wherein there is not a *Devill* to entrap us? If we *pray*, how he casts in wandering *thoughts*, or by our eyes, steales away our *hearts*, to some other object than *God*! If we *heare*, he hath the same *policy*, and *prejudicates* our *opinion* with the *Man*, or part of his *doctrine*. If we *reade*, he perswades us to let *Reason* judge, as well as *Faith*: So, measuring by a false rule, hee would make us beleeve, *Divinity* is much *short* of what it shewes for. If we doe *good works*, he would *poysen* them, with *Pharaisme*, and makes us, by *overvaluing*, lose them. If we doe *ill*, he incourages us to a *continuance*: and at last *accuses* us. If *nothing*, wee *neglect* the good wee should doe. If we *sleepe*, he comes in *dreams*, and wantonnech the *ill-inclining soule*. If we *wake*, we mispend our *time*; or, at best, doe *good*, not well. So, by bad *circumstances*, *poysen* a well intended *principall*. Even *Actions* of necessity, we dispatch not without a *staine*; we drinke to *excesse*: and the drowning of the *brain*. We *eat*, not to satisfie *Nature*, but to overcharge *her*, and to *venerate* the unbridled *spirits*.

rits. As a Mill-wheele is continually turn'd round, and ever drenched vvith a nevv stream : so are vveal-vvayes hurried vvith successions of *various sins*. Like *Arrows* shot in mighty vvindes, vve vvander from the bow that sent us. Sometimes vve thinke vve doe things vvell: but vvhen they are past, vve are sensible of the *transgression*. We progresse in the vvayes of *Vice*, and are constant in *nothing*, but *perpetuall offending*. You may see the thoughts of the vvhipping *Satyrist*, hovv divine they are:

*Mobilis, & varia est ferme natura malorum :
Cum scelus admittunt, superest constantia : quid fas,
Atque nefas tandem incipiunt sentire, peractis
Criminibus : tamen ad mores natura recurrit
Damnatos fixa & mutari nescia : nam quis
Peccandi finem posuit sibi ? quando recepit
Ejectum semel atrita de fronte ruborem ?
Quisnam hominum est, quem tu contentum videris uno
Flagitio ?* —

Nature is motive in the quest of ill:
Stated in mischief: all our ablest Skill
Cannot know *right* from *wrong*, till *wrong* be done:
Fixt *Nature*, will to condem'd customs run
Unchangedly: Who to his *sins* can set
Accertain end? When hath he ever met
Blushes once from his hardned forehead throwne?
Who is it *sins*, and is content with one?

Surely there will not a *man* be found, that is able
to answer to these *quæres*. Their *soules* have *ceeled*
eyes,

eyes, that can see nothing but perfection, in their own labours. It is not to any man given, absolutely to be absolute. I will not be too forward in censuring the works of others; nor will I ever do any, that I will not submit to judgment, and correction: yet so, as I will be able to give a reason, why I have order'd them, as the World sees.



XXVII.

Of curiosity in Knowledge.

Nothing wraps a man in such a *myst of errors*, as his own *curiosity*, in searching things beyond him. How *happily* do they live, that know nothing, but what is *necessary*? Our *knowledge* doth but shew us our *ignorance*. Our most *studious scrutiny*, is but a discovery of what we cannot know. Wee see the *effect*: but cannot guesse at the *cause*. *Learning* is like a *River*, whose *head* being far in the *Land*, is, at first *rising*, *little*, and *easily viewed*: but, still as you go it *gapeth* with a *wider bank*: not without *pleasure*, and *delightfull winding*; while it is on both sides set vvith *trees*, and the beauties of various *flowers*. But still the *further* you *follow* it, the *deeper* and the *broadier* 'tis; till at last, it *inwaves* it self in the *unfathom'd Ocean*; There you see more *water*; but no *shore*, no end of that *liquid, fluid vastnes*. In many things we may sound *Nature*, in the shallows of her *revelations*. Wee may *trace* her; to her second *causes*; but beyond them, wee meet with nothing

thing but the *puzzle* of the *soul*, and the *dazzle* of the *minds dim eyes*. While we speak of things that are, that we may *dissect*, and have *power*, and *meanes* to finde the *causes*, there is some *pleasure*, some *certain-ty*. But, when wee come to *Metaphysicks*, to long *buried Antiquity*, and unto *unrevealed Divinity*, we are in a *Sea*, which is *deeper* than the short reach of the *line of Man*. Much may be gained by *studious inquisition*; but more will ever rest, which *Man* cannot *discover*. I wonder at those, that will assume a *knowledge* of all; they are *unwisely ashamed of an ignorance*, which is not *disgracive*; 'tis no *shame* for man not to know that, which is not in his *possibility*. Wee fill the *World* with *cruell brawls*, in the *obstinate defence* of that, whereof wee might with more *honour*, confesse our selves to be *ignorant*. One will tell us our *Saviours disputations* among the *Doctors*. Another, what became of *Moses body*. A third, in what place *Paradise* stood: and where is *locall Hell*. Some will know *Heaven* as perfectly, as if they had beene *hurried* about in every *Spheare*; and I think they may. Former Writers would have the *Zones* inhabitable; wee finde them by experience, temperate. Saint *Augustine* would by no meanes endure the *Antipodes*: wee are now of nothing more certain, Every *Age* both *confutes* old *errors*, and begets *new*. Yet still are we more *entangled*, and the further we goe, the neerer wee approach a *Sun* that *blindes* us. Hee that went furthest in these *things*, wee finde ending with a *censure* of their *vanity*, their *vexation*. 'Tis questionable, whether the *progreffe of Learning* hath done more hurt, or good; whether the *Schools* have

have not made more Questions than they have *decided*; where have we such peaceable, and flourishing *Common-wealths*, as wee have found among those, which have not so much, as had the *knowledge of Letters*? Surely, these fruitlesse and *anigmatique Questions*, are *bones* the *Devill* hath cast among us, that while we strive for a vain *Conquest*, in these *Toyes*, we forget the *Prize* we should run for. The *Husbandman* that lookes not beyond the *Plough*, and the *Sythe*, is in much more quiet, than the *divided brain* of the *Statist*, or the *Scholler*. Who will not approve the *judgement* of our *Moderne Epigrammatist*?

*Judice me, soli semperque per inde beati,
Sunt, quicunque sciunt omnia quique nihil.*

If I may judge, they only happy show;
Which doe or nothing, or else all things know.

In *things* wheteof I may be certain, I will *labour* to be *instructed*. But, when I come where *reason* loseth her *selfe*, I will be content with retiring *admiration*. Why should I rack my brains, for unprofitable *impossibilities*? Though I cannot know how much is *hid*; I may soone *judge* what may be *discovered*.

XXVIII.

of being overvalued.

TIs an *inconvenience* for a *Man* to be counted *wiser* than *ordinary*. If he be a *Superiour*, it keepes
him

him from discerning what his *inferiours* are. For, their *opinion* of his piercing judgement, makes them to *dissemble* themselves; and fits them with a *Care*, not onely to hide their *defects*, but to shew him onely, the best of themselves. Like *ill complexion'd Women*, that would faine be mistaken for *faire*; they *paint* most cunningly, where they know a *blemish*, or *skarre*; especially, when they are to *encounter* with those, that be naturally *beautifull*. Worth in others, and *defect* in our selves, are two *motives*, that induce us to the *gilding* of our owne *imperfections*. When the *Sun-bak'd Peasant* goes to feast it with a *Gentleman*, he *washes*, and *brushes*, and *kersies* himselfe in his *Holyday* *cloathes*. When the *Gentleman* comes to him, hee does *fine* up his *homely house*, and covers his *clayed floore*, with the freshnesse of a *rushie Carpet*: and all is, that hee may appeare as above himselfe: while hee is to meet with one that is so indeed. If he be an *equall*, men are *fore-opinion'd* of him for a *politicke* man: and in any matters of *weighty commerce*, they will study how to be more *cautelous* of him, than they would of an *unesteemed Man*. So hee shall be sure to *conclude* nothing, but upon harder *conditions* for himselfe. Generall *Fames* warne us to advised *contracts*. Hee that is to play with a cunning *Fencer*, will heed his *Wards*, and *advantage* more; who, were hee to meet with one *unskilfull*, he would *neglect*, or not *think* of them. Strong *opposition* teaches *opposition* to be so. I have seene a rising *Favourite* layd at, to be trod in the *dust*: while he *un-noted* man, hath pass'd with the greater *quiet*, and *gain*. *Report* both makes *jealousies* where there are

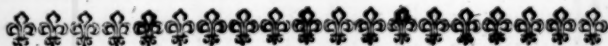
are *none*, and increaseth those that there *are*. If hee be an *inferiour*, hee is often a man of *unwelcome society*. He is thought one of *too prying an observation*: and that hee *looks* further into our *actions*, than wee would have him search. For there be few, which doe not sometimes doe such *actions*, as they would not have *discretion* scan. *Integrity* it self would not be awed by a *blabbing Spy*. I know, the *observer* may fail as well as the *other*: but we all know *natures* to be so composed.

Aliena melius ut videant, & judicent, quam sua.

That they see more of others than their own.

We judge of others, by what they *should be*; of our selves, by what wee are. No man ha's *preheminnence*, but wishes to preserve it in unpruned *state*; while an *inferiour* notes of *imperfection*, hee thinks, doth suffer *detriment*: so hee rather seeks to be rid of his *company*; than desires to keepe him, as the *watch of his ways*. Let mee have but so much *wisdom*, as may orderly manage my *selfe*, and my *meanes*; and I shall never care to be digited, with a *That is He*. I wish, not to be esteemed wiser than usuall: They that are so, doe better in *concealing* it, than in telling the *World*. I hold it a greater injury to be *over-valued*, than *under*. For, when they both shall come to the *touch*, the one shall *rise* with *praise*, while the *other* shall decline with *shame*. The *first* hath more incertain'd *honour*, but lesse *safety*: The *latter* is *humbly secure*, and what is wanting in *renowme*, is made up in a better blessing, *quiet*.
There

There is no *Detraction* worse than to *over praise* a man: for whilst his worth comes short of what *report* doth speake him, his own *actions* are ever giving the *lye* to his *honour*.



XXIX.

That mis-conceit ha's ruin'd Man.

O Urown *Follies* have been the only *cause*, to make our lives *uncomfortable*. Our *errour of opinion*, our *cowardly feare* of the *Worlds* *worthlesse Censure*, and our *madding after unnecessary Gold*, have brambled the way of *Vertue*, and made it far more difficult than indeed it is. *Vertue* hath suffered most by those which should uphold her: That now we feign her to be, not what shee is, but what our *fondnesse* makes her, a *Hill* almost *unascendable*, by the *roughnesse* of a *craggie way*. We force *indurance* on our selves, to wave with the wanton taile of the *World*: We dare not doe those things that are *lawfull*, lest the *wandering World* *misconstitute* them: As if we were to looke more to what we should be *thought*, than to what wee should *resolvedly be*. As if the *Poet* writ *untruth*, when he tels his *friend*, that,

Vertue, muddy censures scorning,
With unstained *Honour* shines:
Without *vulgar breaths* suborning,
Takes the *Throne*, and *Crown* resignes.

*Virtus repulsa nescia sordida,
Inlaminatis fulget honoribus :
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis Aura.*

Nor does shee live in *penury*, as some have imagined: though shee lives not in *Palaces*, yet shee does in *Paradise*: and there is the *Spirit of joy*, youthfull in *perpetuall life*. *Virtue* is a *competent fruition of a lawfull pleasure*, which wee may well use so farre, as it brings not any *evill* in the *sequell*. How many have thought it the *Summum bonum*? *Antisthenes* was of opinion, that it had sufficient in it, to make a man perfectly *happy*: to the attaining of which, he wanted nothing but a *Socratick strength*. Shall wee thinke *Goodnesse* to be the *height of pleasure* in the other world: and shall we bee so mad, as to thinke it here, the *sufferance of misery*? Surely 'twas none of Gods intent to square *man* out for *sorrows*. In our *salutes*, in our *prayers*, we wish and invoke *heaven* for the *happinesse* of our *friends*: and shall we be so unjust, or so uncharitable as to with-hold it from our *selves*? As if wee should make it a fashion, to be kinde *abroad*, and discourteous at *home*. I doe thinke nothing more lawfull, than *moderately* to satisfie the *pleasing desires* of *Nature*; so as they infringe not *Religion*, hurt not our *selves*, or the commerce of humane *Society*. *Laughing* is a faculty peculiar to *Man*: yet, as if it were given us for *inversion*, no Creature lives so *miserable*, so *disconsolate*. Why should we deny to use that lawfully, which *Nature* hath made for *pleasure*, in *employment*? *Virtue* hath neither so crabbed a *face*, nor so austere a

looke, as we make her. 'Tis the *World*; that choaking up the way, does *rugged* that which is naturally *smoother*. How happy and how healthfull doe those things live, that follow harmelesse *Nature*? They weigh not what is *past*, are intent of the *present*, and never solicitous of what is to *come*: They are better pleased with *convenient* food than dainty: and that they eate, not to *distemper*, but to *nourish*, to *satisfie*. They are well arrayed with what *Nature* has given them: and for *rayment*, they are never clad in the *spoyle* of others, but the *Flies*, the *Beasts*, the *Fishes*, may for all them; welcome *Age* in their own *Silkes*, *Wools*, and *Scarlets*. They live like *Children*, innocently sporting with their *Mother Nature*: and with a pretty kinde of *harmelesnesse*, they hang upon her *nursing brest*. How rarely finde wee any *diseased*, but by *ill mans* mis-using them? Otherwise, they are *sound* and *uncomplaining*. And this *blessednesse* they have here above *Man*; that, never seeking to be more than *Nature* meant them, they are much neerer to the *happinesse* of their *first estate*, Wherein this, I confesse, may be some reason: *Man* was curs'd for his own sinne: they, but for the sinne of *man*: and therefore they decline lesse into worse, in this the *crazed age* of the *World*: Whereas, *Man* is a daily multipler of his own *Calamities*: and what at first *undid him*, does constantly increase his woes; *Search*, and *selfe-presumption*. Hee hath sought meanes to winde himselfe out of *misery*, and is thereby implunged to *more*. Hee hath left *vertue*, which the *Stoicks* have defined to be *honest Nature*; and is lanced into by *devices* of his owne *ingiddied brain*:

brain : nor doe I see , but that this *definition* may hold with true *Religion*. For that does not abolish *Nature*, but rectifie it, and bound it. And though *Man* at first fell desperately , yet we read not of any *Law* he had to live by , more than the *Instinct* of *Nature*, and the remnant of *Gods Image* in him ; till *Moses* time : Yet in that time , who was it that did teach *Abel* to doe *Sacrifice* ? as if wee should almost beleeve , that *Nature* could finde out *Religion*. But when *Man* (once false) was by degrees growne to a heighth of *prevarication* : Then *God* commanded *Moses* , to give them *rules*, to checke the madding of their *ranging mindes*. Thus, *God* made *Man* *righteous* : but hee sought our *vaine Inventions* : amongst all which , none hath more befooled him, than the setting up of *Gold* : For now, (*riches* swaying all) they that serve *Vertue*, like those of another *Faction*, are pusht at by those that runne with the *generall stream*. Incogitable calamity of *Man* ; that must make that for the hindges of his *life* to turn on, which needed not in anything be conducent to it. I applaud that in the *Westerne Indies*, where the *Spaniard* hath conquer'd : whose *Inhabitants* esteemed gold , but as it was wrought into necessary *vessell* ; and that no more , than they would alike of any *inferiour metall* : esteeming more of the *commodiousnesse*, than they did of the thing it selfe. Is it not miserable , that wee should set up such an *Idoll*, as should destroy our *happinesse* ? And that *Christians* should teach *Heathen* to undoe themselves by *covetousnesse* ! How happily they liv'd in *Spain* , till fire made some *mountains* vomit

Gold! and what miserable *discords* followed after, *Vives* upon *Augustine* doth report. If this were put down, *Vertue* might then be *Queene* againe. Now, wee cannot serve her as we ought, without the leave of his *Godling*. Her access is more difficult, because we must go about to come to her. As when an *Usurper* hath deposed the *rightfull King*: those that would shew their love to the *true one*, either *dare not*, or *cannot*, for fear of the *false ones might*. Somthings I must do that I would not: as being one among the rest, that are involved in the generall *necessity*. But in those things wherein I may be free from impugning the *Laws of Humanity*, I will never deny my self an honest *solace*, for feare of an *ayery censure*. Why should another mans *injustice* breed my *unkindnesse* to my self? As for *Gold*, surely the *World* would be much happier, if there were no such thing in it. But since 'tis now the *Fountaine* whence all things flow, I will care for it, as I would for a *Passe*, to travell the *World* by, without *begging*. If I have none, I shall have so much the more misery; because *custome* hath plaid the *Foole*, in making it *materiall*, when it needed not.



XXX.

Of Woman.

SOME are so *uncharitable*, as to thinke all *Women* *Sodds*: and others are so credulous, as they believe, they

they all are good. Sure, though every man speaks as he findes, there is reason to direct our opinion, without experience of the whole Sex, which in a *strict examination*, makes more for their honour, than most men have acknowledged. At first, shee was created his *Equal*; onely the difference was in the Sex: otherwise, they both were *Man*. If wee argue from the *Text*, that *male* and *female* made *man*: so the *man* being put *first*, was *worthier*. I answer, *So the Evening and Morning was the first day*: yet few will thinke the *night* the *better*. That *Man* is made her *Governour*, and so *above* her, I beleeve rather the punishment of her *sinne*, than the *Prerogative* of his *worth*: Had they both stood, it may be thought, shee had never been in that *subjection*: for then had it been no *curse*, but a *continuance* of her *former estate*: which had nothing but *blessednesse* in it. *Peter Martyr* indeed is of opinion, that *man* before the *fall*, had *priority*: But *Chrysostome*, he sayes, does doubt it. All will grant her *body* more *admirable*, more *beautifull* than *Mans*: fuller of *curiosities*, and *Noble Natures wonders*: both for *conception*, and *fostering* the *produced birth*. And can wee thinke, *God* would put a *worser soule* into a *better body*? When *Man* was created, 'tis sayd, *God* made *Man*: but when *woman*, 'tis sayd *God* builded her: as if shee had then beene about a *frame* of *rarer Roomes*, and more *exact composition*. And, without doubt, in her *body*, shee is much more *wonderfull*: and by this we may thinke her so in her *minde*. *Philosophie* tells us, Though the *soule* be not caused by the *body*; yet in the *generall* it followes the *tempera-*

ment of it: so the comliest out-faces, are naturally;
 (for the most part) more vertuous within. If place
 can bee any priviledge; wee shall finde her built in
Paradise; when Man was made without it. 'Tis cer-
 tain, they are by constitution colder than the boyling
 Man: so by this; more temperate: 'tis heate that
 transports Man to immoderation and furie: 'tis that
 which hurries him to a savage and libidinous violence.
 Women are naturally the more modest: and modesty
 is the seat and dwelling place of Vertue. Whence
 proceed the most abhorrid Villanies, but from a mas-
 culine unblushing impudence? What a deale of sweet-
 nesse doe we finde in a milde disposition? When a Wo-
 man grows bold and daring, we dislike her, and say,
 shee is too like a man: yet in our selves, we magnifie
 what we condemne in her. Is not this injustice? Eve-
 ry man is so much the better, by how much hee
 comes neerer to God. Man in nothing is more like
 Him, than in being mercifull. Yet Woman is farre
 more mercifull than Man: It being a Sex, wherein
 Pity and compassion have dispers'd farre brighter
 rayes. God is sayd to be Love; and I am sure, every
 where Woman is spoken of, for transcending in that
 quality. It was never found but in two men onely.
 that their love exceeded that of the feminine Sexe:
 and if you observe them, you shall finde, they
 were both of melting dispositions. I know when they
 prove bad, they are a sort of the vilest creatures: yet
 still the same reason gives it: for, *Optima corrupta
 pessima*: The best things corrupted, become the worst.
 They are things, whose foules are of a more ductible
 temper, than the harder metall of man: so may bee
 made.

made both better and worse. The Representations of *Sophocles* and *Euripedes* may be both true: and for the tongue-vice, talkativeness, I see not, but at meetings, Men may very well vie words with them. 'Tis true, they are not of so tumultuous a spirit, so not so fit for great Actions. Naturall heat does more actuate the stirring Genius of Man. Their easie Natures make them somewhat more unresolute: where-by men have argued them of feare and inconstancy. But men have alwayes held the Parliament, and have enacted their own wills, without ever hearing them speake: and then, how easie is it to conclude them guilty? Besides, Education makes more difference between men and them, than Nature? and, all their aspersions are lesse noble, for that they are onely from their Enemies, Men. *Diogenes* snarled bitterly, when walking with another, he spyed two women talking, and said, See, the Viper and the Aspe are changing poyson. The Poet was conceited; that said; After they were made ill, that God made them fearfull, that man might rule them: otherwise they had been past dealing with. *Catullus* his Conclusion was too generall, to collect a deceit in all Women, because he was not confident of his own.

Nylli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle

Quam mihi: non si se Jupiter ipse petat.

Dicit: sed mulier Cupido quod dicit amanti,

Invento, & rapida scribere oportet aqua.

My Mistris swears, she'd leave all men for me:

Yea, though that Jove himselfe should sue to be.

She sayes it: but what *Women* sweare to kind
Loves, may be writ in *rapid streams*, and *wind*.

I am resolved to honour *Vertue*, in what *Sex* soever
I finde it, And I thinke, in the generall, I shall finde
it more in *Women*, than *Men*, though *weaker*, and
more *infirmely guarded*. I beleeve, they are *better*, and
may be wrought to be *worse*. Neither shall the *faults*
of *many*, make me *uncharitable* to *All*: nor the good-
nesse of *some*, make me *credulous* of the rest. Though
hitherto, I confesse, I have not found more *sweet* and
constant goodnesse in *Man*, than I have found in *Woman*:
and yet of *these*, I have not found a *number*.



XXXI.

Of the losse of things loved.

NO crosses doe so much affect us, as those that be-
fall us in the things we *love*. Wee are more
grieved to lose one *child* of *affection*, than we should
bee for *many* that wee doe not so neerely care for,
though every of them be like to us, in respect of
outward relations. The *Soule* takes a *freedome*, to in-
deare what it *liketh*, without discovering the *reason*
to *Man*: and when that is taken from her, shee
mourns, as having lost a *sonne*. When the *choice* of
the *Affections* dies, a *generall lamentation* followes.
To some things wee so dedicate our selves, that in
their *parting*, they seeme to take away even the sub-
stance

stance of our soule along: as if wee had laid up the treasure of our lives, in the fraile and moveable hold of another. The Soule is fram'd of such an active nature, that 'tis impossible but it must assume something to it selfe, to delight in: Wee seldome finde any, without a peculiar delight in some peculiar things: though various, as their fancies lead them. Honour, Warre, Learning, Musick, doe all finde their severall votaries: who, if they faile in their soules wishes, mourne immoderately. David had his Absalon: Hannah's wish was children: Hamans thirst was Honour: Achitophel tooke the glory of his counsell. Who would have thought, that they could, for the misse of these, have expressed such excessive passions? Who would have believed, that one neglection of his Counsell would have trus'd up Achitophel in a voluntary Halter? Wee then begin to be miserable, when wee are totally bent on some one temporall object. What one sublunary Center is there, which is able to receive the circles of the spreading soule? All that wee finde here, is too narrow, and too little, for the patent affections of the minde. If they could afford us happinesse, in their possessions, it were not then such fondnesse to inleague our selves with an undividable love? but being they cannot make us truly happy in their enjoying, and may make us miserable by their parting; it will bee best, not to concenter all our rayes upon them, Into how many ridiculous passages doe they precipitate themselves, that dote upon a rosey face? Who lookes not upon Dido, with a kinde of smiling pitty, if Virgils Poetry does not injure her with

with love to *Aeneas*, rather than tell the truth of her hate to *Jarbas*.

*Uritur infelix Dido totaque vagatur
Urbe furens : qualis coniecta Cerva sagitta,
Quam procul incautam nemora inter Cressia fixit
Pastor agens telus : liquitque volatile ferrum
Nescius : illa fuga sylvas saltusque peragras
Dicit eos : hæret lateri Lethalis arundo.*

Scorch't in fierce flames, through Cities several wayes
Lost *Dido* wanders : like some *Deere* that strays,
And unawares, by some rude *Shepherds* Dart,
In her own *Crete*, pierc'd to her fearefull heart,
Flies tripping through all *Dido's* Groves and Plains
Yet still the deadly *Arrow* sticks, and pains.

But for such *high-fed* Love as this, *Crates* triple remedy is the best that I know: either *Fasting*, or *Time* : and if both these faile: *A Halter*. And surely hee deserves it, for robbing himselfe of his Soule. Certainly, they can never live in quiet, that so vehemently intend a peculiar quest. Feare and suspicion startle their affrighted minds : and many times, their overloving is a cause of their losse : Moderate care would make it last the longer. Often handling of the withering *Flowre*, adds not to the continuance, but is a properation of more swift decay. Who loves a *Glasse* so well, as hee will still be playing with it, breakes that by his childishnesse, which might have beene sound in the *Cellar* or *Cafe*. But when in this wee shall lay up all our
best

best contentments; what doe we, but like foolish Merchants, venture all our estate in a bottom? It is not good to bring our selves into that absolute necessity, that the failing of one aime should perish us. Who, that cannot swim well, would with one small thred, hazzard himselfe in the faithlesse and unfounded Sea? How pleasantly the wise man laughs at that which makes the Lady weepe; The death of her little Dog? The loving part in her, wanted an object: so play, and lapping on it, made her place it there: and that so deeply, that she must bedew her n'yes at parting with't. How improvident are we, to make that, affliction in the farewell, which while we had, we know was not awayes to stay? nor could (if we so pleas'd not) thieve the least mite from us. He is unwise that lets his light spleen clap his wanton sides, which knows it needs must dye, when's ere the musick ceases. I like him that can both play, and winne, and laugh: and lose, without a chafe, or sighes. Our loves are not awayes constant: their objects are much more uncertain, and events more casuall than they. Something I must like and love: but, nothing so violently, as to undoe my selfe with wanting it. If I should ever be intangled in that snare, I will yet cast the worst, and prepare as well for a parting journey, as cohabitation. And to prevent all, I will bend my love towards thar, which can neither be lost, nor admit of excessse. Nor yet will I ever love a Friend so little, as that he shall not command the All of an honest man.

XXXII.

of the uncertainty of life.

Miserable brevity! more miserable uncertainty of Life! we are sure that we cannot live long: and uncertain that we shall live at all. And even while I am writing this, I am not sure my Pen shall end the Sentence. Our life is so short, that we cannot in it, contemplate what our selves are: so uncertain, as we cannot say, we will resolve to do it. Silence was a full answer in that Philosopher, that being asked, *What hee thought of humane life*: said nothing, turn'd him round, and vanished. Like leaves on Trees, we are the sport of every puff that blowes: and with the least gust, may be shaken from our life and nutriment. We travaile, we study, we thinke to desect the World with continued searches: when while wee are contriving but the neerest way to't, Age, and consumed years ore take us, and only Labour payes us the losses of our ill-expended time. Death whiskes about the unthoughtfull World, and with a Pegasian speed, flies upon unwary Man; with the kick of his heele, or the dash of his foot, springing fountains of the teares of Friends. Juvenal does tell us, how life wings away:

----Festinat enim decurrere velox
 Flosculus anguste, miseraque brevissima vita
 Portio: dum bibimus, dum serti, unguenta, puellas
 Poscimus, obrepit, non intellecta, senectus.

----The

-----The short-liv'd *Flower*, and *Portion*
Of poor, sad *life*, post-hasterh to be gone:
And while we *drink*, seek *women*, *wreaths*, and *earn'd*
Applause, old age steals on us *un-discern'd*.

If *Nature* had not made *Man* an *active creature*, that
hee should be delighted in *employment*, nothing
would convince him of more *folly*, than the du-
rance of some *enterprizes* that hee takes in hand: for
they are many times of such a future length, as wee
cannot in reason hope to live till their *conclusion*
comes. Wee *build*, as wee laid *foundations* for eter-
nity: and the *expeditions* wee take in hand, are many
times the length of three or foure *L-v-s*. How
many *Warriours* have expir'd in their *expugnations*;
leaving their *breath* in the places where they layd
their *Siege*? Certainly hee that thinks of *lifes ca-*
sualties, can neither be *carelesse*, nor *covetous*. I con-
fesse, wee may live to the *Spectacle*, and the *bearing-*
stasse: to the *stooping back*, to the *snow*, or the *sleek-*
nesse of the *declining crowne*: but, how few are
there, that can unfold you a *Dyary* of so many
leaves? More doe die in the *Spring* and *Summer* of
their yeers, than live till *Autumne*, or their *growned*
Winter. When a man shall exhaust his very *vitali-*
ty, for the hilling up of *fatall Gold*; and shall then
think, how a *Haire*, or *Fly* may snatch him in a mo-
ment from it: how it quells his *laborious hope*, and
puts his posting *minde* into a more safe and quiet
pace? Unlessse we were sure to enjoy it, why should
any man straine himselfe, for more than is *conve-*
nient? I will never care too much, for that I am not
sure

sure to keep. Yet, I know, should all men respect but their *own time*, an *Age* or two would finde the World in ruine: so that for such actions, men may plead their *charity*, that though they live not to enjoy those things themselves, they shall yet be beneficiall to *posterity*. And I rather think this an *Instinct*, that God hath put in *Man*, for the conservation of things: that an intended *Good* of the *Author* to his *followers*. Thus as in *propagation*, we are often more beholding to the *pleasure* of our *Parents*, than their desire of having us: so in matters of the *World*, and *fortune*, the *aimes* of our *Predecessours* for themselves, have, by the secret worke of *providence*, cast benefits upon us. I wil not altogether blame him that I see begins *things lasting*. Though they be *vanities* to him, because he knows not who shall enjoy them: yet they will be things well fitted, for some that shall succeed them. They that doe me *good*, and know not of it, are causes of my *benefit*, though I doe not owe them my *thanks*: and I will rather *blesse* them, as *instruments*; than *condemne* them, as *not-intenders*.



XXXIII.

That good counsell should not be valued by the person.

TO some there is not a *greater vexation*, than to be advised by an *Inferiour*. *Directions* are unwelcome, that come to us by *ascensions*: as if *wealth* onely were the full accomplishment of a *soule* within;

within; and could as well infuse an inward judgement, as procure an outward respect. Nay, I have knowne some, that being advised by such, have runne into a *worser contradiction*; because they would not seeme to learne of one below them: or if they see no other way convenient, they will yet delay the *practice*, till they thinke the *Prompter* has forgot how he counsel'd them. They will rather flie in a perillous height, than seeme to decline at the voice of one beneath them. *Pittifull!* that we should rather *mischiefe our selves*, than be content to be *unprided*: For had wee but so much *humility*, as to thinke our selves but what wee are, *Men*, we might easily beleieve another might have *braine* to equall us. Hee is sick to the ruine of himselfe, that refuseth a *Cordiall*, because presented in a *Spoone of wood*. That *wisdome* is not lastingly good, which stops the care with the *tongue*: that will command and *speake all*, without hearing the voyce of another. Even the *Slave* may somtimes light on a way to *inlarge his Master*, when his owne *invention* failes. Nay, there is some reason why we should be best directed by *men below our state*: For, while a *Superior* is *sudden and fearelesse*, an *Inferiour* premeditates the *best*; lest being found *weake*, it might displease, by being too light in the *prize*. *Job* reckons it a part of his integrity, that hee had not refused the judgement of his *servant*. 'Tis good to command and *heare* them. Why should wee shame by any *honest means*, to meet with *that* which benefits us? In things that be *difficult*, and not of important *secresie*, I thinke it not amisse to consult with

with *Inferiours*. He that lyes under the *Tree*, sees more than they that sit o'th top on't. *Nature* hath made the *bodies eyes* to looke upward with more ease than down: So, the *eye of the soule* sees better in *ascensions*, and things meanely raised. Wee are all with a kinde of *delectation*, carried to the *things above us*: wee have also better means of observing them, while wee are admitted their *view*, and yet not thought as *Spies*. In *things beneath us*, not being so delighted with them, we passe them over with *neglect*, and *not-observing*. *Servants* are usually our *best Friends*, or our worst *Enemies*: *Neuters* seldome. For, being known to be privy to our *retired actions*, and our more *continuall conversation*; they have the advantage of being *beleaved*, before a *removed friend*. *Friends* have more of the *tongue*, but *Servants* of the *hand*: and *Actions* for the most part, *speake a man* more truly than *Words*. *Attendants* are like to the *locks* that belong to a *house*: while they are *strong* and *close*, they preserve us in *safety*: but *weake* or *open*, we are left a *prey to thieves*. If they bee such as a *stranger* may pick, or another open with a *false key*; it is very fit to *change* them instantly. But if they be well *warded*, they are then good *guards* of our *fame* and *welfare*. 'Tis good, I confesse, to consider how they stand *affected*: and to *handle* their *Counsels*, before wee *embrace* them: they may sometimes at once, both *please* and *poysen*. *Advice* is as well the *wise mans fall*, as the *fools Advancement*: and is often *most wounding*, when it stroakes us with a *silken hand*. All *families* are but *diminutives* of a *Court*; where most men respect
more

more their own *advancement*, than the *honour* of their *Throned King*. The same thing that makes a *lying Chamber-maid* tell a *foule Ladie*, that she looks *lovely*: makes a *base Lord*, sooth up his *ill King* in *Mischief*. They both counsell, rather to *insinuate themselves*, by floating with a *light-lov'd humour*; than to profit the *advised*, and imbetter his *same*. It is good to know the disposition of the *Counsellor*, so shall we better judge of his *Counsell*; which yet if we finde *good*, we shall do well to follow, howsoever his affection stand. I will love the *good counsell*, even of a *bad man*. We think not *Gold* the worse, because 'tis brought us in a *bag of leather*: No more ought we to contemne *good counsell*, because it is presented us, by a *bad man*, or an *underling*.



XXXIV.

Of Custome in advancing money.

C*ustome* mis-leads us all: we magnifie the *wealthy man*, though his parts be never so *poore*; the *poore man* we despise, bee he never so well otherwise *qualified*. To be rich, is to be three parts of the way onward to *perfection*. To be *poore* is to be made a *pavement* for the tread of the *full-minded man*. *Gold* is the onely *Coverlet* of *imperfections*: 'tis the *Fools Curtain*, that can hide all his *defects* from the *World*: It can make *knees bow*, and *tongues speak*, against the native *Genius* of the *growing heart*: It sup-
I
ples

ples more than *Oyle*, or *Fomentations*: and can stiffen beyond the *Summer Sunne*, or the *Winters white-bearded cold*. In this we differ from the ancient *Heathen*; They made *Jupiter* their chief god: and we have crowned *Pluto*. He is *Master of the Muses*, and can buy their voice. The *Graces* wait on him: *Mercury* is his *Messenger*: *Mars* comes to him for his pay: *Venus* is his *Prostitute*: He can make *Vesta* break her *ton*: He can have *Bacchus* be merry with him; and *Ceres* feast him, when he list: He is the sick mans *Esculapius*: and the *Pa'las* of an empty brain: nor can *Cupid* cause love, but by his golden-headed *Arrow*. *Money* is a generall *Man*: and without doubt, excellently parted. *Petronius* describes his *Qualities*:

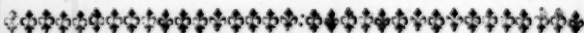
*Quisquis habet nummos, secura naviget aura :
 Fortunamq; suo temperet arbitrio.
 Vxorem ducat Danaen, ipsumq; licebit
 Acrisium jubeat credere, quod Danaen :
 Carmina componat, declamat, concrepat omnes
 Et peragat causas, sitque Catone prior.
 Furis consultus, paret, non paret : habeto;
 Atque esto, quicquid Servius aut Labeo.
 Multa loquor : quid vis nummis presentibus opta,
 Et veniet : clausam possidet arca Iovem.*

The moneyed-man can safely sail all Seas :
 And makes his *Fortune* as himself shall please.
 He can wed *Danae*, and command that now
Acrisius self that fatall match allow.

He can declame, chide, censure, *verses* write;
 And do *all things*, better than *Cato* might.
 He knows the *Law*, and rules it: hath and is
 Whole *Servius*, and what *Labeo* could possesse.
 In brief, let *rich men* wish what's ere they love,
 'Twill come; they in a *lockt Chest* keep a *Jove*.

The *Time* is come about, whereof *Diogenes* prophesied; which he gave the reason why he would bee buried *groveling*: we have made the *Earths* bottome powerfull to the *lofty skies*: *Gold*, that lay buried in the *buttock* of the *World*; is now made the *head*, and *Ruler* of the *People*: putting all under it, we have made it extensive, as the *Spanish ambition*: and in the meane, have undeservedly put *worth* belowe it. *Worth* without *wealth*, is like an *a'le servant* out of *employment*; he is fit for all busines, but wants wherewith to put himself into any: he hath good *Materials* for a *foundation*: but misseth wherewith to reare the *walls* of his *fame*. For, though indeed, *riches* cannot make a man *worthy*, they can shew him to the *World* when he is so: But when we thinke him *wise*, for his *wealth alone*, we appear content, to be *mis-led* with the *Multitude*. To the *Rich*, I confesse we owe something; but to the *wise man*, most: To *this*, for himself, and his *innate worthinesse*: to the other, as being *casually happy*, in things that of themselves are *blessings*; but never so much, as to make *Virtue* mercenarie: or a *flatterer* of *Vice*. *Worth* without *wealth*, besides the *native Noblenesse*, ha's this in it, That it may be a way of getting the *wealth* which

is wanting: But as for *wealth* without *worth*, I count it nothing but a *rich Saddle*, for the *State* to ride an *Asse* withall.



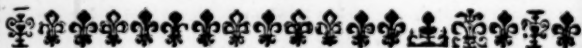
XXXV.

That Sin is more crafty than violent.

BEfore we *sinne*, the *Devill* shews his *policie*; when we have *sinned*, his *lascinesse*: he makes us first revile our *Father*: and then steps up, to witnesse how we have *blasphem'd*. He begs the *rod*, and the *wand*, for *faulcs* which had nor been, but for his owne *intcement*. Hee was never such a *Souldier*, as he is a *Politician*: He blowes up more by *one Mine*, than he can kill by *ten assaults*: He prevails most by *Treaty*, and *facetious waxes*. *Presents* and *Parlies* winne him more than the *cruell wound*, or the *dregge* of the *compulsive hands*. All *sinne* is rather *subtil*, than *valiant*. The *Devil* is a *coward*; and will, with *thy resisting* flee from thee: nor dare he shew himself in a *noted good mans* company: if he does, he comes in *seeming vertues*; and the garments of *belyed Truth*. *Vice* stands abash't at the glorious *Majesty* of a good confirmed *Soul*. *Cato's* presence stoppt the practices of the *Romans* bruitish *Floralias*. *Satan* began first with *hesitation*, and his *sly-couch'd Oratory*: and ever since, he continues in *wiles*, in *stratagems*, and the *fetches* of a *royling brain*: rather perswading us to sin, than urging us: and when we have done it, he seldome
lets

let us see our *folly*, til we be plunged in some deepe *extremity*: then hee writes in *cappitall Letters*, and carries it as a *Pageant* at a *Show*, before us. What could have made *David* so heartlesse, when *Absolom* rose against him, but the guilt of his then presented *sinnes*? when hee *fled*, and *wept*, and *fled* againe? It appeares a *wonder*, that *Shemei* should raile a *King* to his face: and unpunisht, brave him, and his Host of *Souldiers*, casting *stones*, and spitting *taunts* while he stood incompassed with his *No. bless*. Surely, it had beene impossible, but that *David* was full of horror of his *sinnes*, and knew hee repeated truth; though in that, hee acted but the *Devils* part, ignobly to insult over a man in misery. *Calamity*, in the sight of *worthinesse*, prompts the *hand*, and opens the *purse*, to releive. 'Tis a *Helish disposition*, that watcheth how to give a *blow* to the man that is already reeling. When wee are in danger, hee galls us with what wee have done: and on our *sickebeds*, shewes us all our *sinnes* in *multiplying Glasses*. He first drawes us into *hated Treason*; and when we are taken, and brought to the *Barre*, hee is both our *accuser*, and *condemning witnesse*. His *close policy*, is now turn'd to declared *basenesse*: nor is it a wonder: for *unworthinesse* is ever the end of *unhonest Deceit*: yet sure this *Coozenage* is the more condemned, that it is so *ruinous*, and so *ease*. Who is it but may *coozen*, if he minds to be a *Villain*? How poore and inhumane was the craft of *Cleomines* that concluding a *League* for seven daies, in the *night* assaulted the secure *enemy*? alledging, The *nights* were not excluded from *slaughter*.

Nothing is so like to *Satan*, as a *Knaave* furnisht with *dishonest fraud*: the best way to avoyd him, is to disdaine the *League*. I will rather labour for *valour*, at the first, to resist him; then after *yeelding*, to endeavour a *flight*. Nor can I well tell which I should most hate, the *Devill*, or his *Machiavill*. For though the *Devill* be the more secret *Enemie*, yet the base *Politician* is the more familiar; and is indeed but a *Devill* in *Hose* and *Dublet*, fram'd so, in an acquainted shape, to advantage his *deceit* the more.



XXXVI.

Of Discontents.

THE *discontented man* is a *Watch* over-wound, wrested out of tune, and goes false. *Griefe* is like *Inke* powred into *Water*, that fits the whole *Fountain* full of *blacknesse* and *disuse*. Like *mist*, it spoyles the *burnish* of the *silver minde*. It casts the *Soul* into the *shade*, and fills it more with consideration of the *unhappinesse*, than thought of the *remedie*. Nay, it is so busied in the *mischief*, as there is neither roome, nor time for the wayes that should give us *release*. It does dissociate *Man*, and sends him with *Beasts*, to the lonelinessse of *unpathe'd Desarts*, which was by *Nature* made a *Creature* *companionable*. Nor is it the *minde* alone, that is thus mudded; but even the *body* is disfaired: it thickens the *completion*, and dyes it into an *unpleasing swarthinnesse*.

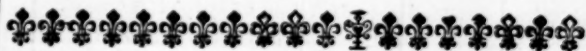
thinnesse: the eye is dimme, in the *discoloured face*, and the whole man becomes as if stoned in *stone & earth*. But, above all, those *discontents* sting deepeſt, that are ſuch as may not with ſafety be communicated: For, then the *Soul* pines away, and ſtarves, for want of *counſell*, that ſhould feed and cheriſh it. *Concealed ſorrows*, are like the *vapours*, that being ſhut up, occaſion *Earth-quakes*; as if the *world* were plagued with a fit of the *Chollick*. That man is truly *miſerable*, that cannot but keep his *miſeries*; and yet muſt not unfold them. As in the *body*, whatſoever is taken in, that is *diſtaſtfull*, and continues there unvoyded, does daily *impoſtume*, and gather, till at laſt it *kils*, or at leaſt *indangers* to extremitie: ſo is it in the *minde*, *Sorrows* intertain'd, and ſmother'd, do collect ſtill, and ſtill *habituare* it ſo, that all *good diſpoſition* gives way to a *harſh moroſitie*. *Vexations*, when they daily *billow* upon the *minde*, they froward even the ſweeteſt *Soul*, and from a *dainty affability*, turn it into *ſpleen* and *teſtineſſe*. It is good to do with theſe, as *Jocasta* did with *Oedipus*, caſt them out in their *infancie*, and lame them in their *feet*: or, for more ſafety *kill* them, to a not reviving. Why ſhould we hug a *poypoined Arrow* ſo cloſely in our *wounded loſomes*? Neither *grieſs* nor *joyes* were ever ordained for *ſecrecie*. It is againſt *Nature*, that we ſhould ſo long go with *childe* with our *conceptions*, eſpecially when they are ſuch, as are ever ſtriving, to quit the *ejecting wombe*.

*Strangulat inclusus Dolor, atq; cor aestuat intus,
Cogitur & vires multiplicare suas.*

*Untold greifes choake, cynder the Heart: and by
Restraint, their burning forces multiply.*

I think no man but would willingly tell them, if either *shame of the cause*, or *distrust of the friend*, did not bridle his *expressions*. Either of these intaile a mans mind to *miserie*. Every *Sorrow* is a *short convulsion*; but he that makes it a *close prisoner*, is like a *Papist*, that keeps *Good-Friday* all the yeere; hee is ever *whipping*, and inflicting *penance* on himselfe, when hee needs not. The *sad man* is an *Hypocrite*: for hee *seemes wise*, and is not. As the *eye* fixt upon one *object*, sees other things but by halves and glancings: so, the *soule* intent on this *accident*, cannot discern no other *contengencies*. *Sad objects*, even for *worldly things*, I know are sometimes profitable: but yet, like *Willowes*, if wee set them deepe, or let them stand too long, they will grow *trees*, and *over-spread*, when we intended them but for *staires*, to *uphold*. *Sorrow* is a *dull passion*, and deads the activenesse of the *minde*. Mee thinkes *Crates* shew'd a *braver Spirit*, when he danc'd and laugh'd in his *threeed-bare Cloak*, and his *Waller* at his back, which was all his *wealtb*: than *Alexander*, when he wept, that he had not such a huge *Beast*, as the *Empire of the world*, to governe. He *contemned*, what this other did *cry* for. If I must have *sorrow*, I will never be so in love with it, as to keep it to my *self* alone: nor wil I ever so affect *company*, as to live where *vexations* shal daily salute me.

Of



XXXVII.

Of Natures recompencing wrongs.

THere be few *bodily imperfections*, but the beauty of the *minde* can cover, or countervail, even to their *not seeming*. For, that which is *unfightly* in the *body*, though it be our *misfortune*, yet it is not our fault. No man had ever power to *order Nature* in his own *composure*: what we have there, is such as we could neither give our *selves*, nor *refuse* when it was *bequeathed* us: but, what we finde in the *Soul*, is either the *blurre of the Man*, or the *blossome* for which we praise him: because a *minde well qualified*, is oft beholding to the *industrie* of the *carefull Man*: and that again which is mudded with a *vicious iniquation*, is so, by the vileneffe of a *wilfull self-neglect*. Hence, when our *soule* findes a rarenesse in a *tuned soul*, we fix so much on that, as we become charitable to the *disproportion'd body*, which wee finde containing it: and many times, the *failes of the one*, are *foyles*, to set off the *other*, with the greater *grace* and *lustre*. The *minds excellency* can salve the *reall blemishes* of the *body*. In a man *deformed*, and *rarely qualified*, we use first to view his *blots*, and then to tell his *vertues*, that transcend them: which be as it were, *things* set off with more *glory*, by the pitty and defect of the *other*. 'Tis fit the *minde* should be most magnified which I suppose to be the reason, why *Poets* have ascribed

ascribed more to *Cupid*, the *Sonne*, that to *Venus*, the *Mother*: because *Cupid* strikes the *minde*, and *Venus* is but for the *body*. *Homer* saies, *Minerva* cur'd *Vlysses* of his wrinkles and balnesse; not that she tooke them away by *supplements*, or the *deceiving fucus*: but that hee was so applauded, for the *acutenesse* of an *ingenuous minde*, that men spared to object unto him his *deformity*: and if it shall chance to be remembred, it will be allayed with the adjunct of the others *worth*. It was said of *bald*, *hockenot*, *crook-footed Galba*, onely that his *wit* dwelt ill. *Worth* then does us the *best service* when it both hides the faults of *Nature*, and brings us into *estimation*. We often see blemished bodies, rare in *mentall excellencies*: which is an admirable *instinct* of *Nature*, that being conscious of her owne defects, and not able to *absterge* them, she uses *diversion*, and drawes the consideration of the *beholders*, to those parts, wherein she is more confident of her *qualifications*. I doe thinke, for *worth* in many men, wee are more beholding to the defects of *Nature*, than their owne *inclinary Love*. And certainly, for *converse* among men, *beautiful persons* have lesse need of the *Mindes commending Qualities*. *Beauty* in it selfe, is such a *silent Orator*, as ever is pleading for *respect* and *liking*: and by the eyes of others, is ever sending to their hearts for love. Yet even *this* hath this *inconvenience* in it: that it makes them oft neglect the furnishing of the minde with *Noblenesse*. Nay, it oftentimes is the cause, that the *minde* is ill. The *modest sweetnesse* of a *Lillied face*, makes men perswade the heart into *immodesty*: Had not *Dinah* had

had to good a one, she had come home *unravished*.
Unlovely featers have more liberty to be *good* with-
 all, because they are freer from *solicitations*. There
 is a kinde of *continuell Combat*, betweene *Vertue*,
 and *Proportions pleasingnesse*. Though it be not a
Curse, yet 'tis many times an *unhappinesse* to bee
faire.

Lucretia's fate warnes us to wish no *face*
 Like hers; *Virginia* would beneath her grace
 To Lute backt *Rutile*, in exchange: for till,
 The fairest Children do their Parents fill
 With great st care, so seldome *modesty*
 Is found to dwell with *Beauty*.—

—*Vetat oportari faciem Lucretia qualem
 ipsa habuit; cuperet Rutile Virginia gillum
 Accipere atq; suam Rutile dare, Filius autem
 Corporis egregii miseros, trepidosq; parentes
 Semper habe: : rara est adeo concordia formæ.
 Atque pudicitia.*

The words be *Juvenals*. Above all therefore, I ap-
 plaud that man which is *amiable* in both. This is
 the true *Marriage*, where the *body* and the *soul* are
 met, in the *familiarie robe* of *Comelinesse*: and hee is
 the more to be affected, because we may beleeve,
 he hath taken up his *goodnesse*, rather upon *love* to it,
 than upon *sinister ends*. They are *rightly vertuous*,
 that are so. without *incitation*: nor can it but ar-
 gue, *vertue* is then strong, when it lives *upright*,
 in the prease of many *temptations*. And, as these
 are

are the best in *others eyes*, so are they most composed in *themselves*. For here *Reason* and the *sences* kisse; *disporting* themselves, with *mutuall speculations*: whereas those men, whose *mindes* and *bodies* differ, are like two that are *married* together, and *love not*: they have ever *secret reluctations*, and doe not *part* for any other reason, but because they *cannot*.

XXXVIII.

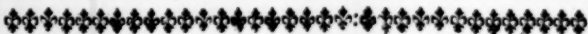
Of Truth, and bitternesse in jests.

IT is not good for a man to be too *tart* in his *jest*s. *Bitternesse* is for *serious Potions*; not for *Healths* of merriment, and the *jollities* of a *mirthfull Feast*. An *offensive man* is the *Devil*. *Bellows*, wherewith hee blowes up *contentions* and *jarres*. But among all p fflages of this nature, I find none more galling then an *offensive Truth*. For thereby we runne into two *great errors*. One is, wee *childe* that in a *loose laughter*, which should be *grave*, and savour both of *love* and *pitty*. So we rub him with a *payson doyle*, which spreads the more, for being but in such a *fleeting suppleness*. The other is, wee descend to *particulars*, and by that meanes, draw the *whole company* to witnesse his disgrace we breake it on. The *Souldier* is not *noble*, that makes himselfe sport, with the *wounds* of his owne *companion*. Whosoever will *jest*, should be like him that *flourishes* at a *Shon*: hee may turne his *Weapon* any way, but not aime more

more at one, than at another. In this case, things like *Truth*, are better than *Truth it self*. Nor is it lesse ill than unsafe, to fling about this *wormwood of the brain*: some *noses* are too tender to endure the strength of the *smell*. And though there be many, like *tyled houses*, that can admit a falling sparke, unwarm'd: yet some again, are cover'd with such light, dry *Straw*, that with the least touch they will kindle, and flame about your *troubled eares*: and when the *house* is on fire, it is not disputing with how small a matter it came, it will quickly proceed to mischief. *Exitus ira, furor*: *Anger* is but a step from *Rage*; and that is wilde fire, which will not be extinguished. I know, wise *men* are not too nimble at an *injury*. For, as with fire the *light suffle*, and *rubbish*, kindles sooner than the *solid*, and more compacted: so *Anger* sooner inflames a *Fool*, than a man composed in his *resolutions*. But we are not sure alwayes to meet *discreet ones*: nor can we hope it, while we our selves are otherwise in giving the *occasion*. *Fools* are the greater number: *Wise men* are like *Timber-trees* in a *Wood*, here and there one: and though they be most acceptible, to *men wise*, like themselves, yet have they never more need of *wisedom*, than when they converse with the *ringing elbows*: who, like *corrupt Ayre*, require many *Antidotes*, to keep us from being infected: But when we grow *bitter* to a *wise man*, we are then *worst*: For, he sees further into the *disgrace*, and is able to harme us more. *Laughter* should dimple the *cheeke*, not *furrow* the *brow* into ruggednesse. The *birth* is then *prodigious*, when

Mischief

Mischief is the *childe* of *Mirth*. All should have liberty to laugh at a *jest*: but if it throws a disgrace upon one, like the crack of a *string*, it makes a *stop* in the *Musick*. *Flouts* we may see proceed from an *inward contempt*; and there is nothing cuts deeper in a *generous minde* than *scorn*. *Nature* at first makes us all *equall*: we are differenc'd but by *accident*, and *outwards*. And I think 'tis a *jealousie*, that she hath infus'd in *Man*, for the maintaining of her own *Honour* against external causes. And though all have not wit to reject the *Arrow*: yet most have memorie to retain the *offence*; which they will be content to owe a while, that they may repay it, both with more *advantage*, and ease. 'Tis but an *unhappy wit*, that stirs up *Enemies* against the *owner*. A man may spit out his *friend* from his *tongue*, or laugh him into an *Enemy*. *Gall* in *mirth* is an *ill mixture*: and sometime *truth* is *bitternesse*. I would wish any man to be *pleasingly merry*: but let him beware, he bring not *Truth* on the *Stage*, like a *Wanton* with an edged *Weapon*.



XXXIX.

Of apprehension in wrongs.

WE make our selves more *injuries* than are offered us: they many times passe for *wrongs* in our *own thoughts*, that were never meant so, by the *heart* of him that speaketh. The *apprehension of wrong*, hurts more, than the sharpest part
of

of the *wrong* done. So, by falsly making of our selves *patients* of *wrong*, we become the true and first *Actors*. It is not good, in matters of *discourtesie*, to dive into a mans *minde*, beyond his owne *Comment*: nor to stirre up a doubtfull *indignitie*, without it: unlesse we have *proofes*, that carrie *neight* and *conviction* with them. *Words* do sometimes fly from the *tongue* that the *heart* did neither *hatch* nor *harbour*. While we think to *revenge* an *injurie*, we many times *begin one*: and after that, repent our *misconceptions*. In things that may have a *double sense*, 'tis good to think, the *better* was intended: so shall we still both keep our *friends*, and *quietnesse*. If it be a *wrong* that is *apparent*: yet it is sometimes better to *dissemble* it, than play the *Wasse*, than strive to returne a *sting*. A *wise mans glory* is, in passing by an *offence*: and this was *Solomons Philophie*. A *Fool* strooke *Caro* in the *Bath*, and when he was sorry for it, *Caro* had forgot it: For, saies *Seneca*, *Melius potuit non agnoscere, quam ignoscere*. He would not come to neere *Revenge*, as to acknowledge that he had beene *wronged*. *Light injuries* are made *none*, by a not regarding: which, with a *pursuing revenge*, grow both to height, and burthen. It stands not with the discretion of a *generous spirit*, to returne a *punishment* for every *abuse*. Some are such, as they require nothing but *contempt*: to kill them. The *cudgell* is not of use, when the *least* but onely *barkes*. Though much *sufferance* be a *stupiditie*: yet a little is of good esteeme. We heare of many that are disturbed with a *light offence*, and we commend them for it: because,

because, that which we call *remedy*, slides into *disease*; and makes that live to *mischiefe* us, which else would *dye*, with giving life to *safety*. Yet, I know not what *self-partiality*, makes us think our selves behind-hand, if we offer not repayment in the *same coyne* we received it. Of which, if they may stand for *reasons*, I think, I may give you two. One is the *sudden apprehension of the minde*, which will endure any thing with more patience, than a *disgrace*; as if by the secret *spirits of the ayre*, it conveyed a *stab* to the *athetricall soul*. Another is, because living among many, we would justify our selves, to avoid their *contempt*; and these being most such, as are not able to judge; we rather satisfy them by *externall actions*, than rely upon a *judicious verdict*, which gives us in for nobler, by *contemning it*. Howsoever we may prize the revengefull man for *spirit*: yet without doubt, 'tis *Princely to disdain a wrong*: who, when *Embassadors* have offered *undecencies*, use not to *chide*, but to deny them *audience*, as if *silence* were the way *Royal*, to reject a *wrong*. He enjoys a *brave composednesse*, that seats himself, above the flight of the *injurious claw*. Nor does he by this shew his *weaknesse*, but his *wisdom*. For, *Qui leviter seviunt, sapient magis: The wisest rage the least*. I love the man that is *modestly valiant*: that stirres not till he must needs; and then to *purpose*. A *continued patience* I commend not; 'tis different from what is *goodnesse*. For though *God* beats *much*, yet he will not bear *alwaies*.

When

XL.

When Vice is most dangerous.

When *Vice* is got to the *midst*, it is hard to stay her till she comes to the *end*. Give a hot *Horse* his head at first, and he will surely run away with you. Who can stop a man in the *thunder* of his *wrath*, til he hath a little discharg'd his *passion*, either by *intemperate speech*, or *blowes*? in vain we preach a *patience*, presently after the sense of the *losse*. What a stir it asks, to get a man from the *Tavern*, when he is but *half drunk*! *Desire* is dispersed into every *veine*; that the *Body* is in all his parts *concupiscible*. And this dyes not in the way; but by *discharge*, or *recess*. The *middle* of *extremes* is worst. In the *beginning*, he may forbear: in the *end*, he will leave alone: in the *middest*, he cannot but go on to worse; nor will he, in that heat, admit of any thing, that may teach him to desist. *Rage* is no friend to any man. There is a time when 'tis not safe to offer even the *best advice*. Be counsell'd by the *Romane Ovid*:

*Dum furor in cursu est, currens cede furori;
Difficiles additus impetus omnis habet.
Stultus, ab obliquo qui cum discedere possit,
Pugnat, in adversas ire natator aquas.*

When rage runs swiftly, step aside and see
How hard th'approaches of fierce *Fury* be.

K

When

When *dangers* may be shun'd, I reckon him
Unwise, that yet against the streame will swim.

We are so blinded in the *heat of the Chase*, that we
beat back all *preservations*: or make them means
to make our *vices* more. That I may keep *my self*
from the *end*, I will ever leave off in the *beginning*.
Whatsoever *Precepts* strict *Stoicisme* would give us,
for the calming of *untemper'd passion*, 'tis certain,
there is none like *running away*. *Prevention* is the best
bridle. I commend the *Policy* of *Satyrus*, of whom
Aristotle hath this Story; That being a *Pleader*, and
knowing himself *chollerick*, and in that *whirre* of the
minde, apt to rush upon foule *transgression*; he used
to stop his eares with *wax*, lest the sense of *ill Lan-*
guage, should cause his *fierce blood* seeth in his *dis-*
tended skin. It is in *Man* to avoyd the *occasion*; but
not the *inconvenience*, when he hath admitted it.
Who can retyre in the *impetuous girds* of the *Soul*?
Let a *Giant* knock, while the doore is shut, he may
with ease be still kept out, but if it once open, that
he gets in but a *limme* of himself: than is there no
course left to keep out the intirer *bulk*.



XLI.

That all things are restrained.

I Cannot think of any *thing*, that hath not some
Enemy, or some *Antagonist*, to restrain it, when
it

it growes to *excesse*. The whole *world* is kept in order by *discord*; and every part of it, is but a more particular *composed jarre*. Not a *Man*, not a *beast*, not a *creature*, but have something to ballast their *lighnesse*. One *scale* is not alwaies in *depression*, nor the other lifted ever *high*, but the alternate wave of the *beame*, keeps it ever in the *play* of motion. From the *Pismire* on the *tufsted hill*, to the *Monarch* in the *raised Throne*, nothing but hath somewhat to *awe* it. Wee are all here like *birds* that *Boyes* let flye in strings: when we mount too high, we have that which puls us *downe* againe. What man is it which lives so *happily*, which feares not something, that would sadden his *soule* if it fell? nor is there any whom *Calamity* doth so much *tristitate*, as that hee never sees the *flashes* of some warming joy. *Beasts* with *Beasts* are *terrified* and *delighted*. *Man* with *Man* is *awed* and *defended*. *States* with *States* are *bounded* and *uphelded*. And in all these, it makes greatly for the *Makers* glory, that such an admirable *Harmony* should bee produced out of such an *infinite discord*. The *world* is both a perpetuall *warre*, and a *wedding*. *Heracitus* call'd *Discord* and *Concord* the universall *Parents*. And to raile on *Discord* (saijs the Father of the *Poets*) is to speak ill of *Nature*. As in *Musicke* sometimes one string is lowder, sometimes another; yet never one *long*, nor never all at *once*: So sometimes one *State* gets a *Monarchy*, sometimes another; sometimes one *Element* is *viol'ent*, now another; yet never was the whole *world* under one *long*, nor were all the *Elements* raging together. Every

tring has his *use*, and his *tune*, and his *turne*. When the *Assyrians* fell, the *Persians* rose. When the *Persians* fell, the *Grecians* rose. The losse of one *Man*, is the gaine of another. 'Tis *vicissitude* that main-
 raines the *World*. As in infinite circles about one *Center*, there is the same *Method*, though not the same *measure*: So, in the smallest creature that is, there is an *Epitome* of a *Monarchy*, of a *World*, which hath in it selfe *Convulsions*, *Arefcations*, *Enlargements*, *Erections*: which, like props keepe it upright, which way soever it leanes. Surely God hath put those lower things into the hands of *Nature*, which yet he doth not relinquish; but *dispose*. The *world* is composed of foure *Elements*, and those be contraries. The yeere is quartered into different *seasons*. The body both consists, and is nourished by *contraries*. How divers, even in *effects*, are the *birds* and the *beasts* that feed us? and how divers againe are those things that feede them? how many severall qualities have the *plants* that they browse upon? which all mingled together, what a well-temper'd *Salad* doe they make? The *minde* too is a mixture of *disparities*: joy, sorrow, hope, feare, hate, and the like. Neither are those things pleasing which flow to us, in the smoothnesse of a free *prostitution*. A gentle *resistance* heightens the desires of the *seeker*. A friendly *warre*, doth indulge the insuing *cloze*. 'Tis *variety* that hits the humours of both sides. 'Tis the *imbecillity* of declining *Age*, that commits man prisoner to a *sedentary* settlednesse. That which is the vigor of his *life*, is *ranging* Heat and cold, drinesse and moisture, quarrell & agree within

within him. In all which, he is but the great *worlds Breviary*. Why may we not think the *world like a Masquing Battell*, which *God* commanded to be made for his own content in viewing it? Wherein, even a *dying Flye* may lecture out the *worlds Mortalitie*. Surely, we deceive our selves, to think on *earth, continued joyes* would please. 'Tis a way that crosses that which *Nature* goes. Nothing would be more tedious, than to be gluxted with perpetuall *Follies*; were the *body* tyed to one *dish* alwayes, (though of the most exquisite *delicate*, that it could make choice of) yet after a small time, it would complain of *loathing* and *satiety*. And so would the *soul*, if it did ever *epicure* it self in joy. *Discontents* are sometimes the better part of our *life*. I know not well which is the more *usefull*; *Joy* I may chuse for *pleasure*, but *adversities* are the best for *profit*. And sometimes these do so far help me, as I should without them, want much of the *joy* I have.



X L I I.

Of Disimulation.

Disimulation in Vice, is like the *brain in Man*. All the *Senses* have recourse to *that*, yet is it much *controverted*, whether that at all be *sensitive*, or no: So, all *vices* fall into *disimulation*, yet is it in a *dispute*, whether that in it self be a *vice*, or no. Sure, men would never act *Vice* so freely, if they thought not they could escape the *shame* on't by *dissimling*.

Vice hath such a *loathed* looke with her, that shee desires to be ever *masqued*. *Deceit* is a *dresse* that shee does continually weare. And howsoever the *Worlds* corrupt *course* may make us sometimes use it; even this will *condemne* it, that it is not of use, but either when we doe ill our *selves*; or meet with ill from others. Men are *divided* about the question; some disclaim *all*, some admit too *much*, and some have hit the Meane. And surely, as the *world* is, it is not all *condemnable*. There is an *honest policy*. The heart is not so farre from the *tongue*, but that there may be a *reservation*; though not a *contradiction*, between them. All *policy* is but *circumstantiall dissembling*; *pretending* one thing, *intending* another. Some will so farre allow it, as they admit of an absolute *recesse* from a word already *passed*, and say, that *Faith* is but a *Merchants*, or *Mechanick verue*. And so they make it higher, by making it a regall *vice*. There is an order that our-goth *Machiavell*: or else he is honestier than his wont, where he confesses, *Vsus fraudis in ceteris actionibus detestabilis: in bello gerendo laudabilis*. That *fraud* which in warre is commendable, is, in other actions, detestable. 'Tis certain there is a *prerogative* in *Princes*, which may *legitimate* something in their *Negotiations*, which is not allowable in a *private person*. But even the grant of this *liberty*, hath encouraged them to too great an *inlargement*. *State* is become an *irreligious Riddle*. *Leuis* the eleventh of *France*, would wish his sonne to learne no more *Latine*, than what would teach him to be a *dissembling Ruler*. The plaine heart in *Court*, is but
grown

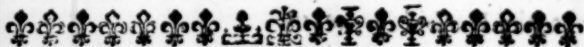
grown a better word for a *Fool*. Great *Men* have occasions both more, and of more *weight*, and such as require contrivings, that go not the *ordinary* way; lest being *traced*, they be *countermined*, and fall to *ruine*. The ancient *Romans* did (I think) *miscal* it, *Industry*. And when it was against an *enemy*, or a bad *man*, they needs would have it *commendable*. And yet the prisoner that got from *Hanibal*, by eluding his oath, was by the Senate (as *Livie* tels us) *apprehended* and *sent* back again. They *practised* more than some of them *taught*; though in this deed, there was a greater *cause* of performance, because there was a *voluntary* trust reposed. Contrary to the *opinion* of *Plato*, that allowed a lye lawfull, either to save a *Citizen*, or deceive an *enemy*. There is 2 sort, that the *Poet* bids us *coozen*.

*Fallite fallentes, ex magna parte profanum
Sunt genus: in laqueos quos posuere, cadent.*

Coozen the Coozeners, commonly they be Profanes: let their own snare their ruine be.

But sure we go too farre, when our *coozenage* breeds their *mischief*. I know not well whether I may go along with *Lipſius*; *Fraus triplex: prima levus, ut dissimulatio, & dissidentia; hanc suadeo. Secunda media, ut conciliatio, & deceptio: illam tollero. Tertia magna, ut perfidia, & injustitia: istam damno.* I had rather take *Peter Martyrs* distinction of good and bad: Good, as the *Nurse* with the *childe*, or the

Physician with his *Patient*, for his *healths* sake: *bad*, when 'tis any way author of *harm*. Certainly, the use of it any way is as great a *fault*, as an *imp*fection; and carries a kind of *diffidence* of *God* along with it. I beleeve if *Man* had not *falln*, he should never need have us'd it: and as he is now, I think no *Man* can live without it. The best way to *avoyd* it, is to *avoyd* much *businesse* and *Vice*. For if *men* defend not in some sort, as others *offend*; while you maintain one *breach*, you leave another unmann'd: and for *Vice*, she ever thinks in this *dark*, to hide her abhorred *fulnesse*. If I must use it, it shall be onely so, as I will neither by it, *dishonour Religion*, nor be a cause of *hurt* to my *neighbour*.



XLIII.

Of Censure.

TIs the *easiest* part to *censure*, or to *contradict* a *truth*. For *truth* is but *one*, and seeming *truths* are *many*: and few *works* are performed without *errors*. No man can *write* six *lines*, but there may be something, one may *carp* at, if he be disposed to *cavil*. *Opinions* are as *various*, as *false*. *Judgement* is from every *tongue*, a *severall*. *Men* think by *censuring* to be *accounted wise*, but in my conceit, there is nothing layes forth more of the *Fool*. For this you may ever observe, they that *know* least, *censure* most. And this I beleeve to be a *reason*, why
men

men of precise lives, are often rash in this extravagance. Their retynednesse keepes them ignorant, in the course of businesse; if they weighed the imperfections of humanity, they would breathe lesse condemnation. Ignorance gives disparagement, a lower tongue than Knowledge does. Wise men had rather know than tell. Frequent dispraises are at best, but the faults of uncharitable wit. Any Clowne may see the Furrow is but crooked, but where is the Man that can plow me a straight one? The best workes are but a kind of Miscellany; the cleanest Corne will not bee without some soile. No, nor after often winnowing. There is a tincture of corruption, that dies even all Mortalitie. I would wish men in works of others, to examine two things before they judge. Whether it bee more good, than ill: And whether they themselves could at first have performed it better. If it bee most good, wee doe amisse, for some errors condemne the whole. Who will cast away the whole body of the Beast, because it inheld both guts and ordure? As man is not judged good or bad, for one action, of the fewest number, but as he is most in generall: So in workes, wee should weigh the generality, and according to that, sentence. If it bee rather good than ill, I thinke he deserves some praise, for raising Nature above her ordinary flight. Nothing in this world can bee framed so intirely perfect, but that it shall have in it, some delinquencies, to argue more were in the compisitor. If it were not so, it were not from Nature, but the immediate Deity. The next, if wee had never seene that frame, whether or no, wee thinke wee could have mended it.

it. To *espie* the *inconveniencies* of a house built, is *easy*; but to lay the *plot* at first, well, is matter of more *pate*, and speaks the *praise* of a good *Contriver*. The *crooked lines* help better to shew the *streight*. *Judgement* is more certain by the *eye*, than in the *fancy*, *suier* in things *done*, than in those that *are* but in *cogitation*. If we finde our selves able to correct a *Copy*, and not to produce an *Originall*, yet dare to *deprave*; we shew more *Criticisme*, than *Ability*. Seeing we should rather magnifie him, that hath *gone* beyond us; than *condemne* his worth for a few *fauls*. *Self examination* will make our *judgements* *charitable*. 'Tis from where there is no *judgement*, that the heaviest *judgement* comes. If we must needs *censure*, 'tis good to do it as *Suetonius* writes of the twelve *Casars*; tell both their *vertues*, and their *vices* *unpartially*: and leave the upshot to *collection* of the *private minde*. So shal we learn by hearing of the *faults* to avoyd them: and by knowing the *vertues*, *praise* the like. Otherwise, we should rather *praise* a man for a little *good*, than brand him for his more of *ill*. We are full of *fauls* by *Nature*, we are *good*, not without our *cave* and *industry*.



XLIV.

Of Wisdome and Science.

Science by much is short of *Wisdome*. Nay, so farre, as I thinke, you shall scarce finde a more
Fool

Foole, than sometimes a meeke *Scholler*. Hee will
 speake *Greeke* to an *Ostler*, and *Latine* familiarly, to
Women that understand it nor. *Knowledge* is the
treasure of the *minde*; But *Discretion* is the *key*: with-
 out which it lyes *dead*, in the dulnesse of a fruitlesse
rest. The *practicke* part of *wisdome*, is the best. A
 native *ingenuity*, is beyond the watchings of in-
dustrious study. *Wisdome* is no *inheritance* no not
 to the greatest *Clarks*. Men *write*, commonly more
 formally, than they *practise*: and they *conversing*
 onely among *bookes*, are put into *affectation*, and *pe-*
dantisme. He that is built of the *Presse*, and the *Pen*,
 shall be sure to make himselfe *ridiculous*. *Company*
 and *Conversation* are the best *Instructors* for a *Noble*
behaviour. And this is not found in a *melancholy*
 study alone. What is written, is most from *Imagi-*
nation and *fancy*. And how *ayery* must they needs
 be, that are *congeriated* wholly, on the fumes per-
 haps, of *distemper'd braines*? For if they have not
judgement, by their *Learning*, to amend their *con-*
versations, they may well want *judgement* to chuse
 the worthiest *Authors*. I grant they *know much*:
 and I thinke any man may doe so, that hath but *me-*
mory, and bestowe some time in a *Library*. There
 is a *flowing noblenesse*, that some men be graced
 with, which farre out-shines the *notions* of a *timed*
Student. And without the vaine *purles* of *Rheto-*
ricke, some men speak more *excellently*, even from
Natures owne *judiciousnesse* than can the *Scholler* by
 his *quiddis* of *Art*. How fond and untuneable are a
Fresh mans brawles, when wee meete them out of
 their *Colledge*? with many times a long *recited Sen-*
rence,

tence, quite out of the way. Arguments about nothing, or at best, nicities. As one would be of Martins Religion, another of Luthers, & so quarrell about their Faith. How easie an invention may put false matters into true Syllogismes? So, I see how Seneca laught at them. *O pueriles ineptias! in hoc supercilium subduxiimus? in hoc bartam dimisimus?* Disputationes istae, utinam tantum non prodesse, nocent. O most childish follies! is it for this we knit our brows, and stroke our beards? would God these Disputations onely did not profit us; but they are hurtfull. In discourse, give me a Man that speaks reason, rather than Authors: rather Sense, than a Syllogisme: rather his owne, than anothers. He that continually quotes others, argues a barrennesse in himself, which forces him, to be ever a borrowing. In the one, a man bewrayes Judgement; in the other, Reading. And in my opinion, 'tis a greater commendation to say, he is wise, than well read. So far I will honour Knowledge, as to think, this art of the brain, when it meets with able Nature in the minde, then onely makes a man compleat. Any Man shall speak the better, where he knows, what others have said. And sometimes the conscioussnesse of his inward knowledge, gives a confidence to his outward behaviour: which of all other is the best thing to grace a man in his carriage.

That

XLV.

That misapplication makes passions ill.

I Reade it but of *one*, that 'tis said, He was a *Man* after Gods own heart. And Him, among all others, I find extremely *passionate*, and very *valiant*. Who ever read such bitter *Curses*, as he *prays* may light upon his *Enemies*? Let death come *hastily* upon them: and let them go *quick* to *Hell*. Let them fall from *one* wickednesse to another. Let them be *wiped* out of the *Booke of Life*. Let their prayer bee turned into *sinne*. Certainly, should such *imprecations* fall from a *Modern tongue*, we should *censure* them for want of *charity*: and I think we may do it *justly*. For God hath not given us *Commission* to *curse* his *enemies*, as he did to *David*. The *Gospel* hath set *Religion* to a *sweeter Tune*. The *Law* was given with *Thunder*, striking *Terrour* in the *Hearers*. The *Gospel* with *Musick*, *Moses*, and *Angel-like apparitions*. The *Law* came in like *Warre*, threatening *ruine* to the *Land of Man*. The *Gospel* like *Peace*, in the soft pleasures of uniting *Weddings*. And this may satisfie for his *rigour*: But if we look upon him, in another *trimme* of the *minde*: how smooth he is, and *mollifying*? how does his *soul* melt it self into his *eyes*, and his *bowels* flow, with the *full streames* of *compassion*? How fixt he was to *Jonathan*? how like a *weake* and *tender woman*, he lamen's his *Rebe!* *Absolom*, and me *proftner*, than I think we read

reade of any through the whole *Story* of the *Bible* ?
 His *valour*, we cannot doubt : it is so *eminent* in his
killing of the *Beare* and *Lyon* : in his *Duell* with that
 huge *Polypheme* of the *Philistims*, and his many o-
 ther *Martiall* *Acts* against them. So that there
 seemes to be in him, the highest pitch of *contrary-*
ing passions : and yet the man from *Gods owne mouth*,
 hath a testimony of a true *approvment*. When *pas-*
sions are directed to their right end, they may faile
 in their *manner*, but not in their *measure*. When
 the subject of our *haired* is *Sinne*, it cannot bee *too*
deep : When the object of our Love is *God*, it cannot
 be *too high*. *Moderation* may become a *fault*. To bee
 but *warme*, when *God* commands us to be *hot*, is *sin-*
fu. We belye *Vertue* into the constant dulnesse of
 a *Mediocrity*. I shall never condemne the *nature* of
 those *men*, that are sometimes *violent* : but those that
 know not, when 'tis *fit* to be so. *Valour* is then best
 tempered, when it can turne out of a sterne *Forti-*
tude, into the milde straines of *Pity*. 'Tis written to
 the honour of *Tamberlain*, that conquering the *Mus-*
covites with expression o' a *Premely valour*, hee falls
 from joy of the *victory*, to a *lamentation* of the many
casuall Miseries, they endure, that are tyed to follow
 the leading of *Ambitious Generals*. And all this, from
 the sight of the *field*, covered with the *sonlelesse man*.
 Some report of *Cesar*, that hee *wept* when he heard
 how *Pompey* dy'd. Though *Pity* be a downy *vertue*,
 yet she never shines more *brightly* than when she is
 clad in *steele*. A *Martiall man compassionate*, shall
 conquer both in *Peace* and *Warre* : and by a two-
 fold way, get *Victory* with *honour*. *Temperate men* have
 their

their *passions* so ballanced within them, as they have none of either side in their *height* and *purity*. Therefore as they seldome fall into *soule* acts: so they very rarely cast a lustre, in the excellling *deeds* of *not* lenes. I observe in the generall, the most *famed* men of the world have had in them both *Courage* and *compassion*: and oftentimes *wet eyes*, as well as *wounding hands*. I would not robbe *Temperance* of her *royalty*. *Fabius* may conquer by *delaying*, as well as *Cesar*, by *expedition*. As the *casualties* of the world are, *Temperance* is a *vertue* of singular *worth*: But without doubt, *high Spirits* directed *right*, will bear away the *Bayes* for more *glorious actions*. These are best to raise *Commonwealths*: but the other are best to rule them *after*. This, best keeps in *order*, when the other hath stood the *shock* of an *innovation*; of either, there is excellent *use*. As I will not *over value* the *moderate*: so I will not too much *dis-esteem* the *violent*. An arrow aimed *right*, is not the worse for being *drawne home*. That *action* is best done, which being *good*, is done, with the *vigor* of the *spirits*. What makes *zeal* so commendable, but the *feruency* that it *carrieth* with it?

XLVI.

Of the waste and change of Time.

I Looke upon the lavish *Expences* of former *Ages*, with *Pity* and *Admiration*, That those things men built for the *honour* of their name, (as they thought) are either eaten up by the *steely teeth* of *Time*: or else, rest as *monuments*, but of their *Pride*, and *Luxurie*. Great *workes* undertaken for *ostentation*, misse of their *end*, and turne to the *Authoirs shame*: if not, the *transitions* of *Time*, weare out their *ingraved names*, and they last not much longer than *Caligulaes Bridge* over the *Baia*. What is become of the *Mausoleum*, or the *Ship-beftriding Colossus*? where is *Marcus Scaurus Theatre*, the *Bituminated Walls* of *Babylon*? and how little rests of the *Egyptian Pyramides*? and of these how divers does report give in their *Builders*? some ascribing them to one, some to another. Who would not pitty the *toiles* of *Virtue*, when hee shall finde greater *honour* inscribed to loose *Phryne*, than to victorious *Alexander*? who when hee had razed the *walls* of *Thebes*, shee offered to re-edifie them, with condition this *Sentence* might but on them bee *inlitter d*: *Alexander pull'd them down*; but *Phryne* did rebuild them. From whence some have jested it unto a quarrell for fame, betwixt a *Whore* and a *Thiefe*: Doubtlesse no *Fortification* can hold, against the cruell *devastations* of *Time*.

I could never yet finde any *estate*, exempted from this *Mutability*. Nay, those which we would have thought had been held up with the strongest *pillars* of *continuance*, have yet suffered the extreamest *changes*. The houses of the *dead*, and the *urned bones*, have sometimes met with *rude hands*, that have scattered them. Who would have thought when *Scanderbeg* was laid in his *tombe*, that the *Turks* should after *rifle* it, and weare his *bones* for *jewels*? *Change* is the great Lord of the *World*; *Time* is his *Agent*, that brings in all things, to suffer his *unstaid Dominion*.

—*Ille tot Regum parens,
Caret Sepulchro Priamus, & flamma indiget,
Ardente Troia—*

—He that had a *Prince* each son,
Now finds no *grave*, and *Troy* in flames,
He wants his *Funerall* one.

We are so farre from *leaving* any thing certain to *posterity*, that we cannot be sure to enjoy what we have, while we *live*. We *live* sometimes to see more *changes* in our selves, than we could *expect* could happen to our *lasting off-springs*. As if none were *ignorant* of the *Fate* the *Poet* asks.

*Divitis audita est cui non opulencia Cræsi?
Nempe tamen vitam, captus ab hoste tulit.
Ille, Syracusiam modo formidatus in urbe,
Vix humili duram repulit arte famem.*

L

Who

Who has not heard of *Cræsus* heaps of Gold,
 Yet knows his Foe did him a prisoner hold?
 He that once aw'd *Sycilia's* proud extent,
 By a poore *Art*, could *Famine* scarce prevent.

We all put into the *world*, as men put *Money* into a *Lottery*. Some lose all, and get *nothing*: Some with *nothing*, get infinite *prize*; which perhaps *ventring* again, with *hope* of *increase*, they lose with *grief*, that they did not rest contented. There is nothing that we can confidently call our own: or that we can surely say, we shall either *do*, or *avoyd*. We have no power over the *present*: Much lesse over the *future*, when we shall be *absent*, or *dissolved*. And indeed, if we consider the *World* right, we shall finde some *reason*, for these continuall *Mutations*. If every one had power, to transmit the certain *possession* of all his *acquisitions*, to his own *Successors*; there would be *nothing* left, for the *noble deeds* of new *aspirers* to *purchase*: Which would quickly betray the *world*, to an *incommunicable* *dulnesse*: and utterly discourage the generous *designes* of the *stirring*, and more *elementary spirit*. As things now are, every man thinks something may fall to his *share*: and since it must crown some endeavours, he *imagines*, why not his? Thus by the various treads of *Men*, every *action* comes to be *done*, which is requisite for the *worlds* maintaining. But since nothing here *belowe* is certain, I will never *purchase* any thing, with too-great a *hazard*. 'Tis *Ambition*, not *Wisdom*, that makes *Princes* hazard their whole *estates* for an *honour* meerly *trinket*. If I finde that *lost*, which I thought

thought to have *kept*; I will comfort my self with this, that I knew the *World* was changeable; and that as *God* can take away a *lesse good*: so he can, if he please, confer me a *greater*.



XLVII.

Of Death.

THere is no *Spectacle* more *profitable*, or more *terrible*, than the sight of a *dying man*, when he lies expiring his *soul* on his *death-bed*: to see how the ancient society of the *body* and the *soul* is divelled; and yet to see, how they struggle at the *parting*: being in some doubt what shall become of them after. The *spirits* shrink inward, & retire to the vanquish't *heart*: as if, like *Sons* prest from an *inviulgent Father*, they would come for a sad *Vale*, from that which was their *lifes maintainer*: while that in the meane time pants with *afrighting pangs*; and the *hands* and *feet*, being the most remote from it, are by degrees encoldned to a *fashioned clay*: as if *Death* crept in at the *nails*, and by an *insensible surprise*, suffocated the *inviuol'd heart*. To see how the *minde* would faine utter it self, when the *Organs of the voyce* are so debillitated, that it cannot. To see how the *eye* settles to a fixed *dimnesse*, which a little before, was swift as the *shoots of lightning*, nimbler than the *thought*, and bright as the *polisht Diamond*: and in which, this *Miracle* was more eminent than in any of the *other*

parts, That it, being a *materiall earthly body*, should yet be conveyed with *quicker motion*, than the revolutions of an *indefinite soule*. So suddenly bringing the *object* to conceits, that one would thinke, the *apprehension of the heart* were seated in the *eye* it selfe. To see all his *friends*, like *Conduits*, dropping *teares* about him; while hee neither knowes his *wants*, nor they his *cure*. Nay, even the *Physician*, whose whole *life* is nothing but a *study* and *practise* to continue the *life of others*: and who is the *Anatomist* of generall *Nature*, is now as one that gazes at a *Comet*, which hee can reach with nothing, but his *eye* alone. To see the *Countenance*, (through which perhaps there shin'd a lovely *Majesty*, even to the captiving of *admiring soules*) now altered to a frightfull *palenesse*, and the terrours of a *ghastly looke*. To thinke, how that which commanded a *Family*, nay perhaps a *Kingdome*; and kept all in awe, with the mooving of a *spongie tongue*; is now become a thing so full of *horror*, that *children* feare to see it: and must now therefore bee transmitted from all these *inhanting blandishments*, to the darke and hideous *grave*: Where, instead of shaking of the *golden Scepter*, it now lies imprison'd but in five foot of *Leade*: and is become a *nest of wormes*: a *lump of filth*, a *boxe of palled putrefaction*. There is even the difference of two severall *Worlds*, betwixt a *King* enamel'd with his *Röbes* and *jewels*, sitting in his *Chaire* of adored *State*, and his condition in his *bed of Earth*, which hath made him but a *Casse of Cranlers*: and yet all this change, without the losse of any *visible substantiall*?

Since

Since all the *limbes* remaine as they were, without the least signe, either of *dislocation*, or *diminution*. From hence 'tis, I think, *Scaliger* defines *Death* to bee the *Cessation of the Souls functions*: as if it were rather a *restraint*, than a *misfiv* ill. And if any thing at all bee wanting, 'tis only *colour*, *motion*, *heate*, and *empty ayer*. Though indeed, if wee consider this *dissolution*, *man* by *death* is absolutely divided and disman'd. That grosse object which is left to the spectators eyes, is now onely a composure but of the two *baser Elements*, *water*, and *Earth*: that now it is these two onely, that seeme to make the *body*, while the two purer, *Fire* and *Ayre*, are win'gd way, as being more fit for the compact of an *elementall* and *ascensive Soule*. When thou shalt see also these things happē to one whose *conversation* had indeared him to thee, when thou shalt see the *body* put on *Deaths* sad and ashy countenance, in the dead age of *night*, when *silent darknesse* does incompassse the dimme light of thy *glimmering Taper*, and thou hearest a *solemne Bell* tolled, to tell the *world* of it; which now, as it were with this sound, is struck into a *dumbe attention*: Tell me if thou canst then find a thought of thine, devoting thee to *pleasure*, and the fugitive *toyer of life*? O what a *bubble*, what a *puffe*, what but a *winke of life is man*! And with what a generall swallow, *Death* still gapes upon the generall *world*! When *Hadrian* askt *Secundus*, What *Death* was: Hee answered in these severall truthes: *It is a sleepe eternall; the Bodies dissolution; the rich mans feare; the poore mans wish; an event inevitable; an uncertaine*

journey; a Thief that steals away man; Sleeps father; Lives flight; the departure of the living; and the resolution of all. Who may not from such sights and thoughts as these, learn, if he will, both *humilitie* and *loftinesse*? the one, to vilifie the *bodye*, which must once perish in a *fleshfull nastinesse*; the other to advance the *Soul*, which lives here but for a higher, and more heavenly *ascension*? As I would not care for too much indulgating of the *flesh*, which I must one day yeeld to the *wormes*: So I would ever be studious for such actions, as may appear the issues of a *noble and diviner Soul*.



XLVIII.

Of Idlenesse.

THe *Idle man* is the *barrenest peece of Earth* in the *Orbe*. There is no *Creature* that hath *life*, but is busied in some *action* for the benefit of the *restlesse world*. Even the most *venemous* and most *ravenous* things that are, have their *commodities* as well as their *annoyances*: and they are ever ingaged in some *action*, which both profiteth the *World*, and continues them in their *Natures* courses. Even the *Vegitables*, wherein *calme Nature* dwels, have their turns and times in *fructifying*: they *lease*, they *flowre*, they *seed*. Nay, *Creatures* quite in-animate, are (some) the most laborious in their *motion*. With what a cheerfull face the *Golden Sunne* chariots thorow the *rounding Skie*? How perpetuall

is the *Maiden Moone*, in her just and horn'd *mutations*? The *Fire*, how restless is his quick and catching flames? in the *Ayre*, what *transitions*? and how fluctuous are the salted waves? Nor is the *seeming Earth* wearie, after so many thousand yeers productions? All which may tutor the couch-stretched man, and raise the modest red to shewing thorow his un-washt face. Idleness is the most corrupting Fly, that can blow in any humane minde. That Ignorance is the most miserable, which knows not what to do. The Idle man is like the dumb lacke in a Virginall: while all the other dance out a winning Musick, this, like a member out of joynt, su'pens the whole Body, with an ill disturbing lazinesse. I do not wonder to see some of our Gentry growne well-neere the lendest men of our Land: since they are, most of them, so muffled in a non-employment. 'Tis action that does keepe the Soule both sweet and sound: while lying still does rot it to an ordur'd noysomenesse. Augustine imputes Esau's losse of the blessing, partly to his slothfulnessse, that had rather receive meat, than seek it. Surely, exercise is the fat'ning food of the Soule, without which, she grows lanke, and thinly-parted. That the Followers of Great men are so much debauched, I beleeve to be want of employment: For the Soule, impatient of an absolute recessse, for want of the wholesome food of businesse, preys upon the lender actions. 'Tis true, Men learn to do ill, by doing what is next it, nothing. I beleeve, Solomon meant the Field of the sluggard, as well for the Embleme of his minde, as the certain Index of his outward state. As

the one is over-grown with *Thornes* and *Bryers*; so is the other with *vices* and *enormities*. If any wonder how *Egistus* grew adulterate, the exit of the Verse will tell him, ——— *Desidiosus erat*. When one would bragge the *blesings* of the *Romane* State, that since *Carthage* was raz'd, and *Greece* subjected, they might now be happy, as having nothing to fear: Sayes the best *Scipio*, *we now are most in danger: for while we want businesse, and have no foe to use us, we are ready to drowne in the mud of Vice and slothfulnesse*. How bright does the *Soul* grow with use and negotiation! With what proportioned *swetnesse* does that *Familie* flourish, where but one *laborious* *Gwile* steereth in an order'd course! When *Cleanthes* had laboured, and gotten some *coine*, he shews it his *Companions*, and tels them, that he now, if he will, can nourish another *Cleanthes*. Beleeve it, *Industry* is never wholly unfruitfull. If it bring not joy with the *incomming* profit, it will yet banish mischief from thy *bused* gates. There is a kinde of good *Angel* waiting upon diligence, that ever carries a *Laurell* in his hand, to crown her. *Fortune*, they said of old, should not be pray'd unto, but with hands in motion. The *bosom'd* fist beckens the approach of poverty, and leaves besides, the *noble* head ungarded: but the lifted arm does frighten want, and is ever a shield to that *noble* director. How unworthy was that *man* of the world, that ner did ought, but onely live, and dyd? Though *Epiniondis* was severe, hee was not exemplary, when he found a *Souldier* sleeping in his *Watch*, and ranne him thorow with his sword;

Sword; as if he would bring the two Brothers, *Death* and *Sleep*, to a meeting: and when he was blamed for that, as *cruelly*, he sayes, he did but leave him as he found him, *dead*. It is none of the meanest happinesse, to have a *minde* that loves a *vertuous exercise*: 'Tis daily rising to *blessednesse* and *contentation*. They are *idle Divines*, that are not *heavned* in their *lives* above the unstudious man. Every one shall smell of that he is busied in: as those that stir among *perfumes* and *spices*, shall, when they are gone, have still a gratefull *edour* with them: so, they that turn the *leaves* of the *monthly Writer*, cannot but retain a *smack* of their *long lived Author*. They converse with *Virtues Soul*, which he that writ, did spread upon his *lasting Paper*. Every *good line* addes *finew* to the *vertuous minde*: and withall, helts that *vice*, which would be springing in it. That I have liberty to do any thing, I account it from the favouring *Heavens*. That I have a *minde* sometimes inclining to use that *libertie* well; I think, I may, without *ostentation*, be thankfull for it, as a *bounty of the Deitie*. Sure I should be *miserable*, if I did not love this *businessse* in my *vacacie*. I am glad of that *leasure*, which gives me *leasure* to *imply my self*. If I should not grow better for it: yet this benefit, I am sure, would accrue me, I should both keep my self from *worse*, and not to have time to entertain the *Devill* in.

That

XLIX.

That all things have a like progression and fall.

Here is the same *method* thorow all the world in generall. All things come to their height by *degrees*; there they stay the least of time; then they *decline* as they *rose*: onely *mischiese* beeing more importunate, ruines at once, what *Nature* hath been long a rearing. Thus the *Poet* sung the fall:

*Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendencia filo,
Et subito casu, quæ voluerè, ruunt.*

All that *Man* holds, hangs but by slender twine,
By sudden chance the strongest things decline.

Man may be *kill'd* in an instant; he cannot be made to *live*, but by space of time in *conception*. We are curdled to the fashion of a life, by *time*, and set *successions*; when all again is *lost*, and in the moment or a minute, *gone*. *Plants, fishes, beasts, birds, men*, all grow up by *leisurely progressions*: so *Families, Provinces, States, Kingdoms, Empires*, have the same way of rise by steps. About the *height* they must stay a while, because there is a neernesse to the middle on both sides, as they *rise*, and as they *fall*: otherwise, their continuance in that *top*, is but the very *point of time*, the present *now*, which *now* again

is gone. Then they at best descend, but for the most part tumble. And that which is true in the *smallest particulars*, is, by taking a *larger view*, the same in the *distended Bulk*. There were first, *Men*, then *Families*, then *Tribes*, then *Common-wealths*, then *Kingdoms*, *Monarchies* *Empires*: which wee finde, have been the height of all *worldly dignities*: And as we finde those *Monarchies* did rise by *degrees*; so we finde they have slid again to *decay*. There was the *Assyrian*, the *Persian*, the *Grecian*, the *Romane*. And sure, the height of the *Worlds glory*, was in the dayes of the *Romane Empire*; and the height of that *Empire*, in the dayes of *Augustus*. Peace then gently breathed thorow the *Vniuersall*: *learning* was then in her *fullest flourish*: no *Age*, either before or since, could present us with so many *towering Ingeniities*. And then, when the *whole World* was most like unto *God*, in the sway of one *Monarch*: when they saluted him by the Title of *Augustus*; and they then, like *God*, began in rule to be called *Imperatores*: This, I take it, was the *fulnesse of time*, wherein *G O D*, the *Saviour of the world*, vouchsafed by taking *Humane nature* upon him, to descend in the *world*. And surely, the consideration of such things as these, are not unworthy our *thoughts*: Though our *Faith* be not *bred*, yet is it much confirmed, by observing such like *circumstances*. But then may we thinke how small a time this *Empire* continued in this *flourish*. Even the next *Emperour*, *Tiberius*, began to degenerate; *Caligula* more: *Nero* yet more than he: till it grew to be embroyled and dismembred, to

an *absolute division*. Since, how has the *Turkes* seized one in the *East*; and the other in the *West*? how much is it subdivided, by the deduction of *France*, *Britaine*, *Spain*? Some have also observed the *Site* of these *Empires*, how the first was neereſt the *East*, the next, a *Degree* further off; and ſo on in diſtant *removals*, following the courſe of the *Sunne*: as if beginning in the *Morning* of the *World*, they would make a larger *day*, by declining toward the *West*, where the *Sunne* goes downe, after his riſing in the *East*. This may ſtand to the *Southerne* and *Western Inhabitants* of the *World*; but I know not how to the *Northern*: for elſe how can that bee ſaid to riſe *any where*, which reſtleth *no where*, but is perpetuall in the ſpeece of a *circular motion*? For the *time*, it was when the *World* was within a very little, aged 4000. *yeeres*; which I beleeve, was much about the *middle Age* of the *World*: though ſeeing there are *promiſes* that the *latter dayes* ſhall bee *ſhortned*, we cannot expect the like *extent of time* after it, which wee finde did goe before it. Nor can we thinke, but that *Decay*, which haſtens in the *ruine* of all leſſer things, will likewiſe bee more ſpeedy in this. If all things in the *World* decline faſter by farre than they do aſcend; why ſhould we not beleeve the *World* to doe ſo too? I know not what certaine *grounds* they have, that dare aſſume to foretell the *particular time* of the *Worlds conflagration*. But ſurely in *reaſon*, and *Nature*, the end cannot bee mightily diſtant. We have ſeen the *Infancie*, the *Youth*, the *Virility*, all paſt: Nay wee have ſeene it well ſtept in-

to *yeers*, and *declination*, the most infallible *prom-nitors* of a *dissolution*. Some could beleieve it withi-
 lesse than this nine and twenty *yeers*, because as the
Flood deströyed the former *World*, one thousand
 six hundred fifty and six *yeers* after the first deströy-
 ing *Adam*; so the latter *World* shall be consumed by
 fire, one thousand six hundred fifty and six *yeers* af-
 ter the second saving *Adam*, which is *Christ*. But I
 dare not fix a certainty, where *God* hath left the
World in *ignorance*. The exact *knowledge* of all things
 is in *God* onely. But surely, by *collections* from *Nat-
 ure* and *Reason*, *Man* may much help himself, in
likelibood and *probabilities*. Why hath *Man* an argu-
 ing and premeditating *Soul*, if not to think on the
course and *causes* of things, thereby to magnifie his
Creator in them? I wil oft muse in such like *Theams*:
 for, besides the pleasure I shall meet, in *knowing* fur-
 ther; I shall finde my *Soul*, by *admiration* of these
wonders, to love both *Reason*, and the *Desty* better.
 As our *admiring* of things *evil*, guides us to a secret
hate and *despise* on: so, whatsoever we *applaud* for good-
 nesse, cannot but cause some *raise* in our *affections*.



L.

Of Detraction.

IN some *unluckie dispositions*, there is such an en-
 vious kinde of *Präde*, that they cannot endure
 that any but themselves should be set forth for
excellent:

excellent: so when they heare one *justly praised*, they will either seeke to dismount his *Vertues*; or if they be like a *cleere light*, eminent; they will *stab* him with a *But of detraction*: as if there were something yet so *foule*, as did *obnubilate* even his *brightest glory*. Thus when their *tongue* cannot *justly condemne* him, they will leave him in suspected *ill* by *silence*. Surely if we considered *detraction*, to bee bred of *envy*, *nestled* only in *deficient minds*, we should, finde that the *applauding vertue*, would winne us farre more *honour*, than the *seeking* slyly to *disparage* it. That would shew we lov'd what we *commended*, while this tells the *World* we grudge at what we want in our selves. Why may we not thinke the *Poet* meant them for *Detractions* which sprung of the *teeth of Cadmus* *poisoned Serpent*? I am sure there *ends* may parallell; for they usually murder one another in their *same*: and where they finde not *spots*, they devise them. It is the *basest office* Man can fall into, to make his *tongue* the *whipper* of the *Worthy man*. If we do know *vices* in men, I thinke wee can scarce shew our selves in a *nobler vertue*, than in the *charity* of concealing them: so it be not a *flatterie*, perswading to *continuance*. And if it bee in *absence*, even sometime that which is true, is most unbecoming the report of a *Man*. Who will not condemne him as a *Traitor* to *reputation* and *society*, that tells the *private fault* of his *friend*, to the *publike* and *depraving world*? When *two friends* part, they should lock up one anothers *secrets*, and enterchange their *keyes*. The *honest man* will rather be a *grave* to his *neighbours failes* than any way *uncertaine* them. I care not for his *humour*,
that

that loves to clippe the wings of a *lofty fame*. The counsell in the *Satyre* I do well approve of.

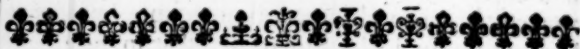
— *Absentem qui rodit amicum,
Qui non defendit alio culpante, solutos
Qui caprat risus hominum, famamq; dicacis,
Fingere qui non visa potest, comissa tacere
Qui nequit, hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto.*

— Who bites his absent Friend,
Or not defends him blam'd, but holds along
With mens loose laughrer, and each *praters* tongue
That feins what was not, and discloaks a *soul*;
Beware him, *Noble Romane*, he is foule.

And for the most part, he is as *dangerous*, in another *vice* as this. He that can *detract unworthily*, when thou canst not answer him, can *flatter thee as unworthily*, when thou canst not chuse but heare him. 'Tis usuall with him to *smooth* it in the *Chamber*, that keeps a *railing tongue* for the *Hall*. And besides all this, it imployes a kinde of *cowardice*: for who will judge him otherwise, that but then unbuttons his tumour'd *breast*, when he findes none to oppose the bignesse of his *lookes* and *tongue*? The *valiant mans tongue*, though it never boasteth vainly, yet is ever the greatest *Coward* in *absence*: but the *Coward* is never *valiant* but then: and then too, 'tis without his *heart*, or *spirit*. There is nothing argues *Nature* more *degenerate*, than her se-

cret

cret repining at anothers *transcendency*. And this, besides the ill, plunges her into this *solly*, that by this *act*, she is able lesse to discern. He that *pretending vertue*, is busie in the *staines* of men, is like to him that seeks *lost gold*, in *ashes*, and blowing them about, hides that more, which he better might have found with *stillnesse*. To *over-commend* a man, I know is not good: but the *Detraitor* wounds *three*, with the *one Arrow* of his *viperous tongue*. Indeed tis hard to speak a man true, as he is: but howsoever, I would not deprave the fame of the *absent*: Tis then a time for *praises*, rather than for *reprehension*. Let *praise* be voyced to the *spreading Ayre*, but *chidings* whisperd in the *kissed eare*: Which action teaches us, even while we *hide*, to *love*. If there be *Vertues*, and I am call'd to speak of him that ownes them, I will tell them forth *unpartially*. If there be *vices* mixt with those, I will be content the *world* shall know them by some *other tongue* than *mine*.



L I.

Against Compulsion.

AS nothing prevails more than *Courtesie*: so *compulsion* often is the way to *lose*. Too much *importunity*, does but teach men how to *deny*. The more we desire to *gain*, the more do others desire that they may not *lose*. *Nature* is ever jealous of her owne *supremacie*: and when shee sees that others

thers would *under-tread* it, she calls in all her powers for resistance. Certainly, they worke by a wrong Engine, that seek to gain their ends by constraint. Crosse two Lovers, and you knit but their affection stronger. You may stroake the Lion into a bondage: but you shall sooner *hew him to pieces*, than beate him into a *Chaine*. The Foxe may prayse the Crowes meate from her Kill: but cannot with his swiftnesse over take her wing. Easie Nature, and free liberty, will steale a man into a winy excessse: when urged healths doe but shew him the way to refuse. The noblest Weapon wherewith Man can conquer, is love, and gentlest courtesie. How many have lost their hopes, while they have sought to ravish with too rude a hand? Nature is more apt to bee led by the soft motions of the muscical tongue, than the rusticke threshings of a striking arme. Love of Life, and jollities, will draw a man to more, than the feare of death, and torments. No doubt, Nature meant Casar for a Conquerour, when since gave him both such courage, and such courtesie; both which put Marius into amuse. They which durst speake to him, (hee said) were ignorant of his greatnesse; and they which durst not, were so of his goodnesse. They are men the best composed, that can bee resolute, and remisse. For, as fearefull Natures are wrought upon, by the sternnesse of a rough comportment: so the valiant are not gain'd on, but by gentle affability, and a shew of pleasing liberty. Little Fishes are twiched up with the violence of a sudden pull; when the like action crackes the line, whereon a great one hangs.

M

I have

I have knowne *denials*, that had never been given, but for the *earnestnesse* of the *requester*. They teach the *petitioned* to be *suspicious*; and *suspicion* teaches him to *hold* and *sojourn*. He that comes with *You must hate me*, is like to prove but a *fruitlesse Wooer*. Urge a *grant* to some men, and they are *inexorable*; seeme *cavelesse*, and they will force the thing upon you. *Augustus* got a friend of *Cinna*, by giving him a *second life*, whereas his *death* could at best but have removed an *Enemy*. Heare but his *exiled Poet*:

Flectitur obsequio curvatus ab arbore ramus:

Franges, si vires experire tuas.

Obsequio tranantur a, uae, nec vincere possis

Flumina, si contra quam rapit unda nates.

Obsequium Tygres domat, tumidosque Leones:

Rustica paulatim taurus aratra subit.

(right,

The *Trees* crook branches, gently bent, grow
When as the hands full vigor breaks them quite.
He safely swims, that waves along the Flood,
While crossing streames is neither safe nor good.
Tygers and *Lynx*, *mildnesse* keeps in awe:
And, gently used, *Bulke* yoked, in *Ploughs* will draw.

Certainly, the *faire way* is the best, though it bee something the further *about*. 'Tis lesse ill for a *journey* to be *long*, than *dangerous*. To vex other men, I will think, is but to tutor them, how they should again vex me. I will never wish to purchase ought unequally: What is got against *reason*, is for the

the most part wonne by the meeting of a *Foole* and *Knave*. If ought be sought with *reason*, that may come with *kindnesse*; for then *Reason* in their owne *bosomes*, will become a *pleader* for mee: but I will be content to lose a little, rather than bee drawn to obtain by *violence*. The *trouble* and the *hazard* we avoyd, may very well sweeten, or outweigh a *slender losse*. *constraint* is for *extremities*, when all wayes else shall fail. But in the *generall*, *Fairnesse* has preferment. If you grant, the other may supply the *desire*; yet this does the like, and purchaseth *love*, when that, onely leaves a *loathsome hate* behinde it.



LII.

Of Dreames.

Dreames are notable *meanes* of discovering our owne *inclinations*. The *wise man* learns to know himselfe as well by the *nights blacke mantle*, as the *searching beames* of day. In *sleepe*, wee have the naked and naturall thoughts of our *soules*: *outward objects* interpose not, either to shuffle in *occasional cogitations*, or hale out the *included fancy*. The *minde* is then shut up in the *Burrough* of the *body*; none of the *Cinqueports* of the *Isle of Man*, are then open to in-let any strange *disturbers*. Surely, how we fall to *vice*, or rise to *Vertue*, we may by observation find in our *dreams*. It was the wise *Zeno*, that said, he could collect a man by his *dreams*.

For then, the *soule* staid in a deepe repose, bewrayed her true *affections*: which in the busie day, shee would either *not shew*, or *not note*. It was a custome among the *Indians*, when their *Kings* went to their *sleepe*, to pray with *pipings*, *acclamations*, that they might have *happy dreames*; and withall consult well for their *Subjects* benefit: as if the *night* had beene a time, wherein they might grow *good*, and *wise*. And certainly, the *wise man* is the wiser for his *sleeping*, if hee can *order well* in the day, what the *eye-lesse night* presenteth him. Every *dream* is not to be counted of: nor yet are *all* to bee cast away with *contempt*. I would neither bee a *Stoicke*, *superstitious* in all; nor yet an *Epicure*, *considerate* of none. If the *Physician* may by them judge of the *disease* of the *body*, I see not, but the *Divine* may do so, concerning the *soule*. I doubt not but the *Genius* of the *soule* is *waking*, and *moove* even in the *fastest closures*, of the *imprisoning eye-lids*. But to *presage* from these thoughts of *sleepe*, is a *wisedome* that I would not reach to. The best use wee can make of *dreames*, is *observation*: and by that, our owne *correction*, or *incongruement*: For 'tis not doubtfull, but that the *minde* is working, in the *dullest depth* of *sleepe*. I am confirmed by *Claudian*:

*Omnia quæ sensu voluntur vota diurno,
Tempore nocturno, reddit amica quies.
Venator, desessatoro cùm membra reponit,
Mens tamen ad silvas, & sua lustra redit.*

Judiculus

*Judicibus lites, aurigæ somnia currus,
 Vanæque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
 Furto gaudet amans; permutat navita Merces:
 Et vigil elapsas querit avarus opes.
 Blandaque largitur frustra sitientibus ægrâ,
 Irrignus gelido pocula fronte sopor.
 Ne quoque Musarum studium, sub nocte silenti,
 Artibus assiduus, sollicitare solet.*

(brist

Day thoughts, transwined from th'industrious
 All seeme re-acted in the nights dumbe rest.
 When the ty'd Huntf-man, his repose begins,
 Then flies his mind to woods, & wild beast dens.
 Judges dream cases: Champions seem to run,
 with their night coursers, the vain bounds to shun.
 Love hugs his rapes, the Merchant traffick minds:
 The Miser thinks he some lost treasure finds.
 And to the thirsty sicke, some potion cold,
 Stiffe flattering sleepe inanely seems to hold,
 Yea, and in th'age of silent rest, even I
 Troubled with *Arts* deep musings, nightly lye.

Dreames doe sometimes call us to a recognition
 of our *inclinations*, which print the deeper in to *undisturbed times*. I could wish men to give them their
consideration, but not to allow them their *trust*,
 though sometimes 'tis easie to pick out a *profitable Morall*. *Antiquity* had them in much more *reverence*,
 and did oft account them *prophecies*, as is easily found in the *sacred volume*: and among the
Heathen, nothing was more frequent. *Astiyages* had two, of his daughter *Nandana*, the *Vine*, and her

urine. Calphurnia of her *Caesar*; *Hecuba* of *Paris*; and almost every *Prince* among them, had his *Fate* shewed in *interpreted dreames*. *Galen* tells of one, that dream'd his *thigh* was turn'd to *stone*, when soone after it was strooke with a *dead Palsie*. The apnesse of the *humours* to the like effects, might suggest something to the *minde*, then apt to receive. So that I doubt not but either to *preserve health*, or amend the *life*, *dreames* may, to a *wise observer*, be of *speciall benefit*. I would neither depend upon any, to incur a *prejudice*, nor yet cast them all away; in a *prodigall neglect* and *scorne*. I finde it of one that having long beene troubled with the *paining spleene*: that he dream't, if he opened a certaine *veine*, betweene two of his *fingers*, he should be *cured*: which he *awaked*, did, and *mended*. But, indeed I would rather *believe* this, than be drawne to *prattize* after it. These *plaine predictions* are more rare *Foretellings*, used to be lapp'd in more *obscure folds*: and now that *Art* lost, *Christianity* hath settled us to lesse *inquisition*; 'tis for a *Romane Soothsayer* to reade those *darker spirits* of the night, and till that still *Dictator*, his *dream* of *copulation* with his *mother*, signified his *subjecting* of the *world* to *himselfe*. 'This now so out of use, that I thinke it not to bee *recovered*. And were it not for the *power* of the *Gospel*, in crying downe the *vaines* of men, it would appeare a wonder, how a *Science* so pleasing to *humanity*, should fall so quite to *ruine*



LIII.

Of Bounty.

There is such a *Royalty* in the *minde*, as betrayes a man to *basenesse*, and to *poverty*. Excesses, for the most part, have but ill *conclusions*. There is a *dunghill mischiefe*, that awaires even the *man of the bounteous soule*: and they that had store of a *native goodnesse*, grow at last to the *practice of the foulest villanies*. They are free as the *descending rain*, and pourre a plenty on the *generall world*. This *Munificence* consumes them, and brings them to the *miseries of an emptied Mind*. Yet in this *fall of their melted elemes*, they grow *ashamed* to be publicly seene come short of their wonted *revelling*. So, rather than the *world* shall see an *alteration*, they leave no *lewdnesse* privately *unpractised*. 'Tis a noted truth of *Tacitus*, *Treasure spent ambitiously, will be supply'd by wickednesse*. *Ærarium ambitione exhaustum, per scelera supplendumeris*, 'Tis pittie, that which beares the name of *Noble*, should bee *pauere* of such hated *vilenesse*. What is it *Ambition* will not *practize*, rather then let her *port* decline? *Vaine glory* ends in *lewdnesse*, and *contempt*. The *lavish minde* loves any *indirection* better than to *flag in state*. A fond *popularity* bewitches the *soule*, to *strow about the wealth*, and *meanes*: and to *feede that dispensive humour*, all wayes shall bee trodden, though they never so much *unworthy* the man.

Surely, wee nick-name the same *floudding man*, when we call him by the name of *Brace*. His striving to be like a *God in bounty*, throwes him to the *lowest estate of Man*. 'Tis for none but him that has all, to give to all *abundantly*. Where the carrying *streame* is greater, than the bringing one, the *bottom* will be quickly *waterlesse*; and then what *commendation* is it, to say there is a *plenty* wasted? Hee has the best *Fame*, that keeps his *estate* unnigardly: The others *fluxe*, is meerely out of *weakenesse*. He overvalues the *drunken* and *reeling* love of the *vulgar*, that buyes it with the *ruine* of *himselfe*, and his *family*. Hee feares he is not *lov'd*, unlesse that hee be loose and *scattering*. They are *fooles* that thinke their *minds* ill woven, unlesse they have *allowance* from the *popular stampe*. The *wiseman* is his owne both *world* and *judge*; hee gives what he knowes is fit for his *estate* and him, without ever caring how the *raging Tumult* takes it. To *weake minds*, the *People* are the greatest *Parasites*: they *worship* and *knee* them to the spending of a faire *inheritance*: and then they crush them with the *heavy leade* of *pitty*. 'Tis the *inconsiderate Man*, that *ravels* out a *spacious Fortune*. Hee never thinketh how the *heape* will *lessen*, because hee looses, but by *graines*, and *parcels*. They are ill *Stewards*, that so *shower* away a large *Estate*. Sayes *Democritus*, when hee saw one *giving* to all, and that would want *Nothing* which his *Minde* did *crave*; Mayest thou *perish unpitied*, for making of the *Virgin Graces*, *Harlots*. Hee made his *liberality*, like a *whore*, to court the *Publicke*, when

when in deed shee ought to *winne* by *modestie*. For, as the *Harlots* offers, doe but procure the *good-mans hate*: So when *bounty* proves a *Curtezan*, and offers too undecently, it failes of gaining *love*, and gets but the *dislike* of the *wise*. Hee does *bounty* injury, that shews her so much, as he makes her but bee *laugh'd at*. Who gives or spends too much must *fall*, or else desist, with *shame*. To live well of a *little*, is a greater deale more *honour*, than to spend a great deale *vainely*. To know both when, and what to part withall, is a *knowledge* that befits a *Prince*. The best *object* of *bounty*, is either *necessity*, or *desert*. The best *motive*, thy owne *goodnesse*: And the limit, is the *safety* of thy *state*. For this I will constantly thinke; The best *bounty* of man, is not to be too *bountifull*. It is not good to make our *kindnesse* to others, to bee *cruelty* to our selves and ours.



LIIII.

Of Man's inconstancy.

NO weathercock under Heaven, is so variable as *inconstant Man*. Every breath of wind, fannes him to a *various* shape: As if his *minde* were so neere a kinne to *Ayre*, as it must with every *motion*, be in a *perpetuall change*. Like an *instrument* cunningly plaid on, it does *rise*, and *fall*, and *alter*, and all on a *sudden*. We are *Feathers* blowne in the *blast* of our owne loose *passions*, and are merely the

he dalliance of the flying winds. How many in an instant have *murthered* the men they have lov'd? as if accidents were the Fate of things, and the Epicure had barked truth. How ardently can wee affect some, even beyond the desire of dying for them. when immediately one sudden Ebullition of Choller shall render them extremely offensive? nay, steepe them in our hate, and curses? Behold the hold which Man doth take of Man: tis lost in a moment, with but the clacking of the tongue, a nod, or frown, or any such like nothing. Wee cancell leagues with friends, make new ones with our enemies, and breake them ere concluded. Our Favorites with the places alter. And our hate hath wings to alight, and depart. In our diet, how infinitely does the variation of humors dis-relish the ill tasting pallate? what to day we raven on, is the rise of the next daies stomacke. In our recreations how inconstantly loving: sometimes affecting the noisefull bound; sometimes the stiller sport of the wing; though ever engaged to a giddy variety. In our apparell how mutable? as if fashion were a god, that needs would bee ador'd in changes. Our whole life is but a greater, and longer child-hood. What man living would not dye with anguish, were he bound to follow another, in all his unsteadfast motions, which though they bee ever turning, yet are never pleasing, but when they proceed from the native freedome of the soule? which argues her change not more out of object, than her selfe and the humors wherewith she is compassed. They first flowing to incite Desire, then poured out upon an object dye in their

their *birth*, while more succeed them. Like *Souldiers* in a running *skirmish*, come up, discharge, fall off, flye, and re-inforce themselves. Onely *order* is in their *p*roceedings, while *confusion* doth distract the *man*. Surely, there is nothing argues his *imperfection* more. For though the nobler *Elements* be most *Motive*, and the *Earth* least of all, which is yet *basest*: yet are they never mutable, but as the *object* that they fix on makes them, nor doe they ever wander from that *quality*, wherewith *Nature* did at first *invest* them. But *man*, had hee no *object* he would *change* alone; and even to such things, as *Nature* did not once intend him. *Mindes* thus temper'd, wee use to call *too light*, as if they were *unequally* mixt, and the two nimble *Elements* had gotten the *predominance*. Certainly, the best is a noble *constancy*. For, *perfection* is immutable. But for things *imperfect*, *change* is the way to *perfect* them. It gets the name of *wilfulnesse*, when it will not admit of a lawfull *change*, to the better. Therefore *Constancy* without *Knowledge*, cannot bee alwayes good. In things ill, 'tis not *virtue*, but an absolute *Vice*. In all *changes*, I will have regard to these three things: *Gods approbation*, my *onne benefit*, and the *not-harming of my Neighbour*. Where the *change* is not a *fault*, I will never thinke it a *disgrace*; though the great *Exchange*, the *world*, should judge it so. Where it is a *fault*, I would be *constant*, though outward things should wish my *turning*. He hath but a weake *warrant* for what he does, that hath onely the *fortune* to finde his bad *actions* plausible.



LV.

Of Logick.

Nothing hath spoyl'd *Truth* more than the *Invention of Logicke*. It hath found out so many *distinctions*, that it inwraps *Reason* in a *mist of doubts*. 'Tis *Reason* drawne into too fine a *thread*; tying up *Truth* in a twist of *words*, which being hard to unloose, carry her away as a *prisoner*. 'Tis a *net* to intangle her, or an *art instructing* you, how to tell a *reasonable lye*. When *Diogenes* heard *Zeno* with *subtile Arguments*, proving that there was no *Motion*: he suddenly *starts up*, and *walkes*. *Zeno* asks the *cause*? Saies he againe, *I but confute your reasons*. Like an overcurious *workeman*, it hath sought to make *Truth* so excellent, that it hath mard it. *Vives* sayes, He doubts not but the *Devill* did invent it, it teaches to *oppose* the *truth*, and to be *falsely obstinate*, so cunningly *delighting*, to put her to the *worse*, by *deceit*. As a *Conceitist*, it hath laid on so many *colours*, that the *counterfeit* is more *various* than the *pattern*. It gives us so many *likes*, that we know not which is the *same*. *Truth* in *Logicall arguments*, is like a *Prince* in a *Masque*, where are so many other, *presented* in the same *attire*, that we know not which is *hee*. And as wee know there is but one *Prince*, so we know there is but one *Truth*; yet by reason of the *Masque*, *Judgement* is *distracted*, and *deceived*. There might be a double *reason*, why
the

the *Areopagite* banish't *Stipo*, for proving by his *Sophistry*, *Minerva* was no *Goddesse*. One, to shew their *dislike* to the *Art*: another, that it was not fit, to suffer one to *wanton* with the *Gods*. Sure, howsoever men might first *invent* it, for the help of *truth*, it hath *prov'd* but a help to *wrangle*: and a thing to set the *minde* at *jarre* in it self: and doing nothing but confound *conceit*, it grows a *toy* to laugh at. Let me give you but one of our *owr*.

*Nascitur in tenebras animal, puer, inscius, infans,
Conferat Oxonium se, citò fiet homo.*

A thing born blinde, a childe, and foolish too,
Shall be made man, if it to Oxford go.

Aristarchus his *Quip*, may fall upon our *Times*: Heretofore (saies he) there were but *seven wise men*; and now it is hard to find the number of *fools*. For every man will be a *Sophister*, and then he thinks he's *wise*; though, I doubt, some will never be so, but by the help of *Logick*. Nature her self makes every man a *Logician*: they that brought it in the *Art*, have presented us with one that hath *over-acted* her: and something *strain'd* her beyond her *genuine plainnesse*. But I speak this of *Logick* at large, for the pure *Art* is an excellency. Since all is in *use*, tis good to retain it, that we may make it defend us against it self. There is no way to secure a *Mine*, but to *countermine*. Otherwise, like the *Art of Memory*, I think it spoys the *Naturall*. How can it bee otherwise, when the *Invention of Man*, sh ll
Drive

strive with the *investigation* of *supreme Nature*? In matters of *Religion*, I will make *Faith* my meanes to *ascertaine*, though not *comp. head* them: For other matters, I will thinke simple *Nature* the best *Reason*, and naked *reason* the best *Logicke*. It may help me to *strip off* doubts, but I would not have it help to *make* them.



LVI.

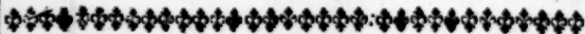
Of thoughtfullnesse in misery.

The *unfortunate mans wisdom*, is one of his greatest *miseries*. Unless it be as well able to *conquer* as *discern*, it only shew him but the *blacker face* of *mourning*. 'Tis no *commendation*, to have an *insight* deep in *Calumity*. It can shew him *mischief* which a *Fool* sees not; so helpe him to *vexation*, which hee cannot tell how to *cure*. In *Temporall* things, 'tis one great *happinesse* to be free from *miseries*: A next to *that*, is not to be *sensible* of *them*. There is a *comfort*, in seeing but the *shell* of *sorrow*. And in my *opinion*, he does *wisely*, that when *griefe* presents her self, lets her wear a *vizer*, fairer, than her *naked skinne*. Certainly, 'tis a *felicity* to be an *honest fool*, when the *piercing eye* of his *spirit*, shall not see into the *bowels* of his *attendant trouble*. I beleeve, our *eyes* would be ever *winterly*, if we gave them the *flow* but for every just *occasion*. I like of *Solons course*, in *comforting* his *constant friend*: when taking him up to the top of a *Turret*, over-looking
all

all the *piled buildings*, he bids him thinke, how many *Discontents* there had been in those *houses* since their *framing*, how many *are*, and how many *will be*. Then, if he can, to leave the *worlds calamities*, and *mourne* but for his *owne*. To *mourne* for none else, were *hardnesse*, and *injustice*. To *mourne* for *all*, were *endlesse*. The best way is, to *uncontract* the *brow*, and let the *worlds mad spleene* fret, for that wee smile in *noes*. *Sorrowes* are like *putrid graves*, the deeper you digge, the fuller both of *flesh*, and *horroure*.

Though *consideration* and a *foole* bee *contraries*, yet nothing increaseth *misery* like it: Who ever knew a *Foole* dye of a discontenting *melancholy*? So poore a *condition* is *Man* false to, that even his *glory* is become his *punishment*: and the *rayes* of his *wisedome*, light him but to feed those *anguishe*s, which the *darknesse* of his *mind* would cover. *Sorrowes* are not to bee entertain'd with *hugges*, and lengthned *complements*; but the cast of the *eye*, and the put-by of the turning *hand*. Search not a wound too deep lest you make a *new one*. It was not spoke without some *reason*, That *fortunate*, is better than *wise*; since whosoever is *that*, shall bee thought to be *this*. For *vulger eyes* judge rather, by the *event*, than the *intention*. And he that is *unfortunate*, though he be *wise*, sha'l find many, that will dew him, with at least supposed *folly*. This only is the *wise mans benefite*: as he sees more *mischiefs*: So he can curb more *passions*: and by this *meane* hath wit enough, to endure his *paines* in *secrecy*. I would *looke* so farre into *crosses*, as to cure the *present*, and prevent the *future*: But will never care for *searching* further,

ther, or indearing cares by thoughtfulness. They are like *Charons Cave in Italy*, where you may enter a little way without danger, and further perhaps with benefit, but going to the end, it stifles you. No ship but may be cast away, putting too far into *tempestuous Seas*.



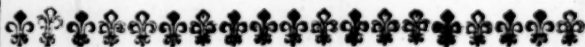
LVII.

Of ill Company.

WE have no enemy like *base Company*: it kills both our *fame*, and our *soules*. It gives us wounds, which never will admit of healing: and is not onely disgracefull, but *mischievous*. Wert thou a *King*, it would rob thee of thy *Royall Majesty*; who would reverence thy *sway*, when like *Nero*, thou shouldst *Farerne* out thy time with *Wantons*, triumph with *Minstrels* in thy *Chariot*, and present thy selfe upon a *common Stage*, with the buskin'd *Tragedian*, and the *Pantomine*? 'Tis like a *ship* new trimmed, wheresoever you but touch, it soyls you: and though you be cleane, when you enter, even a litle motion will fill you with *defiled badges*. And then the whiter the *Swan* is, the more is the *black* apparent. How many have died *ignominiously*, and have used their last breath, onely to *complaine* of this; as the *Witch* that had *inchant*ed them, to the evils that they now must *smare* for? 'tis an *Engine* where-with the *Dewill* is ever *practizing*, to lit *Man* out of *Vertues* scar, 'tis the *spirituall whore*, which *toy*es the

the good man to his *soules undoing*. Certainly, if there be any *Dalilah* under *Heaven*, it is in bad *Society*. This will *bind us*, *betray us*, *blind us*, *undoe us*. Many a man had beene good that is not, if hee had but kept *good company*. When the *Achates* of thy *life* shall be *ill*, who will not *imagine thy life* to bee so too? even *waters* change their *vertues*, by running thorow a *changed veine*. No man but hath both *good* and *bad* in his *nature*, either of which *fortifie*, as they meet with their *like*; or *decline*, as they find a *contrary*. When *Vice* runnes in a single *streame*, 'tis then a *passable shallow*: but when many of these shall fall into *one*, they swell a deeper *channel* to be *drown'd* in. *Good* and *wise associates*, are like *Princes* in defensive *Leagues*; one defendes the other against *devies* of the common *Foe*. Lewd ones are like the *mistaken Lanthorne* in 88. which under *pretence* of guiding, will draw us unto *hazard*, and losse among our *Enemies*. Nor was the *siftion* of the *Syrens* any other in the *Morall*, then pleasant wits, vitiated in *accustom'd lewdnesse*, who for that were feigned to be *Monsters* of a parted *Nature*, & with sweet tunes, intice men to *destruction*. Could my name be *safe*, yet my *soule* were in *danger*; could my *soule* be *free*, yet my *fame* would suffer; were my *body* and *estate* secure, yet those other two (which are the purest excellencies of *Man*) are ever laid at the *stake*. I know, *Physicians* may converse with *sicke ones*, *uninfected*: but then they, must have *stronger Antidotes*, then their *nature* gives them: else they themselves shall soone stand in *needs*, of what themselves *once were*, *Physicians*.

One rotted Apple will infect the floore. The putrid Grape, corrupts the whole sound Cluster. Though I be no *Hermite*, to sit away my dayes in a dull Cell, yet will I chuse rather to have no *Companion*, then a *bad one*. If I have found any good, I will cherish them, as the *choyse of men*: or as *Angels*, that are sent for *Guardians*. If I have any *bad ones*, I will study to lose them: lest by keeping them, I lose my selfe in the end.



XVIII.

That no man alwayes sins unpunisht.

WHEN David saw the delights of the wicked hee is forced to flie to the stop, with a, *Fret not thy selfe, O my soule!* The *Tollities* of the villanous man, stagger the religious minde. They live as it they were passing thorow the world in state: and the streame of posteritie turning it self, to rowle with their appauded wayes: When if we doe but looke to despised vertue, how miserable, and how stormy is her Sea? Certainly, for the present, the good man seemes to be in the disgrace of Heaven; He smartes and pines, and sadneth his incombred soule, and lives as it were in the frowne, and the nod of the traducing world. When the Epicure considered this, it made him to exclude the Providence. And surely to view the virtuous, with but Natures eyes, a man would thinke they were things that Nature envied, or that the whole world were deluded, with a poysonous lye,

in

in making onely the *vertuous happy*. 'tis onely the *daring soule*, that *digesting vice* in grosse, climbs to the seat of *Honor*. *Innocence* is become a *starre* to let others rise to our *abuse*, and not to raise our selves to *greatnesse*. How rare is it to find one raised for his *sober worth* and *vertue*? What was it but *Iosephs* goodnesse, that brought him to the *stockes*, and *trons*? Whereas if he had coap'd with his *Inticer*, 'tis like he might have *swamme* in *Gold*, and liv'd a *laping* to the *silke* and *dainties*. The *world* is so much *Knave*, that 'tis growne a *vice* to be *honest*. Men have removed the *Temple of honor*, and have now set it, like an *arbour* in a *wilderneffe*, where unlesse we trace those *devions wayes*, there is no *hope* of finding it. Into what a *sad complaint*, did these thoughts drive the weighty *Tragedian*?

*Res humanas ordine nullo
Fortuna regit, spargitque manu
Munera caca; peiora fovens.
Vincit sanctos dira libido;
Fraus sublimi regnat in aula;
Tradere turpi fasces populus
Gaudet: eosdem colit, atque odit.
Tristis virtus perversa tulit
Præmia rectis: Castos sequitur
Mala paupertas, vitioque potens,
Regnat Adulter.*

Bent to worse, all humane waies
Quite at randome, *Fortune* swaies,
Her loose favours blindly throwing.

Cruell *lust* the good man kils;
Fraud the Court triumphant fils;
 People *honours* ill bestowing.
 Then they hate, even those they kisse.
 Sad worth ill rewarded is;
 And the *chaste* are poore, while *Vice*
 Lords it by *Adulteries*.

Were these *Ages* chain'd to ours; Or why com-
 plaine wee that the *World* is worse, when fiftene
 hundred yeeres space cannot (for ought I see) al-
 ter the *condition*? But what is past, we forget; what
 is to come, we know not: so we onely take a spleen
 at the present, 'Tis true, *Vice* braves with a bold new
 face, and would make one thinke, it were only she
 that the *doting World* had chose, to make a *Favourite*
 on. But if we have time for observation, we shall
 see her halting with a *Crutch*, and *shame*. Have wee
 not seene the *wise*, of the aged *Father*, punisht in
 the *Sonne* when he hath been aged too? I am per-
 swaded there be few *notorious Vices*, but even in this
 world have a certaine punishment, although we can
 not know it. *God* (for the most part) doth neither
 punish, nor blesse at once, but by degrees, & warnings.
 The world is so full of changings, that 'tis rare for
 one man, to see the compleated race of another. We
 live not long enough to observe how the *Judge-*
ments of the *Iustest God*, doe walke their rounds in
 striking. Neither alwayes are wee able. Some of
Gods corrections are in the night, and closettes. Every
 offence meets not with a *Market lash*. Private pu-
 nishments sometimes gripe a man within, while
 men

men looking on the outer face of things; see not how they smart in secret. And sometimes those are deepe wounds to one man, that would bee Balme and Physicke to another. There are no Temporal blessings, but are sometimes had in the nature of perverted curses. And surely all those creatures that God hath put subordinate to Man, as they (like inferiour servants) obey him while he is a true Steward: so when he growes to injure his great Master, they send up complaints against him, and forsake him; chusing rather to be true to their Maker, God; than assisting to the vilenesse of his falsest Steward, Man. So that though men by lewd wayes, may start into a short preferment, yet sure there is a secret chaine in Nature, which drawes the Univerfall to revenge a vice. Examples might be infinite; every Story is a Chronicle of this Truth, and the whole World but the practice. How many Families doe we daily see, wherein a whipping hand scourgeth the streame of all their lineall blood? As if these were curses hereditary with the Lands their Fathers left them. I confesse, they have a valour beyond mine, that dare forrage in the wildes of vice. Howsoever I might for a while, in my selfe, sleepe with a dumbe conscience; yet I cannot thinke, the All of Creatures would so much crosse the current of their natures, as to let me goe unpunished. And, which is more than this, I find a soul within my soule, which tels me, that I do unnobly, while I love sinne more for the pleasure of it, than I do Vertue, for the animall sweetnesse that she yeelds in her selfe.

LIX.

Of Opinion.

Not any *Earthly pleasure* is so essentially full in it selfe, but that even *bare conceits* may returne it much *distastfull*. The *world* is wholly set upon the *Gay* and *waving*: meer *Opinion* is the *Genius*; and as it were, the *foundation* of all *temporall happinesse*. How often doe wee see men pleased with *Contraries*? As if they parted the *sights* and *frayes* of *Nature*; every one maintaining the *Faſſion* which he killerh. One delighteth in *Mirth*, and the *friskings* of an *Airy soule*: another findeth something *amiable* in the saddest looke of *Melancholy*. This man loves the *free* and *open-handed*; that, the *grasped fist*, & *frugall sparing*. I go to the *market*, and see one *buying*, another *selling*, both are excreised in things *different*, yet either pleased with his *owne*; when I standing by, thinke it my *happinesse*, that I do not either of these. And in all these, nothing frames *Content* so much as *Imagination*. *Opinion* is the *shop* of *pleasures*, where all *humane felicities* are forged, and receive their *birth*. Nor is their *end* unlike their *beginning*: for they are begot out of an *ayerie phantasme*; so they dye in a *ſume*, and diſperſe into *nothing*. Even thoſe things which in them carry a ſhew of *reaſon*, and wherein (if *Truth* be *Judge*) wee may diſcerne *ſolidity*, are made *placide* or *diſguſtfull*, as *ſond Opinion* catcheth them. *Opinion* guides all our *paſſions* and *affectiōs*, or at least,

least, begets them. It makes us *love*, and *hate*, and *hope*, and *fear*, and *vary*: for, every thing wee light upon, is as we apprehend it. And though wee know it bee nothing, but *An uncertaine pre-judgement of the Mind*, mis-informed by the *outward senses*; yet we see it can worke *wonders*. It hath *untongued* some on the sudden: and from some hath snatcht their *naturall abilities*. Like *Lightning*, it can strike the *childe* in the *wombe*, and kill it ere 'tis worled: when the *Mother* shall remaine unhurt. It can cast a man into *speedy diseases*, and can as soone *recure* him. I have knowne some, but *conceiting* they have taken a *Potion*, have found the *operation*, as if they had taken it *indeed*. If wee beleeve *Plinie*, it can change the *Sex*: who reports himselfe to have seene it; and the *running Montaigne* speakes of such another. Nor is it onely thus powerfull, when the *object* of the *minde* is at *home* in our *selves*; but also when it lights on things *abroad*, and *apart*. *Opinion* makes *Women faire*; and *Men lovely*: *Opinion* makes *Men wise*, *valiant*, *rich*, nay, *any thing*. And whatsoever it can doe on one side to *please*, and *flatter* us; it can doe the same on the other side, to *molest* and *grieve* us. As if every man had a *severall seeming truth* in his *soule*, which if he followes, can for a time render him, either *happy* or *miserable*. Here lies all the *difference*; If we light on things but *seeming*, our *felicity* fades; If on things *certaine* and *eternall*, it *continues*. 'Tis sure we should bring all *opinions* to *Reason*, and *true Iudgement*, there to receive their *doome* of *admittance*, or *ejection*: but even that, by
the

the former is often *seduced*, and the grounds that we follow, are *erroneous*, and *false*. I will never therefore wonder much at any man, that I see swayed with *particular affections*, to things *sublunary*. There are not more *objects* of the *minde*, than *dispositions*. Many things I may *love*, that I can yeeld no *reason* for: or if I doe, perhaps *Opinion* makes me coine that for a *reason*, which another will not assent unto. How vaine then are those, that assuming a *liberty* to themselves, would yet tie all men to their *Tenents*? Conjuring all men in the trace of their *steps*; when it may be, what is *Truth* to them, is *error* to another as wise. I like not men that will be *Gods*, and have their *Iudgements* absolute. If I have liberty to hold things as my *minde* informes me, let me never desire to take away the like from another. If *fair arguments* may perswade, I shall with quiet shew what grounds doe leade me. If those cannot satisfie, I thinke I may wish any man to satisfie his *owne conscience*. For that, I suppose, will beare him out, in the things that it justly approves. Why should any man be *relent* for that, which is more diverse, than the *wandering Iudgements* of the *hurrying vulgar*, more changing than the *love of inconstant Women*: more *multivarious* than the *sports and playes of Nature*, which are every minute *fluctuous*, and returning in their *new varieties*? The best *guide* that I would chuse, is the *reason of an honest man*: which I take to be a *right informed Conscience*: and as for *Bookes*, which many rely on, they shall be to me, as *discourses* but of *private men*, that must be judged

ged by *Religion*, and *Reason*; so not to tie me, unlesse *these* and my *conscience* joyne, in the *Consent* with them.



L X.

That we are govern'd by a power above us.

THAT which we either *desire* or *fear*, I observe doth *seldome* happen: but something that wee thinke not on, doth for the most part *intervene*, and *conclude*: or if they doe fall out as wee expect, it is not till we have given over the *search*, and are almost out of thought of *finding* it. *Fortunes* befall us *unwares*, and *mischiefes* when wee thinke them *scaped*. Thus *Cambyser*, when *Cyrus* had beene *King of the Royes*, hee thought the *predictions* of his rule fulfilled, and that he now might sit and *sleep* in his *Throne*; when suddenly hee was awaked to *ruine*. So, *Sarah* was *fruitfull*, when she could not *believe* it: and *Zachary* had a *Sonne*, when he was stooped into *yeeres*, and had left *hoping* it. When *Dioclesian* thought himselfe *delivied* by the *Prophecie*, having kil'd many *wilde Bores*, at last he lights on the right *Aper*, after whose *death* hee obtained the *Empire*. As if *God*, in the *generall* would teach, that wee are not wise enough to chuse for our *selves*, and therefore would leade us to a *dependance* on *Him*: Wherein he does like *wise Princes*, who feed not the *expectations* of *Favorites* that are apt to *presume*; but often *croffe* them in their *hopes* and *fears*: there-
by

by to tie them faster in their *duty* and *reverence*, to the *hand* that giveth: And certainly, wee shall finde this *infallible*. Though *God* gives not our *desires*, yet he, alwayes imparts to our *profits*. How infinitely should wee inangle our selves, if wee could *sit downe*, and obtaine our *wishes*? Doe wee not often wish that, which wee after see would be our *confusion*? and is not this, because wee ignorantly follow the *flesh*, the *body*, and the *blinded appetite*, which looke to nothing, but the *shell* and *out-side*: Whereas *God* respecteth the *Soule*, and distributeth his *favour*, for the good of *that*, and his *Glory*. *God* sees and *knowes* our *hearts*, and things to come in *certainly*: *We*, but onely by our *weake collections*, which doe ofren taile of finding *truth*, in the *Cloud* of the *Worlds occasions*. No man would be more *miserable*, than he that should cull out his *own wayes*. What a *specious shew* carried *Midas* his *wish* with it, and how it paid him with *ruine* at last! Surely, *God* will worke alone, and *Man* must not be of his *counsell*. Nothing puls *destruction* on him sooner, than when he presumes to part the *Empire* with *God*. If we can be *patient*, *God* will be *profitable*: but the *time* and *meanes* wee must leave to him, not challenge to our selves. Neither must our own *indeavours* wholly be laid in the *couch*, to *laze*. The *Morall* of the *Tale* is a kind of an *instru-ctive Satyre*, when the *Carter* prayed in vaine to *Jupiter*, because hee did not put his *shoulder* to the *Wheele*. Doe thy part with thy *industry*, and let *God* point the event. I have seene *matters* fall out so *unexpectedly*, that they have tutor'd me in all
affaires,

affairs, neither to *dispaire*, nor *presume*: Nor to *despaire*; for *God* can *helpe* me: Not to *presume*: for *God* can *croffe* me. It is said of *Marius*, that *one* day made him *Emperour*; the next *saw* him *rule*; and the third he was *slaine* of the *Souldiers*. I will never *despaire*, 'cause I have a *God*: I will never *presume*, 'cause I am but a *Man*. *Seneca* has *counsel*, which I hold is worth the *following*.

Nemo confidat nimium secundis;

Nemo desperet meliora lapsus;

Misceat hæc illis, prohibetq; Clotho
stare fortunam:

Let none *salne*, *despair* to *rise*,

Nor *trust* too much *prosperities*.

Clotho mingling both, *commands*

that *neither* *stands*.



LXI.

Of M'sery after F.y.

AS it is in *Spiritual* proceedings, better never to have beene *righteous*, than after *righteousnesse*, to becomee *Apostate*: So in *temporall*, it is better never to have beene *happy*, than after *happinesse*, to bee drownd in *calamities*. Of all *objects* of *sorrow*, a *distressed King* is the most *pittifull*; because it presents most the *frility* of *Humaniety*: and cannot but most *midnight* the *Soule* of him that is *salne*.

The

The sorrowes of a deposed King, are like the distortments of a departed conscience; which none can know, but hee that hath lost a Crowne. Who would not have wept, with our *Second Edward*, when his Princely teares were all the warme water, his Butchers would allow to shave him with? when the bedge was his cloth of State; and his Throne, the humble, though the honour'd ground. Misery after joy, is killing as a sudden Dampe; terrible, as fire in the night, that starts us from a pleasing repose. Sudden Changes, though to good, are troublesome, especially if they be extreme: but when they plunge us into worse, they are then the Strapadoes of a humane soule. A palpable darknesse in a Summers day, would bee a dismall thing. Diseases, when they doe happen, are most violent in the strongest constitutions. Hee that meets with plagues after a long prosperitie, hath beene but fatted, like a beast, for slaughter: he is more mollified, onely to make the paines and pangs of Death more sensible: as if wee should first supple a limme with oyles and unguents; and then dab it with aqua fortis, toothed waters, and corroding Minerals. It is better never to have beene faire, than after a rare beauty, to grow into uglinessse. The memory of thy blessednesse, makes thy misery more deplorable; which like dead Beere, is never more distastefull, than after a Banquet of Sweet-meats. Nor is their misery meerly opinionaie, but truly argued from the measure of pity, that it meets with from others. For you may period upon this; That where there is the most pity from others, there is the greatest misery in the party pitied. Toward those

those that have beene *alwayes poore*, *pietie* is not so *passionate*: for they have had no *elevation* to make their *depression* seeme the *greater wonder*. The *tann'd Slave*, that hath ever tugg'd at the *Oare*, by a long use, hath mingled *mifery* with *Nature*; that he can now endure it uncomplaining. But when a *soft Wanton* comes to the *Galley*, every *stroke* is a *wounding Speare* in the *side*. I wonder not to heare *deposed Dionysius* say, *They are happy, that have been unblest from their youth*. It was the opinion of *Diogenes*, that the most lamentable *spectacle* that the *world* had, was an *old man* in *mifery*: whereunto, not onely a *present impotencie*, but also a remembrance of a *passed youth* gave addition. Even the absence alone of *foregone joy*, is troublefome: how much more, when they winde downeward, into *smartfull extremities*? *Death* and *Darkenesse* both are but *Privations*; Yet wee see how deep: they terrifie. *Wax*; when it takes a *second impression*, receives it not without a *new passion*, and more *violence*: so the *minde*, retaining the *prints* of *Joy*, suffereth a new *Creation*, in admitting a *contrary stamp*. For *Raiazet* to change his *Seraglio* for a *Cage*; for *Valerian* to become a *Foot stoele* to his *proud toe*; are *Calamities* that challenge the *tributes* of a *bleeding eye*. I shall pittie any man that meets with *mifery*; but they that find it after continuall *blessefulness*, are so much the more to be be-vailed, by how much they are unacquainted with the *gloominesse* of *downefalls*. That which *Sophonisba* return'd, when her *Husband* sent her *poysen*, the day after her *wedding*, as it shew'd *resolution* in her, so

it incites *compassion* in others : *Hoc nuntia, melius me meriturum fuisse, si non in funere meo nupsissem.* Tell him, I had dyed more willingly, if I had not met my grave in *Marriage*.



LXII.

Of the temper of affections.

EVery *Man* is a vast and spacious *Sea*: his passions are the *Winds*, that swell him in *disturbant waves*: How hee *tumbles*, and *roares*, and *fumes*, when they in their *furie* trouble him! Sometime the *West* of *pleasure*, fanning in *luxurious gales*: sometime the *maddeth South*, *sorrowfull*, and full of *Tears*: sometimes the *sharpe East*, piercing with a *testy spleene*: sometimes the violent and *blustering North*, swelling the *cheeke*, with the *Anger's* *boiling blood*. Any of these in *extreames*, make it become *unmarigable*; and full of *danger* to the *Vessell* that shall coast upon it. When these are too lowd, 'tis *perillous*: but when againe they are all laid in the *stilnesse* of an *immotive Calme*, 'tis *uselesse*: and though it be not so ready to hurt, yet it is farre from *availing*, to the *profit* of a *Voyage*: and the *passengers* may sooner *famish*, by being *becalm'd*, then coast it over for the *advantage* of their *Mart*. Surely, the man that is alwayes *still* and *reposed* in his *owne thoughts*, though they bee *good*, is but a *peece* of *deadned charitie*. I care not for the *planed Stoicke*, there is a *Self* betweene him and the *Epicure*. An *unmoved man*,
is

is but a *motive statue*; harmelesse and unprofitable. Indeed *furie* is farre the *worser extreame*; for besides the trouble it puts on the *company*, it alwaies delivers the *author* into *successive mischiefs*. He that is *raging* in one thing, feeds his businesse with many *inconveniencies*. *Fury* is like *false position* in a *verse*, at least nine *faults* together.

Say: *Claudian*,

— *Caret eventu nimius furor*: —

Rage knowes not when, nor how to end.

I like neither a *devouring Storke*, nor a *Iupiters Log*. *Man* is not fit for *conversation*, neither when his *passions* hurry him in a *hideous distemper*; nor when they are all laid in a *silent and unstirring calme*. The *Sea* is best in a pretty *pleasant Gale*: and so is *Man*, when his *passions* are alive, without *raging*: *G O D* implanted *passions* in the *Soule*, as hee gave his *Talents* in the *Gospel*, neither to be *lavish* out impetuously, nor to be buried in *Napkins*. Wee may warme us at these *fires*, though we burne not. *Man* without any, is no better than a *speaking Stone*. *Cato's* best *Emperour* was, *qui potuit impare affectus*; he does not say, *deponere*. *Moderate passions*, are the most *affable expressions* of *humanity*: without which, the *soule* findes nothing like it self to love. A *Horse* too hot and fiery, is the danger of his *Rider*. one too *dull*, is his trouble: And as the *first* will not *endure* any *man*: so the *last* will be *indur'd* by no *man*.

man. One will suffer none to *backe him*; the other admits each childe to *abuse him*. A good *temper* is a sure expression of a *well-compos'd Soule*. Our wild *passions* are like so many *Lawyers*, wrangling and bawling at a *Barre*; *Discretion* is the *Lord-keeper of Man*, that sits as *Judge*, and moderates their *contentions*. Too great a *spirit* in a man borne to *poore meanes*, is like a *high heeld shooe*, to one of *meane stature*: It advanceth his *proportion*, but is ready to fit him with *falls*. The *flat sole* walkes more sure, though it abates his *gracefulness*: yet, being too *low*, it is subject to bemyre the *foote*. A little *elevation*, is the best *mediocrity*: tis both raised from the *Earth*, and sure: and for his *tallnesse*, it disposeth it to an equall *competency*. I will neither walke so *lifted*, as to occasion *falling*; nor so *dejected*, as at every step to tak *soyle*. As I care not for being *powder*, or the *cap of the Companie*; so I would not be *Earth*, or the *Fcoles Foot-ball*.



LXIII.

That Religion is the best Guide.

NO man lives *conveniently*, unless he propounds something, that may bound the whole way of his *actions*. There must be something for him to flye to, beyond the reach of his *cavelling senses*; and *corrupted Reason*: otherwise, hee shall waver in his wayes, and ever bee in a *doubtfull unsettlednesse*.

If

If he takes *policy*, that is both *endlesse* and *uncertaine*: and many times depends more upon the *circumstance*, than the *maine Act*. What to day is *good*, is to morrow *unsaving*: when *benefits one*, may be the *undoing of another*; though to an eye that is not *curious*, the matter may appear the *same*. How like the *Ass* it show'd, when he thought by leaping in his *Masters lap*, to be made much on, because he had seene the *Dogge* do the like, before him? Besides, *Policy* is not a *Flower* growing in every mans *Garden*. All the *World* is not *wit* and *Stratagem*. If it were, *Policy* is but a *fight of wit*, a *braine Warre*: and in all *warres*, how doubtfull, how inconstant is *Victory*? *Oedipus* his cunning in resolving the *Sphinxes Riddle*, did but betray him to the fatall *marriage* of his *mother*. *Palamedes* found out *Vlysses* fained *madnesse*; and *Vlysses* after, by *hidden gold*, and *forged Letters*, found *means* to have him *stoned*, even while hee made shew of *defending* him. No man has a *Monopoly* of *cra't* alone. Again, in *private men* it is infinitely *shortned*; both in respect of *means* and *lawfulnessse*. Even those that have allowed *deceit* lawfull in *Princes*, have yet condemn'd it as *vicious* in *private persons*. And beleeve it, *Policy* runnes smoothest, when it turnes upon a *golden hinge*: without the supply of *meanes*, 'tis but like a *Clocke* without a *weight* to set it going *Curious workmanship*, but it wants a *mover*. If a man takes *Nature*, she is both *obscure* and *insufficient*: and will with a *pleasing breath*, waite us into *Mare mortuum*. Nay, she that before *man* fell, was his sufficient *Genius*, is since become his *Parasite*, that

smoothing his *senses*, serves them, as the tyrannous *Emperour* did his *servants*, let them fall into a chamber fill'd with *Roses*; that being smother'd in them, they might meet the bitterness of *Death*, in sweetness. Nor is *Nature* for the most part, without the overbearing of predominant humours. *Cicero* is in one place doubtfull, whether she be a mother, or a step dame; shee is sometimes so weighing a man to extremities. Nor, if she were able, could we have her pure alone. *Custom* hath so mingled her with *Art*, that we can hardly sever her: if we do, we shall so differ from the *World*, as we shall but by it, make our selves a prey to the nature that is arted with the subtilties of time and practice. Either of these are but sinking floors, that will fail us, when our weight is on them. *Reason* is contradicting, and so is *Nature*, and so is *Religion*, if we measure it by either of these. But *Faith* being the rule of that, placeth it above the cavils of *Imagination*, and so subjecteth both the other to it. This being above all, is that onely, which giving limits to all our actions, can confine us to a settled rest. *Policy* governes the *World*; *Nature*, *Policy*: but *Religion*, All. And as we seldome see those Kingdomes govern'd by *Vice-Roy's*, flourish like those where the *Prince* is present in person: So, we never finde *Policy* or *Nature*, to keepe a man in that quiet, which *Religion* can. The two first I may use as *Counsellors*: heare what they say, and weigh it: but the last must be my *Soveraigne*. They are to *Religion*, as *Apocrypha* to the *Bible*: They are good things, may bee bound up, and read with

with it: but must be rejected, when they crosse the *Text Canonickall*. *G O D* is the *Summit* of mans *happinesse*: *Religion* is the *Way*. Till we arrive at him, we are but *vapours*, transported by *unconstant Winds*.



LXIII.

Of the Soule.

HOW infinitely is *Man* distracted about himself? Nay, even about that which makes him capable of that *distraktion*; his *Soule*? Some have thought it of the nature of *fire*, a hot subtrill *body*, disperfing it selfe into *rayes*, and *fire Atomes*; as *Democritus*, and some of the *Soickes*. Others have thought it *ayre*; as *Diogenes*, and *Varro*, and others. *Epicurus* makes it a *Spirit*, mixt of *fire* and *ayre*. Some would have every *Element* a parent of a *Senle* separately: so every *Man* should have many distinct *Souls*, according to the principles of his composition. Some have call'd it an undermined vertue; some, a selfe-moving number; some, a Quint-essence. Others have defin'd it to be nothing but a *Harmony*, conffated by the most even composure of the *fourre Elements* in *man*. And for this, one might thus argue: The *Body* is before the *Soule*; and till the *Body* bee perfect, the *Soule* appears not: as if the perfection of the *body*, in his even *contemperati on*, were the generation of the *soule* within it. The *soule* also changeth with the *body*: It is not childish

in *Infancy*, luxurious and unbounded in *Youth*, vigorous and discerning in the *strength of Man*, forward and doting in the *declining age* of his life? For, that which in *old men* we call *transcending wisdom*, is more *correction* by long *observation*, and *experience* of things without them, than the genuine vigour of *Iudgement* in themselves. Hence some wise *Princes* have beene carefull, neither to chuse a *greene head*, nor one that is worne with *age*, for *Councell*. Next, wee see the *soule* following the temperature of the *body*; nay, even the *desires* of it, generated by the *present* constitution of the *body*: as in *longing* after things that please our *humours*, and are agreeable to their *defect* or *excesse*: Doth not the distemper of the *body* insaniate the *soule*? What is *madnesse*, but *Mania*, and the exuberancie and pride of the *blood*? And when againe they meane to cure the *soule*, do they not begin with *Doses*, and *Potions*, and *Prescriptions* to the *body*? *For* *hannes de Conbis* cites *Augustine*, saying, *Anima est omnium similitudo*: because it can fancy to it selfe, the shape of whatsoever appeares. But for all these, I could never meet with any, that could give it so in an *absolute Definition*, that another or himselfe could conceive it: which argues, that to all these, there is something sure *immortall* and *transcending*, infus'd from a *supernall Power*. *Cicero* is their *divine*, where he sayes, *Credo Deum immortalem*, *sparsisse animos in humana corpora*: and where he sayes againe, *Mihi quidem nunquam persuaderi potuit, animos, dum in corporibus essent mortalibus, vivere: cum exissent ex iis, emori*: I could never thinke
souls

soules to live in mortall bodies, to dye when they depart them. Seneca does raise it higher, and asks, Quid aliud voces hunc, quam Deum, in corpore humano hospitantem? What other canst thou think it, but a God, inning in the flesh of man? The Conscience, the Character of a God stampt in it, and the apprehension of Eternity, do all prove it a shoot of everlastingnesse. For though I doubt whether I may bee of their opinion, who utterly take away all reason from Beasts: yet I verily beleve, there are things, that were never instilled in them. Man hath these things in grant onely: whereby the Soule doth seeme immortall; and by this seeming, is proved to be so indeed: Else seeming should be better than certainty; and falsehood better than Truth; which cannot bee. Therefore they which say the Soule is not immortall, yet that 'tis, good men should think it so, thereby to be awed from vice, and incited to vertue; even by that Argument, argue against themselves. They that beleve it not, let them do as Philosophers with them to do, that deny the fire to be hot, because they see not the meanes that make it so: let them bee cast into it, and then heare if they will deny: so let them that deny the immortality of the soule, bee immersed in the horrors of a ruined conscience, then let them tell mee what they beleve. 'Tis certaine, Man hath a Soule; and as certaine, that it is immortall. But what, and how it is, in the perfect nature and substance of it; I confesse, my humane reason could never so inform me, as I could fully explaine it to my own apprehension. O my G O D! what a cload

of moving ignorance is *Man*! when all his *industry* cannot instruct him, what himselfe is; when hee knowes not *that*, whereby he knowes that he does not know it. Let him study, and thinke, and invent, and search the very *inwards* of obscured *nature*, he is yet to seek, how to define this *inexplicable*, *immortall*, *incorporeall wonder*: This *Ray* of *Thee*; this *emanation* of thy *Deity*. Let it then be sufficient, that *GOD* hath given me a *Soul*, and that my *eternall welfare* depends upon it: though he be not accountable either how I had it, or what it is. I think both *Seneca* and *Cicero* say truest, when they are of opinion, that *Man* cannot know what the *Soule* is. Nor indeed need any man wonder at it: Since he may know, whatsoever is created by a *Superiour power*, suffers a *Composure*, but cannot know it: because it was done, before it selfe was. *Man*, though he hath *materials*, cannot make any thing, that can either know how it was made, or what it is, being made: yet it is without *defect*, in respect of the *end* 'tis intended for. How then can man thinke to know *himself*, when both his *Materials* and *Composure*, are both created and formed by a *supreme power*, that did it without his *cooperation*? Why should I strive to know *that*, which I know I cannot know? Can a man dissect an *Atome*? can he graspe a *flame*? or hold and seize on *Lightnings*? I am sure I have a *Soul*: and am commanded to keepe it from *sinne*. O *Thou*, the *GOD* of that *little God* with me, my *Soule*! let mee doe *that*, and I know, thou art not such an *Enemy* to *ignorance* in *Man*, but that thou art better pleased with

with his *admiration* of the *Secrets*, than his *search* of them.



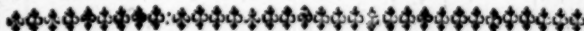
L X V.

Of Courtesies.

Nothing inflaveth a *gratefull Nature*, like a free *benefit*. Hee that conferres it on mee, steales mee from my *selfe*: and in one and the same *Act*, makes me his *Vassail*, and himselfe my *King*. To a *disposition* that hath worth in it, 'tis the most tyrannicall Warre in the *World*: for, it makes the *minde* a *prisoner*: and till the *Ransome* be paid by a like *returne*, 'tis kept in *fetters*, and constrained to *love*, to *serve*, and to be *ready*, as the *Conquerer* desires it. Hee that hath required a *Benefit*, hath redeemed himselfe out of *prison*: and, like a man out of debt, is *free*. For, *Courtesies* to *Noble minds*, are the most extreme *extortions* that can bee. *Favours* thus imparted, are not *Gifts*, but *Purchases*, that buy men out of their *owne liberty*. *Violence* and *compulsion*, are not halfe so dangerous. These besiege us openly give us leave to look to our selves, to collect our *forces*, and re-fortifie, where we are sensible of our own *weaknesses*: nay they sometimes befriend us, and raise our *fortitude* higher, than their highest *braves*. But the other, undermine us, by a fawning *Stratagem*: and if we be *Enemies*, they make us lay down our *Weapons*, and rake up *Love*. Thus the *Macedonian* proved himself a better *Physician*

for calumny by his *bounties*; than his *Philosophers*, by their *gray advisements*. They make of an *Enemy*, a *Subject*; of a *Subject*, a *Sonne*. A *Crowne* is safer kept by *benefits*, than *Armes*. *Melius beneficiis Imperium custoditur quam Armis*. The golden *Sword* can conquer more than *steel ones*: and when *these* shall cause a *louder cry*, that shall silence the *barking tongue*. There is nothing addes so much to the *greatnesse* of a *King*, as that he hath wherewith to make *friends* at his pleasure. Yet even in this, he playes but the *Royall Merchant*, that putting no condition in his *Bargain*, is dealt with in the same way: so for a *petty benefit*, he often gets an *inestimable friend*. For, *Benefits* binding up our *bodies*, take away our *souls* for the *giver*. I know not that I am ever sadder, than when I am forced to accept *courtesies*, that I cannot require. If ever I should affect *in-justice*, it should be in this, that I might do *courtesies*, and receive none. What a brave height do they flye in, that like *Gods*, can binde all to them, and they be tied to none! But indeed, it is for a *God* alone. How *heroicall* was it in *Alexander Severus*, who used to chide those hee had done nothing for, for not asking? demanding of them, if they thought it fit, he should be still in their *debt*: or that they should have cause to *com-plain* of him when he was gone. Certainly, as it is a *transcending happinesse* to be able to *shine* to all; so, I must reckon it one of the *greatest miseries* upon *earth*, wholly to depend upon *others favours*: and a next to this, is to *receive* them. They are *graines* cast into *rich ground*, which makes it selfe
sterile.

sterile, by yeelding such a *large increase*. *Gifts* are the greatest *Usury*: because a twofold *retribution* is an *urged effect*, that a *Noble nature* prompts us to. And surely, if the *generous man* considers, hee shall finde he payes not so much for any thing, as hee does for what is given him. I would not if I could, receive *favours* of my *friends*, unlesse I could re-render them. If I must, I will ever have a *ready minde*, though my *hand* bee shortned. As I thinke there be many, will not have all they may: So I think there are few, can require all they have: and none, but sometimes must receive some. *God* hath made none *Absolute*. The *Rich* depends upon the *Poore*, as well as does the *Poore* on him. The *World* is but a more *magnificent building*: all the *stones* are gradually *concremented*, and there is none that subsisteth alone.



LXVI.

Of a Mans self.

WEe ever carry our greatest enemy within us. There was never a sounder *truth*, than *Nemo laeditur nisi à seip'o*. Had we the true reynes of our owne *passions* and *affections*, our *ward occasions* might exercise our *vertues*, but not injure them. There is a way to be *wise* and *good*, in spite of *occasions*. We go abroad, and fondly complaine, that we meet with *wrongs*; as if we could crosse the *Proverbe*, and prove, that they may be offered to a
missing

willing preparednesse. Others cannot draw us into
inconveniencies, if we helpe not our selves forward.
 'Tis our *inside* that undoes us. Therefore saies *Ma-*
chiavilli, *A Prince ought to know the tempers of men,*
that he may fit them with baits, and winde them to his
oane ends. A *Cartezan* cannot hurt thee, unlesse
 there lyes a *Letcher* in thy heart. When men plot
 upon us, to *intrap* and *snare* us, they do but second
 our *inclinations:* and if they did not see a kinde
 of *inviteement* from our selves, they would never
 dare to begin. When *Cyrus* besought the *Lace-*
demonians to enter league with him, rather than
Artaxerxes: hee onely tels them, he had a *greater*
heart than his *Brother,* and could beare his *drinke*
 better: For hee knew, they loved men *generous*
 and *hardy:* so by making himselfe like them, he
 thought to winne their *liking.* When men happen
 upon things that go against the *Genius* of the
minde, then they worke in vaine: but when others
flatteries shall joyne with the *great flatterer* a mans
selfe; hee is then in the way to be wrought upon.
 'Tis sure, there is sometimes a *selfe constancy,* that
 is not *remptrable.* In *Athens* there may be one *Pho-*
cion, to refuse the gold of *Harpalus* and *Alexander.*
 But this indeed is rare, and worthy his magnifying
Nil magnum in rebus humanis, nisi animus magna de-
spiciens. Otherwise, it is we onely, that ruine our
 selves: if not *totally,* yet *primarily.* If wee doe *ill*
compulsively, we are cleered by the *violence.* In the
 judgement of an *upright soule,* a man is not *guilty* of
 that which he cannot *avoid,* (I meane, in *civill mat-*
ters.) There is no *mischiefe* that we fall into but
 that

that we our selves are at least a *coadjutive cause*, and do helpe to further the *thing*. A mans *owne heart* is as arch a *Traitor*, as any he shall meet withall: wee *trust* it too much, and *know* it too little: and while wee thinke it *sure-footed*, it *slides*, and does *deceive* us. That we are the *Authors* of our *owne ill*, the *successes* will tell us: For, *conscience* is alwayes *just*, and will not chide us wrongfully: and when we have done an *ill*, though by *others procurement*, yet shee rates us even to a *loathing* of our selves. Sayes the *Comicke*,

— *Si iam aderit tempus, cum se etiam
ipse oderit.*

The day will come, when he shall hate himself.

The wise man should ever therefore keep a double *watch*; one to keepe his *heart* from *extravagancies* the other, to keepe the *Enemy* from *approaches*. *Occasion*, and our *Nature*, are like two *inordinate Lovers*: they seldome *meet*, but they *sinne* together. If we keep them asunder, the *harme* is prevented: or if they do meet, and the heart consent not, I am in some doubt, whether the *offence* be *punishable*, though the *act* be committed. It is no fault in the *true man*, to let the *Thefe* have his *purse*, when hee can do no other. In the old *Law*, the *ravished woman* was to bee freed: for, sayes the *Text*, *There is in her no cause of Death. Qui volens iniuste agit, malus est: qui vero ex necessitate, non dico prorsus malum.* 'Tis not the *necessitated*, but the *willing ill* that *flaies*.

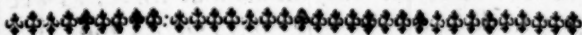
staines. Even *Actuall* sinnes have so farre dependencie on the *hearts approbation*, as *that* alone can *visit* or *excuse the Act*. While we keepe *that* steddy, our *Enemies* can much lesse hurt us. The reason is, it is not in *Man* to compell it. The *minde* of *man*, from *man*, is not capable of a *violation*: and who then can I taxe for mine owne *yeelding*, but *my selfe*? No man hath power over my *minde*, unlesse I *my selfe* doe give it him. So that this I shall thinke certainly; *No man falls by free action, but is faulty in something*: at least by some *circumstance*, though in excusable in the most, & most important. I know, *calumny* and *conjecture* may injure *Innocence* it selfe. In matter of *censure*, nothing but a certaine knowledge, should make us give a certaine *Judgement*. *Fame* and *Ayre* are both too weake foundations for *unspotted Truth* to build on: onely *deedes* are lyable to the *downe-right Taxe*: Because they carry the *heart* along: which in every *action* is a *witnesse*, either for or against us. Surely *Man* is his own *Devill*, and does oftentimes tempt himselfe. All the precepts of *moderation* wee meete with, are but given us to beware our *Selves*: and undoubtedly, hee that can doe it, is rising toward *Deity*. Harke but to the *Harpe* of *Horace*.

*Latius regnes, avidum domando
Spiritus, quam si Libyam remotis
Gadibus jungas, & uterq; Pænus
serviat uni:*

By

By curbing thy insatiate minde,
 Thou shalt sway more, than couldst thou binde
 Farre *Spaine* to *Libya*: or to thee
 cause either *Carthage* subject be.

One eye I will sure have for *without*; the other I
 will hold *within* mee: and lest I see not enough
 with that, it shall ever be my *prayer*, that I may be
 delivered from *my selfe*. *A me me salva Domine!*
 shall be one *petition* I will adde to the *Letany* of
 my *beseechings*.



LXVII.

Of the worst kinde of perfidie.

THe *Dead*, the *Absent*, the *Innocent*, and him
 that trusts me, I will never deceive willingly.
 To all these we owe a *Nobler Justice*; in that they
 are the most certain trials of *humane equity*. As that
Griefe is the truest, which is without a *witnesse*; so
 is that *honesty* best, which is for it selfe, without
hope of reward, or *fear of punishment*. Those *vertues*
 that are *sincere* do value *applause* the least. 'Tis
 when we are conscious of some *internall defect*, that
 wee look out for *others approbations*. Certainly,
 the *world* cannot tempt the man that is *truly honest*.
 And he is certainly a *true man*, that will not *steale*,
 when hee may, without being *impeached*. The
 two first are hindered, that they cannot tax my
injury; and *deceit* to them is not without *cowardice*,
 throwing

throwing *Nature* into the lowest degree of *baseness*. To wrong the third, is *savage*, and comes from the *Beast*, not *Man*. It was an *Art* like *Nature* in *Xenocrates*, when the pursued *Sparrow* flew into his bosome, to *cherish*, and *dismiss* it. How black a *heart* is that, which can give a *stabbe*, for the *innocent smiles* of an *Infant*? Surely *Innocence* is of that *pursty*, that it hath more of the *God* in it, than any other *quality*; it intimates a freedom from *generall Vice*. And this is it, which makes the *injury* to it so detestable: and sometimes gives the *owners* a divine and miraculous force: as wee may reade in the *Turkish Story*, of a *Childe* that strooke an *intending Murderer* into a *swoun*, with offering to imbrace him. The *last* I cannot defraud without *ingratitude*; which is the very *lees* of *Vice*: and makes my *offence* so much the *greater*, by how much he was *kinder*, in making me *master of himself*. Assuredly, as *Nature* hath endued *man* with a more earnest *desire* to do right to these; because a *true performance* doth in these *things* most magnifie him: so she hath made the contrary appear the most *odious*: because they are breaches that most destroy *humanity*. It came from him that had but *Nature*, *Cicero*: *Perditissimi est hominis, fallere eum, qui laesus non esset, nisi credidisset. Nemo* but the most villanous man, will deceive him that had been *safe*, but for *trusting*.

Against



LXVIII.

Against Insultation.

IT cannot bee safe to insult over any. As there is no *creature* so little, but may do us a mischief: so is no *Man* so low, but may occasion our smart. The *Spider* can *imposson*, the *Ant* can *sting*, even the *Fly* can *trouble our patience*. Into all *sensitive Creatures*, *Nature* hath put a kind of *vindictive justice*; that in some measure they are able to return an *Injury*. If they doe not alwayes, 'tis onely because they are not *able*. *Man* hath both a more *able*, and more *impatient soule*: and though *reason* teaches him not to be *furiose*, yet with all, it teaches him not to bee *dull*. Extremities of *Injury* often awake extremities of *Revenge*: especially, if we meet with *contempt* from others, or find *despaire* in our selves: for *Despaire* makes a *Coward bold* and *daring*. Nor stands it but with *reason*, that a *strong patience* urged beyond it selfe, should turne into the *strongest rage*. The *Bow* that is hardest to bend, sends out an *Arrow* with most *force*. Neglect an *Enemy*, but *contemne* him not. *Disdain* will banish *Patience*, and bring in *fury*: which is many times a *greater Lord*, than hee that rules a *Kingdome*. *Contempt* unb-idles *fear*, and makes us both to *kill*, to *dare*, and to *execute*. So *Lipsius* has it, *Contemptus excutit timoris frenum, & efficit, ut non velis solum, sed audeas & tentes*. It is not good too farre to pursue

sue a *Victory*. *Sigismund* said true, *He hath conquer'd well, that hath made his Enemies flie*: wee may beat them to a desperate resistance, that may ruine us. He is the wrong way high, that scorns a man belowe him, for his *lowlinesse*. They are but puffed mindes, that bubble thus above *Inferiours*. We see 'tis the froth onely, that gets to the top of the Water. *Man* cannot be so much above *Man*, as that his difference should legitimate his *scorne*. Thou knowest not what may shew it selfe, when thy *Contempt* awakes the *Lyon* of a *sleeping minde*. All *disdain* but that of *Vice*, detracteth from the worth of *Man*. *Greatnesse* in any man, makes not his *Injury* more lawfull, but more great. And as hee that suffers, thinks his *disgrace* more noted for the others *Eminency*: so he thinks his owne *honour* will be the more, when hee hath accomplisht his *Revenge*: whereby in some kinde, hee hath raised himselfe to be his *Superiours* equall. *Man* is *Animal generosissimum*: and though he be content to subiect himselfe to anothers *commands*, yet he will not endure his *braves*. A lash given to the Soule, will provoke more, than the *Bodies* cruell torture. *Derision* makes the *Peasant* brave the *Prince*. When *Augustus* saw one like himselfe, and ask'd him in a *scoffe*, if his *Mother* were never at *Rome*: The *Boy* answers, *No*; but his *Father* was. When *Julian* in a *mock*, ask'd the reverend and aged, blinde *Ignatius*, why he went not into *Galile*, to recover his sight: sayes he, *I am contentedly blinde, that I may not see such a Tyrant as thou art*. Wee are all here fellow-servants: and we know not how our grand *Master* will brooke *Insolencies*.

lencies in his *Family*. How darest thou, that art but a *piece of Earth*, that *Heaven* has blowne into, presume thy self, into the *impudent usurpation* of a *Majesty unshaken*? Thou canst not sit upon so high a *Cog*, but may with *turning*, prove the *lowest* in the *wheel*: and therefore thou mayest thinke, the *measure* that thou wouldst then have given *me*. If wee have *Enemies*; 'tis better we deserve to have their *friendship*, than either to *despise*, or *irritate* them. No mans *weaknesse* shall occasion my *greater weaknesse*, in *proudly contemning* him. Our *bodies* our *Souls* have both the like originall *composure*: If I have any thing beyond him, 'tis not my *goodnesse*, but *Gods*: and he by *time* and *means*, may have as much, or more. Take us alone, and we are but *Twinn*es of *Nature*. Why should any despise another, because he is better furnisht with *that* which is none of his own.



LXIX.

Of Assimilation.

THorow the *whole World* this holds in generall, and is the end of *all*; That every thing labours to make the thing it meets with, *like it selfe*. *Fire* converts all to *fire*. *Ayre* exiccates and drawes to it *self*. *Water moistens*, and resolveth what it meets withall. *Earth* changeth all that we commit to her, to her *owne nature*. The *World* is all *vicissitude* and *conversion*. Nor is it onely true in *Materials* and

Substances; but even in *Spirits*, in *Incorporeals*; nay, in these there is more *apiness*; they mixe more *subtily*, and passe into one another with a *nimbler glide*. So wee see *infection* sooner taken by *breath* than *contaction*: and thus it is in *dispositions* too: The *Souldier* labours to make his *Companion* *valiant*. The *Scholler* endeavours to have his *Friend* *learned*. The *bad Man* would have his *company* like himselfe. And the *good Man* strives to frame others *vertuous*. Every Man will be busie in dispensing that *quality*, which is predominant in him. Whence this *Caveat* may well become us, to beware both whom and what we chuse to live with. all. We can converse with nothing, but will work upon us; and by the unperceived stealth of *time*, assimilate us to it selfe. The choice therefore of a mans *Company*, is one of the most weighty *Affions* of our *lives*: For, our future well or ill being, depends on that *Election*. If wee chuse *ill*, every day declines us to *worse*: wee have a perpetuall *weight* hanging on us, that is ever sinking us down to *Vice*. By living under *Pharaoh*, how quickly *Joseph* learned the *Courtship* of an *Oath*! *Italy* builds a *Villaine*: *Spaine* *superbiates*: *Germany* makes a *Drunkard*: and *Venice*, a *Lecher*. But if we chuse well, we have a *hand of Verine*, gently lifting us to a continuall *rising Noblenesse*. *Antisthenes* used to wonder at those, that were curious in buying but an *earthen Dish*, to see that it had no *crackes*, nor *inconveniencies*, and yet would be carelesse in the choyce of *Friends*; to take them with the flaws of *Vice*. Surely, a mans *Companion* is a second *Genius*,

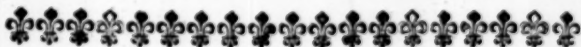
nin, to sway him to the *white*, or *bad*. A good *Man* is like to the *day*, enlightning and warming all he shines on, and is alwayes raising upward, to a *region* of more constant *purity*, than that wherein it finds the *Object*. The *bad Man* is like the *night*, darke, obtruding *fears*, and dimitting unwholsome *vapours*, upon all that rest beneath. *Nature* is so farre from making any thing absolutely *idle*, that even to *stones*, and dullest *Meddals*, she hath given an *operation*: they grow, and spread, in our generall *mothers veines*: and by a cunning way of *incroachment*, coozen the *Earth* of it selfe: and when they meet a Brother'd Constitution, they then *unite* and *fortifie*. Hence grows the *height of friendship*, when two *familiar* souls shall blend in their *commixions*. This causes, that we seldome see different *dispositions* be entirely *loving*.

*Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocos:
Sedatum celeres, agilem, gnavumque remissi:
Potores Bibuli media de nocte Falerni,
Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula. —*

Sad men hate mirth: the pleasant *sadnesse* shun:
Swift men, the *slow*; the *lothfull* those that run.
Who drinks at midnight, old *Falernian Wine*,
Scorns him that will not take his *Cups*. —

It is *likenesse* that makes the true-love-knot of *Friendship*. When we finde another of our owne *disposition*, what is it, but the *same soul*, in a *divided body*? What finde we, but our selves intermutually *transposed*,

posed, each into other? and *Nature*, that makes us love our selves, makes us with the same reason, love those that are like us. For this, is a *Friend* a more sacred name than a *Brother*. What avails it to have the *bodies* from the same *Originall*, when the *soules* within them differ? I beleeve, that the *applause* which the *Ancients* gave to equall friendship, was to bee understood of the likenesse of *mindes*, rather than of *estate*, or *yeeres*: for we finde no *season*, nor no *degree* of *Man*, but hath beene happy with this *Sun* of the *World*, *Friendship*: Whereas in *jarring dispositions*, we never as yet found it true. Nay, I thinke, if the *mindes* bee *consonant*, the best friendship is betweene *different fortunes*. Hee that is *low*, lookes *upward* with a greater *loving reverence*: and he that is *high*, lookes *downward* more *affectionately*, when he takes it to be for his *honour*, to favour his *Inferiour*, whom he cannot chuse but love the more for *magnifying him*. Something I would looke to *outwards*; but in a *friend*, I would especially chuse him full of *worth*, that if I be not so my *selfe*, hee yet may work me like him. So for *company*, *Books*, or whatsoever, I would, if I have *freedome*, chuse the *best*: though at first I should not fancy them, *continuall use* will alter me, and then I shall gain by their *graces*. If *judgement* direct me right in my *choise*, *custome* winning upon my *will*, will never fail in time to draw that after it.



LXXI.

Of Poets and Poetry.

SVrely he was a little *wanton* with his *leisure*, that first invented *Poetry*. 'Tis but a *Play*, which makes *words dance*, in the evennesse of a *Cadency*: yet without doubt, being a *harmony*, it is neerer to the *minde* than *Prose*: for that it selfe is a *harmony* in height. But the *Words* being rather the *droffy part*, *Conceit* I take to be the *principall*. And here though it disgresseth from *Truth*, it flies above her, making her more rare, by giving *curious rayment* to her *nakednesse*. The *Name* the *Grecians* gave the men that wrote thus, shew'd how much they honoured it: they call'd them *Makers*. And had some of them had power to put their *Conceits* in *Act*, how neere would they have come to *Deity*? And for the *vertues* of men; they rest not on the bare *demeanour*, but slide into *imagination*. so proposing things above us, they kindle the *Reader* to *wonder* and *imitation*. And certainly, *Poets* that write thus, *Plato* never meant to banish. His own *practice* shewes, he excluded not *all*. He was content to heare *Antimachus* recite his *Poem*, when all the *Herd* had left him: and he himselfe wrote both *Tragedies*, and others *pieces*. Perhaps he found them a little too busie with his *gods*: & he being the first that made *Philosophy Divine*, and *Rationall*, was *modest* in his owne *beginnings*. Another *Name* they

had of *honour* too, and that was *Vates*. Nor know I how to distinguish betweene the *Prophets* and *Poets* of *Israel*: What is *Jeremies Lamentation*, but a kinde of *Saphicke Elegie*? *Dauids Psalmes* are not onely *Poems*; but *Songs*, *Snatches*, and *Raptures* of a *flaming Spirit*. And this indeed I observe to the *honour* of *Poets*; I never found them *covetous*, or *scrappingly base*. The *Iewes* had not two such *Kings* in all their *Catalogue*, as *Solomon*, and his *Father*; *Poets* both. There is a largeness in their *Soules*, beyond the narrowness of other men: and why may we not then thinke, this may imbrace more, both of *heaven*, and *God*? I cannot but conjecture this to bee the reason, that they, most of them are *poore*: They finde their mindes so solaced with their owne flights, that they neglect the study of *growing rich*: and this, I confesse againe, I thinke, turnes them to *vices*, and *unmanly courses*. Besides, they are for the most part, mighty lovers of their *pallases*; and this is knowne an *impoverisher*. *Antigonus*, in the *Tented Field*, found *Antagoras* cooking of a *Conger* himselfe. And they all are friends to the *Grape* and *Liquor*: though I think many, more out of a *ductible Nature*, and their love to *pleasant Company*, than their affection to the *juice* alone. They are all of *free Natures*; and are the truest *Definition* of that *Philosophers man*, which gives him, *animalisibile*. Their grossest fault is, that you may conclude them *sensuall*: yet this does not touch them all. *Ingenious* for the most part they are. I know there be some *Riming fooles*; but what have they to do with *Poetry*? When *Salust* would tell

tell us, that *Sempronia's* wit was not ill; gives hee,
 ——— *Potuit Versus facere, & jocum movere*: Shee
 could make a *Vers*e, and breake a *Fest*. Something
 there is in it, more than ordinary: in that it is all
 in such *measured Language*, as may be mari'd by
reading. I laugh heartily at *Philoxenus* his *lest*, who
 passing by, and hearing some *Masons*, mis-sensing
 his *lines*, (with their ignorant sawing of them)
 falls to breaking their *Bricks* amaine: They aske
 the *cause*, and hee replies, They spoyle *his worke*,
 and he *theirs*. Certainly, a *worthy Poet* is so farre
 from being a *foole*, that there is some *wit* required
 in him that shall bee able to *reade* him well: and
 without the *true accent*, *numbered Poetry* does lose
 of the *glosse*. It was a *speech* becoming an able *Poet*
 of our owne, when a *Lord* read his *Verses* crookedly,
 and he beseecht his *Lordship* not to murder him in
 his *owne lines*. He that speaks *false Latin*, breakes
Priscians head: but he that repeats a *Vers*e ill, puts
Homer out of *joynt*. One thing commends it be-
 yond *Oratory*: it ever *complieth* to the sharpest
Judgements. He is the best *Orator* that pleaseth all;
 even the *Crowd* and *Clownes*. But *Poetry* would be
poore, that they should all approve of. If the *Learn-*
ed and *Judicious* like it, let the *Throng* bray. These,
 when 'tis best, will like it the least. So, they con-
 temne what they *understand not*: and the *neglected*
Poet falls by *want*. *Calphurnius* makes one com-
 plain the *misfortune*.

Frangere puer calamos, & inanes desere Musas:
Et potius glandes, rubicundaq; collige corna.

*Duc ad multa greges, & lac venale per Urbem
Non tacitus porta: Quid enim tibi Fistula reddet.
Quo tutere famem? certe, mea carmina nexio
Præter ab his Scopulis ventosa remurmurat Eccho.*

Boys, break thy pipes, leave, leave thy fruitlesse Muse:
Rather the Mast, and blood-red Cornill chuse.
Goe lead thy Flocks to milking; sell and cry
Milke through the City: What can Learning buy,
To keepe backe hunger? None my Verses minde,
But Eccho babbling from these Rockes and Winde.

Two things are commonly blamed in Poetry: nay, you take away *That*, if *Them*: and these are *Lyes*, and *flatteries*. But I have told them in the worst words: For, 'tis onely to the shallow insight that they appeare thus. *Truth* may dwell more cleere-ly in an *Allegory*, or a *moral'd Fable*, than in a bare *Narration*. And for *Flattery*, no man will take *Poetry* *literall*: since in *commendations*, it rather shewes what men *should be*, than what they are. If this were not, it would appeare *uncomely*. But wee all know, *Hyperbole's* in *Poetry*, doe beare a decency, nay a grace along with them. The greatest danger that I find in it, is, that it *wantons* the *Blood*, and *Imagination*; as carrying a man in too high a *Delight*. To prevent these, let the wise Poet strive to bee *modest* in his *Lines*. First, that he *dash* not the *Gods*: next, that hee injure not *Chastity*, nor corrupt the *Eare* with *Lasciviousnesse*. When these are declined, I thinke a grave Poem the deepest kinde of *writing*. It wings the Soule up higher than

than the *slack* pace of *Prose*. *Flashes* that doe follow the *Cup*, I feare me, are too *spritely* to be *solid*: they run smartly upon the *loose*, for a *Distance* or two; but then being *foule*, they give in, and *tyre*. I confesse, I love the *sober Muse*, and *fasting*: From the other, *matter* cannot come so cleere, but that it will be misted with the *fumes* of *Wine*. *Long Poetry* some cannot be friends withall: and indeed, it palles upon the reading. The wittiest *Poets* have beene all *short*, and changing soone their *Subiect*; as *Horace*, *Martiall*, *Juvenall*, *Seneca*, and the two *Comedians*. *Poetry* should be rather like a *Coranto*, *short*, and *nimbly-lofty*; than a dull *Lesson*, of a day long. Nor can it but bee *deadish*, if *distended*: For, when 'tis *right*, it centers *Conceit*, and takes but the *spirit* of *things*: and therefore *foolish Poesy* is of all *writing* the *most ridiculous*. When a *Goose dances*, and a *Foole versifies*, there is sport alike. He is twice an *Ass* that is a *riming one*. He is sometime the *lesse anwise*, that is *unwise*, but in *Prose*. If the *Subject* bee *History*, or *contexted Fable*, then I hold it better put in *Prose*, or *Blankes*: for *ordinary discourse* never shewes so well in *Meeter*, as in the *straine* that it may seeme to be spoken in: the *commendation* is, to doe it to the *life*: Nor is this any other than *poetry* in *Prose*. Surely, though the *World* thinke not so, hee his happy to himselfe, that can play the *Poet*. He shall vent his *passions* by his *Pen*, and ease his *heart* of their weight: and hee shall offer raise himselfe a joy in his *raptures*, which no man can perceive but *hee*. Sure, *Ovid* found a *pleasure* in't, even when hee writ his *Tristia*. It
 gently

gently delivers the *minde* of *distempers*; and works the thoughts to a *sweetnesse*, in their *searching conceit*. I would not love it for a *Profession*: and I would not want it for a *Recreation*. I can make my self *harmlesse*, nay, *amending Mirth* with it; while I should perhaps be trying of a *worsir Pastime*. And this I beleeve in it further, *Unlesse conversation* corrupts his *easinesse*, it lifts a man to *Noblenesse*; and is never in any *rightly*, but it makes him of a *Royall* and *capacious Soul*.



LXXII.

Of Fear and Cowardice.

They that are made of *fearfull dispositions*, of all others, may seem the least beholding to *Nature*. I know not any thing, wherein they can be more *unfortunate*. They enjoy nothing without a *frighted minde*; no, nor so much as their *sleeps*. They doubt what they *have done*, lest it may *hurt* them; they *tremble* at the *present*; and *miseries* that but *may come*, they *anticipate*, and send for, and inferre in a more *horrid habit*, than any *Enemy* can devise to put them in. Nay, it were well, if they did but *fear more miseries*, than the *bolder people*: But it plaicely appeares, that the *Coward* really *meetes more dangers*, than the *valiant man*. Every *lose Nature* will be ready to offer *injuries*, where they, thinke they will not be *repaid*. He will many times *beat* a *Coward*, that would not dare to strike him, if

if he thought him *valiant*, When the *Passenger* gallops by, as if his *fear* made him *speedy*; the *Curre* follows him with an open mouth, and *swift-nesse*: let him *walk* by, in a *confident neglect*; and the *Dogge* will never stirre at him. Surely, 'tis a *weak-nesse*, that every *Creature* (by a native instinct) takes advantage of: and *Cowards* have *soules* of a *coarser mixture*, than the common *spirits* of *Men*. *Evils* that must bee, they meet with before their *time*: as if they strived to make themselves *miserable*, sooner, than *God* appointed them. *Evils* that are but *probable*, they *ascertain*. They that by an even *poize*, might sit safe in a *Boat* on a rough *Sea*, by rising up to avoid *drowning*, are *drowned*. For this is sure; It coozens the *weake minde* infinitely both in making of her *falsely* beleieve, shee may avoyde dangers by *flying*, and in *counterfeting* whatsoever is *ill*. All *diseases* are belyed by *fear*, and *conceit*: and wee know some, out of *fear* of *Death*, have dy'd. In a *Battell* wee see the *valiant man* escapes oft safe, by a *constant* keeping his *rank*; when the *Coward*, shifiting dangers, runnes by *avoiding one*, in o the severall *walkes* of many, *Multos in summa pericula, misit venturi timor ipse mali*. Certainly, I have studied in *vaine*, in thinking what a *Coward* may be good for. I never heard of any *Art* becoming *vertue*, that e'er came from any. All the *Noble deeds* that have bear their *Marches* thorow succeeding *Ages*, have all proceeded from *men of courage*. And I beleieve many times, their *confidence* kept them safe. An *unappalled* look does daunt a base *attempter*. And oftentimes, if a

Man

Man has nothing but a *courageous eye*, it protects him. The *brave soule* knowes no *trembling Caesar* spake like *Caesar*, when hee bade the *Mariners* feare nothing; for they carryed him and his *Fortunes*. And indeed *Valour* casts a kinde of *Honour* upon *God*; in that wee shew that wee beleewe his *goodnesse*, while we trust our selves in *danger*, upon his care onely: Whereas the *coward* eclipses his sufficiency, by *unworthily doubting*, that *God* will not bring him off. So *unjustly* accusing either his *power*, or his *will*, hee would make himselfe his owne *Saviour*, and becomes his owne *confounder*. For when man mistrusts *God*, 'tis just with *God* to leave *Man*. *Marcus Antonius* would not *believe*, that *Avidius Crassus* could ever have *deposed him*: and his *reason* was, The *Gods* had greater care of him, than to let *Crassus* wrong him undeservedly. And this *winning* him love, establisht him: whereas, *Feare* on the other side *frustrates* a sufficient *defence*. *Themistocles* compar'd a *Coward* to the *Sword-fish*, which hath a *neapon*, but wants a *heart*. And then what use can the *quaking hand* put it to? Nay, when hee may flye, *cowardice* hinders him from playing the *coward*: He would runne away, and *feare* arrests him with a senselesse *amazement*, that *betrayes* him, to the pursuit of his *fees*. No armour can *defend* a fearefull *heart*. It will kill it selfe within. *Cleomenes* was so farre out of *charity* with this *pale passion*, as the *spoyle* he wanne from *Cowards*, he would neither *sacrifice* to the *Gods*, nor let the *Lacedemonian Youth* behold them. There are two *miseries*, for which it is famous beyond all other

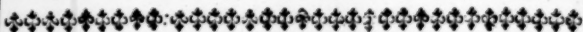
ther *passions*. *Love*, *Anger*, *Sorrow*, and the like, are but for a *time*, and then over: but this is *perpetuall*: A *disease* of a *life* long, which every day *slaves* a man to whatsoever ill hee meetes with. It *vassail*es him to the *world*, to *beasts*, and *men*. And like a *furly Tyrant*, inforceth whatsoere it proposeth. For this, does *Martiall* Epigram upon it.

*Quid si me Tonsor cum stricla novacula supra est,
Tunc libertatem, Divitiasque roget?
Promittam; nec enim rogat illo tempore Tonsor,
Latro rogat. Res est imperiosa, Timor.*

Suppose my *Barber*, when his *Razor's* nigh
My *threat*, should then ask *wealth* and *liberty*;
I'd promise sure. The *Barber* asks not this,
No, 'tis a *thief*, and *Fear* imperious is.

Next, whereas other *passions* are grounded upon things that are, as *Envy* upon *happinesse*, *Rage* upon *Injury*, *Love* upon *Beauty*, and so the rest. This is as well upon things that are not: It coyne *mischiefes* that neither be, nor can be. Thus having no *object* to bound it, it runnes in *infinitum*, and cannot be secured by any *condition* of *life*. Let the *Coward* have a guard, and he *fears* that: Let him have none, and he will *fear* for want of it. I have knowne some as *happy* as the *world* could make them; and their owne needlesse *fears*, have made their *lives* more *sowre*, than his that hath beene *freighted* in all. I have pittied them; to thinke that a *weake*, *vexati-*
ous,

ous, and unprofitable passion should quite ruine the blessings of a fair *estate*. Some things I may doubt, and endeavour to *shunne*: but I would never feare them to a *servility*. If I can keep but *reason* Lord, *fear* will serve, and *benefit* me: but when that gets the *Throne*, it will domineer *insultingly*. Let me rather have a minde *confident*, and *undaunted* with some *troubles*; than a *Pulse* still beating *fear* in the flush of *Prosperity*.



LXXII.

*That Man is neither happy, nor miserable,
but by comparison.*

THere is not in this *world*, either perfect *mifery*, or perfect *happinisse*. *Comparison* more than *Really*, makes men happy, and can make them *wretched*. What should we account *miserable*, if we did not lay it in the *ballance* with some thing, that hath more *felicity*? If we saw not some men *vaulting*, in the gay trimme of *Honour*, and *Greatnesse*, we should never thinke a *poore estate* so *lamentable*. Were all the *world* ugly, *Deformity* would bee no *Monster*. In those *Countreys* where all go *naked*, they neither *shame* at their being *uncovered*, nor *complaine* that they are expos'd to the *violence* of the *Sun*, and *Windes*. 'Tis without doubt, our eyes *gazing* at others above, cast us into a *shade*, which before that time, wee met not with. Whatsoever is not *paine*, or *sufferance*, might well be borne without

without *grumbling*: did not other *objects* fuller of *contentednesse*, draw away our *Souls* from that we have, to those things which we see, wee have not. 'Tis *Envy*, and *Ambition* that makes us farre more *miserable*, than the constitution which our *liberall Nature* hath allotted us. Many never finde themselves in *want*, till they have *discovered* the *abundance* of some others. And many againe, doe beare their *want* with ease, when they finde others belowe themselves in *happinesse*. It was an answer bewraying a *Philosopher*, which *Thales* gave to one, that asked him how *Adversity* might best bee borne? By seeing our *Enemies* in worse estate than our *selves*. Wee picke our owne *sorrows*, out of the *joyes* of other men: and out of their *sorrows* likewise, wee assume our *joyes*. When I see the *toyling Labourer* sweat thorow both his *skinner*, yet can scarce get so much, as his *importunate belly* consumes him; I then looke upon my selfe with *gladnesse*. But when I eye the *Distributors* of the *Earth*, in their *royalty*: when I think of *Nero* in his *Journey*, with his thousand *chariots*, and his *Mules* all shod with *silver*; then what a poore *Atome* do I count my *selfe*, compar'd with these huge *piles* of *State*?

*Tolle felices, remove eto multo
Divites auro, remove eto centum
Rura qui scindant epulenta bobus,
Pauperi surgent animi jacentes.
Est miser nemo, nisi comparatus.*

Void

RESOLVES.

*Void the blest, and him that flows
 With weighty gold, and firy Ploughes
 Furrowing wealthy pastures goes ;
 Poore minds then will spring. For none
 Is poore but by comparison.*

It was *comparison*, that first kindled the fire to burn Troy withall. Give it to the fairest, was it, which jar'd the Goddeses. *Paris* might have given the Ball with lesse offence, had it not beene so inscribed. Surely, *Juno* was content with her beauty, till the Trojan Youth cast her, by advancing *Venus*. The Roman Dame complained not of her Husbands breath, while shee knew no kisse, but his. While we spy no joyes above our owne, we in quiet count them blessings. Wee see, even a few companions can lighten our miseries: by which we may guesse the effect of a generality. Blacknesse, a flat Nose, thicke lippes, and goggle Eyes, are beauties, where nor shapes nor colours differ. He is much impatient, that refuseth the generall Lot. For my selfe, I will reckon that misery, which I finde hurts me in my selfe; nor that which comming from another, I may avoyd, if I will. Let me examine whether that I enjoy, bee not enough to felicitate mee, if I stay at home. If it be, I would not have anothers better fortune, put me out of conceit with my own. In outward things, I will look to those which are beneath me; that if I must build my selfe out of others, I may rather raise content than murmur. But for accomplishment of the minde, I will ever fixe on those above me: that I may, out of an honest emulation,

lation, mend my selfe, by continuall striving to imitate their Noblenesse.



LXXIII.

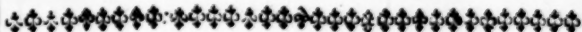
Of Pride and Choler.

THe *Proud man* and the *Cholerick*, seldom arrive at any height of *vertue*. *Pride* is the *choler* of the *minde*; and *choler* is the *pride* of the *Body*. They are sometimes borne to good parts of *Nature*, but they rarely are known to adde by *industry*. 'Tis the milde and suffering *disposition*, that oftenest doth attaine to *Eminency*. *Temper* and *Humility* are advantageous *Vertues*, for businessse, and to rise by. *Pride* and *Choler* make such a noise, that they awake *dangers*; which the other with a soft tread, steals by undiscovered. They swell a man so much, that he is too bigge to passe the narrow way. *Temper* and *Humility*, are like the *Foxe* when he went into the *Garner*; he could creep in at a little hole, and arrive at *plenty*. *Pride* and *Choler* are like the *Foxe* offering to go out, when his *Belly* was full; which enlarging him bigger than the *passage* made him stay and bee taken with *shame*. They that would come to *preferment* by *Pride*, are like them that ascend a paire of *stairs* on *horseback*; 'tis ten to one, but both their *Beasts* will cast them ere they come to tread their *Chamber*. The *minde*s of *proud men*, have not that cleernesse of discerning, which should make them judge aright of
O them

Q

themselves, and others. 'Tis an uncharitable *vice*, which teaches men how to *neglect* and *contemne*. So depressing others, it seeketh to raise it selfe: and by this *depression* angers them, that they *bandy* against it, till it meets with the *losse*. One thing it hath more than any *Vice* that I know: It is an *Enemy* to it selfe. The *proud man* cannot indure to see *pride* in another. *Diogenes* trampled *Plato*: though indeed 'tis rare to finde it in *men* so qualified. The maine thing that should mend these two, they want; and that is, the *Reprehension of a Friend*. *Pride* scorns a *Corrector*, and thinks it a *disparagement* to *learne*: and *Choler* admits no *counsell* that *crosses* him; *crossing* angers him, and *anger* *blindes* him. So if ever they heare any *fault*, it must either be from an *Enemy* in *disdain*, or from a *Friend*, that must resolve to lose them by't. *M. Drusus*, the *Tribune* of the *People*, cast the *Consull*, *L. Philippus*, into *prison*, because he did but interrupt him in his speech. Other *dispositions* may have the *benefits* of a *friendly* *monier*; but these by their *vices* do seeme to give a *defiance* to *Counsell*. Since, when men once knew them, they will rather be *silent*, and let them rest in their *folly*, than by *admonishing* them, runne into a *certaine* *Braille*. There is another thing shews them to be both *base*: They are both most *awed* by the most *abject* *passion* of the *minde*, *Feare*. We dare neither be *proud* to one that can *punish* us; nor *cholericke* to one *much* *above* us. But when we have to deale with such, we clad our selves in their *contraries*; as knowing they are habits of more *safety*, and better *liking*. Every man flies from the *burning* house:

house: and one of these hath a *fire* in his *heart*, and the other discovers it in his *face*. In my opinion, there be no *vices* that inroach so much on *Man* as these: They take away his *Reason*, and turne him into a *stone*: and then *Vertue* her selfe cannot boord him, without danger of *defamation*. I would not live like a beast, pusht at by all the world for *lofsinesse*: nor yet like a *waspe*, stinging upon every *touch*. And this moreover shall adde to my mistaking them, that I hold them things accursed, for sowing of *strife* among *Brethren*.



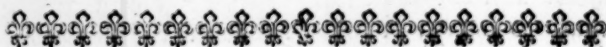
LXXIII.

That great Benefits cause ingratitude.

AS the *deepest hate*, is that which springs from the most *violent Love*; So, the *greatest Discourtesies* oft arise from the *largest favours*. *Benefits* to *good Natures*, can never be so *great*, as to make *thanks* blush in their tendering: but when they be *weighty*, and light on ill ones, they then make their *return* in *Ingratitude*. *Extraordinary favours* make the *giver* hated by the *receiver*, that should love him. *Experience* hath proved, that *Tacitus* wrote *Truth*: *Beneficia usque adeo lata sunt, dum videntur posse exolveri, ubi multum antecedere, pro gratia, odium redditur*. *Benefits* are so long *gratefull*, as we think we can repay them: but when they challenge more, our *thanks* convert to *hate*. It is not good to make men owe us more then they are able to pay: ex-

cept it be for *vertuous deserts*, which may in some sort challenge it. They that have found *transcending courtesies*, for *Offices* that have not been *sound*; as in their first *actions* they have been *strained*; so in their *Progresse* they will prove *ungratefull*: For when they have served their turne of his *benefits*, they seldome see their *Patron* without *thraldome*, which (now by his *gifts* being lifted into happinesse) they grieve to see, and strive to be quit of. And if they be *defensive favours*, for matter of *fact*, they then with their *thraldome*, shew them their *shame*: and this prickes them forward to winde out themselves, though it bee with incurring a *greater*. The *Malefactor* which thou savest, will, if hee can, *condemne* thee. Some have written, that *Cicero* was slaine by one, whom his *Oratory* had defended, when he was accused of his *Fathers murder*. I knew a *French Gentleman* invited by a *Dutch* to his House; and according to the *vice* of that *Nation*, hee was welcom'd so long with *full Cups*, that in the end the *drinke* distemper'd him: and going away, instead of giving him thanks, hee quarrels with his *Host*, and *strikes* him. His *friend* blaming him, he answered, It was his *Hosts* fault, for giving him *liquor* so strong. It pass'd for a jest: but certain, there was something in it more. Men that have been thus beholding to us, thinke wee know too much of their *vilenesse*: and therefore they will rather free themselves by their *Benefactors ruine*; than suffer themselves to be had in so low an *esteeme*. When *kindnesse* are such as hinder *Iustice*, they seldome yeeld a fruit that is *commendable*:

dable: as if *vengeance* followed the *Bestower*, for an injury to *equity*, or for not suffering the *Divine Edicts* to have their due fulfillings. Beware how thou robb'st the *Law* of a *life*, to give it to an *ill-deserving man*. The wrong thou dost to that, is greater than the benefit that thou dost confer upon him. Such *pity* wounds the *publike*, which is often revenged by him thou didst bestow it upon. *Benefits* that are good in themselves, are made ill by their being *mislplaced*. Whatsoever favours thou impartest, let them be to those of *desert*. It will be much for thy *honour*, when by thy *kindnesse*, men shall see that thou affectest *Virtue*: and when thou layest it on one of *worth*, grudge not that thou hast plac'd it there: For, beleeve it, he is much more *Noble* that *deserves* a *benefit*, than hee that bestows one. *Riches*, though they may reward *vertues*, yet they cannot *cause* them. If I shall at any time doe a *courtesie*, and meete with a *neglect*. I shall yet thinke I did *well*, because I did *well intend it*. *Ingratitude* makes the *Author worse*, but the *Benefactor* rather the better. If I shall receive any *kindnesse* from others, I will thinke that I am tyed to *acknowledge*, and also to *return them*, small ones, out of *courtesie*, and great ones out of *duty*. To neglect them, is *inhumanity*, to requite them with ill, *Satanicall*, 'Tis onely in *ranck grounds*, that much rain makes *weeds* spring: where the *soyle* is clean, and well planted, there is the more *fruit* return'd, for the *showres* that did fall upon it.



LXXV.

Of Vertue and Wisdome.

THere are no such guards of safety, as *Vertue* and *Wisdome*. The one secures the *Soule*; the other, the *Estate* and *Body*. The one defends us against the *stroke of the Law*; the other against the *mutability of Fortune*. The *Law* has not power to strike the *vertuous*; nor can *Fortune* subvert the *Wise*. Surely, there is more *Divinity* in them, than wee are aware of: for, if wee consider rightly, we may observe, *Vertue* or *goodnesse* to bee *habitually*, and *Wisdome* the *distributive* or *actually* part of the *Deity*. Thus, all the *Creatures* flowing from these two, they appeared to bee *valde bona*, as in the Text. And the *Sonne of Sirach* couples them more plainly together: for hee sayes, *All the workes of the Lord are exceeding good: and all his Commandements are done in due season*. These onely perfect and defend a man. When unjust *Kings* desire to cut off those they distaste, they first lay *trains* to make them fall into *Vice*: or at least, give out, that their *actions* are already *criminall*: so rob them of their *Vertue*; and then let the *Law* seize them. Otherwise, *Vertues* garment is a *Sanctuary* so sacred, that even *Princes* dare not strike the man that is thus *robed*. 'Tis the *Livery* of the *King of Heaven*: and who dares *arrest* one that weares his *Cloth*? This protects us when wee are unarmed:

and

and is an *Armour* that wee cannot, unlesse wee be false to our selves, lose. *Demetrius* could comfort himselfe with this, that though the *Athenians* demolished his *Statues*, yet they could not extinguish his more *pyramidicall vertues*, which were the cause of raising them. *Phocion* did call it the *Divine Law*, which should be the square of all our *Actions*. *Vertue* is the *Tenure*, by which wee hold of *Heaven*: without this wee are but *Out-lawes*, which cannot claime *protection*. Sure, *Vertue* is a *Defendresse*, and valiants the heart of man. *Horace* reports a wonder, which hee imputes to his integrity.

Innocent and spotlesse hearts
Need not *Moorian* Bow nor Darts:
Quivers cram'd with *poisond shot*,
O *Fusens*, they need not.

Boyling *Sands*, unnavigable,
Scythia's Mount inhospitable,
Media, *Inde*, and *Parthia*, they
Dare passe, without dismay.

For, when I prais'd my *Lalage*,
And carelesse walk'd beyond my way,
A fierce *Wolfe* frome a *Sabine* Wood,
Fled me, when nak'd I stood.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Nō eget Mauri Faculis nec Arcu,

RESOLVES.

*Nec venenat is grævida Sagittis,
Eufce pharetra.*

*Sive per Syrtis inter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.*

*Namq; me sylva Lupus in Sabina,
Dum meum canto Lalagen, & ultra
Terminam curis vagor expeditus,
Eugit inermem.*

If sometimes *Vertue* gives not *freedom*, shee yet gives such *Cordials*, as frolick the heart, in the presse of *adversity*. She beames forth herselfe to the gladding of a bruised soule: and by her light the *dungeon'd-prisoner* dances. Especially she is brave, when her *Sister Wisdome's* with her. I see not but it may be true, that *The Wise man cannot fall*. *Fortune* that the *Ancient* made to rule all, the wisest of the *Ancients* have subjected to *Wisdome*. 'Tis shee that gives us a *Safe Conduct* thorow all the *various casualties of Mortality*. And therefore when *Fortune* means to ruine us, shee flatters us first from this *Altar*: shee cannot hurt us, till we be stript of these *Habiliments*: then shee doth both wound and laugh. 'Tis rare to see a man decline in *Fortune*, that hath not declin'd in *Wisdome* before. It is for the most part true, that,

Stultum facit Fortuna quem vult perdere.

Fortune

Fortune first fooles the Man she means to foile,

She dare not, she cannot hurt us while we continue *wise*. *Discretion* swayes the *Stars*, and *Fate*: for *Wealth*, the *Philosophers foresight* of the scarcity of *oile*, shews it can help in that defect. For *Honour*, how many did it advance in *Athens*, to a renown'd *Authority*? When all is done, The *wise man* only is the cunning'st *Fencer*. No man can either give a blow so soon, or ward himselfe so safely. In two lines has the witty *Horace* sum'm'd him.

Take all; There's but one *Jove* above him. He
Is *Rich*, *Fair*, *Noble*, *King of Kings*, and free.

*Ad summum. Sapiens uno minor est Jove. Dives,
Liber, Honoratus, Pulcher; Rex denique Regum.*

Surely, *God* intended we should value these two above our *lives*; to *live*, is common; to be *wise*, and good particular; and granted but to a few. I see many that wish for *honour*, for *wealth*, for *friends*, for *fame*, for *pleasure*: I desire but these two, *Vertue*, *Wisdom*. I finde not a man that the *World* ever had, so plentifull in all things, as was *Solomon*. Yet we know, his request was but one of these; though indeed it included the other. For without *Vertue*, *Wisdom* is not, or if it be, it is then nothing else, but a cunning way of undoing our selves at the last.

of



LXXVI.

Of Moderation.

Nothing makes *greatnesse* last, like the moderate use of *Authority*. *Haughty* and *violent* *minde*s never *blesse* their *owners* with a *settled* *peace*. Men come down by *domineering*. Hee that is lifted to *sudden preferment*, had need be much more carefull of his *Actions*, than hee that hath *injoy'd* it long. If it be not a *wonder*, it is yet *strange*; and all strangers wee observe more *strictly*, than we doe those that have dwelt among us. Men observe *fresh Authority*, to informe themselves, how to trust. It is good that the advanced *Man* remember to retaine the same *Humility*, that hee had before his *Rise*: and let him looke back, to the good *intentions* that *sojourn'd* with him in his low *estate*. Commonly, wee thinke then of *worthy deeds*, which wee promise our selves to doe, if wee had but *means*. But when that *means* comes, wee forget what wee thought, and *practise* the contrary. Whosoever comes to *place* from a *meane being*, had need have so much more *vertue*; as will make good his want of *Blood*. *Nobility* will *check* at the leape of a *Low man*. *Salust* has observed of *Tully*, when he was spoken of for *Consul*: that, *Pleraque Nobilitas, invidia aestuabat, & quasi pellui Consulatum credebat, si eum, quamvis egregius, homo novus, adeptus foret*. To avoyd this, it is good to be just and plausible.

A round heart will fasten friends, and linke men to thee, in the chaines of love. And believe it, thou wilt finde those friends firmeſt, (though not moſt) that thy virtues purchaſe thee. Theſe will love thee when thou art but man againe: Whereas thoſe that are wonne without deſert, will alſo bee loſt without a cauſe. Smoothneſſe declineth Envy. It is better to deſcend a little from State, than aſſume any thing, that may ſeeme above it. It is not ſafe to tenter Authority. Pride increaſeth enemies: but it puts our friends to flight. It was a juſt Quip, that a proud Cardinall had from a friend, that upon his Election went to Rome, on purpoſe to ſee him: where finding his behaviour ſtretched all to Pride, and State, departs, and make him a Mourning Sute; wherein next day hee comes againe to viſit him, who asking the cauſe of his blacks, was answered, it was for the death of Humility, which dy'd in him when he was Elected Cardinall. Authority diſplayes the man. Whatſoever opinion in the world, thy former virtues have gained thee, is now under a Fury, that will condemne it, if they ſlacke here. The way to make Honour laſt, is to doe by it, as men doe by rich Jewels; not in-common them to the every day eye: but caſe them up, and weare them but on Feſtivals. And be not too glorious at firſt; it will ſend men to too much expectation, which when they faile of, will turn to neglect. Thou haſt better ſhew thy ſelfe by a little at once, than in a windy oſtentation, poure out thy ſelfe together. So, that reſpect thou gaineſt will be more permanent, though it be not got in ſuch haſte.

Some

Some profit thou maist make of *thinking* from whence thou camest. He that bears that still in his *minde*, will be more wary how he trench upon those, that were once above him.

With Earthen Plate, *Agathocles* (they say)
 Did use to meale: so serv'd with *Samo's Clay*.
 When Jewell'd Plate, and rugged *Earth* was by,
 He seem'd to mingle *wealth*, and *poverty*.
 One ask'd the *cause*, he answers: I that am
Sicilia's King, from a poore *Potter* came.
 Hence learn, thou that art rais'd from mean estate,
 To sudden *riches*, to be *Temperate*.

*Fama est, fictilibus canasse Agathoclea Regem;
 Atque abacum Samio saepe onerasse luto:
 Ferula gemmatis cum poneret Horrida vasis,
 Et misceret opes, pauperiemque simul:
 Querenti causam, respondit: Rex ego qui sum
 Sicaniae figulo sum genitore satius.
 Fortunam reverenter habet, quicumque repente
 Drives ab exili progrediere loco.*

It was the admonition of the dying *Otho*, to *Cocceius*: neither too much to remember, nor altogether to forget, that *Caesar* was his *Uncle*. When wee looke on our selves in the shine of *prosperity*, wee are apt for the puffed and scorne. When wee thinke not on't at all, wee are likely to be much imbas'd. An estate evened with these thoughts, endureth: Our advancement is many times from *Fortune*, our moderation in it, is that which shee can neither give, nor deprive

prive us of. In what *condition* soever I live, I would neither bite, nor fawne: Hee does well that subscribes to him that writ,

Nolo minor me timeat, despiciatve major.



LXXVII.

Of Modesty.

There is *Modesty*, both a *Vertue*, and a *Vice*, though indeed, when it is *blameable*, I would rather call it a *foolish bashfulness*. For then it betraies us to all *inconveniencies*. It brings a *foole* in Bonds, to his utter undoing: when out of a weake flexibility of *Nature*, he has not *courage* enough to deny the request of a *seeming friend*. One would thinke it strange at first, yet it is *provedly* true: That, *Modesty* undoes a *Maid*. In the face, it is a *Lure* to make even *lewd men* love: which they oft expresse with *large gifts*, that so worke upon her *yeelding nature*, as she knows not how to *deny*: so rather than be *ungratefull*, she oft becomes *unchaste*: Even *blushing* brings them to their *Devirgination*. In *friendship*, 'tis an odious *vice*, and lets a *man* run on in *absurdities*; for feare of displeasing by telling the *fault*. 'Tis the *foole* onely, that puts *Vertue* out of countenance. *Wise men* ever take a freedom of *reproving*, when *Vice* is *told* and *daring*. How plaine was *Zeno* with *Nearchus*? How blunt *Diogenes* with *Alexander*? How serious *Seneca* with the savage *Nero*?

Nero? A Spirit modestly bold, is like the *Winde*, to purge the *Worlds* bad *ayre*. It disperſes *Exhalations* from the *muddy Earth*, which would, unſtir'd, infect it. We often let *Vice* ſpring, for wanting the *audacity* and *courage* of a *De'ellation*. Nay, we many times forbear good *Actions*, for feare the *world* ſhould *laugh* at us. How many men, when others have their *ſtore*, will want themſelves, for ſhaming to demand their *onne*? And ſometimes in extremes wee uniſedly ſtand upon points of inſipid *Modesty*. Bur, *Rebus ſemper pudor abſit in actis*. In all extremes ſive *Baſhfulneſſe*. In any good *Action*, that muſt needs be bad, that hinders it: of which *ſtaine*, many times, is the *fondneſſe* of a *bluſhing ſhamefaſtneſſe*. Bur to *bluſh* at *vice*, is to let the *world* know that the *heart* within, hath an *inclination* to *Vertue*. *Modesty* a *vertue*, is an excellent *curbe* to keepe us from the *ſtray* and *offence*. I am perſwaded many had beene bad that are not; if they had not been *bridled* by a *baſhfull nature*. There are divers that have *hearts* for *vice*, which have not *face* accordingly. It chides us from *baſe company*, reſtraines us from *baſe enterprizes*; from *beginning* all, or *continuing* where we ſee it. It teaches to love *vertue* onely; and directs a man rather to mixe with a *chaſte ſoule*, than to care for preſſing of the *ripened loſome*. It awes the *uncivill tongue*: chaines up the *licentious hand*; and with a ſilent kinde of *Majeſty*, (like a watch at the *doore* of a *Thiefs Den*) makes *Vice* not dare peep out out of the *heart*, wherein it is lodged. It with-holds a man from *vaine boaiſting*: and makes a *wiſe man* not to ſcorne a *foole*. Surely

Surely the *Graces* sojourn with the *blushing man*. And the *Cynicke* would needes have *Vertue* bee a *Blush-colour*. Thus *Aristotles* daughter shew'd her selfe a better *Moralist*, than *Naturalist*: when, being asked which was the best *colour*, she answer'd, That which *modesty* produced in *men ingenuous*. Certainly, the heart of the *blushing man*, is neerer *Heaven* than the *brazed forehead*. For it is a branch of *Humility*, and when that dyes, *vertue* is upon the vanish. *Modesty* in *women*, is like the *Angels flaming sword*, to keep *vile men* out of the *Paradise* of their *chastity*. It was *Livia's modesty*, that took *Augustus*: and she that wanne *Cyrus* from a *Multitude*, was a *modest* one. For though it be but *exterior*, and *face deep* onely, yet it invites *affection* strongly. *Plautus* had skill in such *commodities*.

(ram,

Meretricem pudorem gerere magis decet, quam purpur-
Magis quidem meretricem pudorem quam aurum gere-
re condecet.

Even in a *whore*, a *modest* look, and *fashion*,
 Prevails beyond all *gold*, and *purple dyes*.

If that be good which is but *counterfeit*, how excellent is that which is *real*? Those things that carry a just *infamy* with them, I will justly bee *asham'd* to be scene in. But in *actions* either *good*, or not *ill*, it may as well be a *Crime*. 'Tis feare and *Cowardize*, that pu's us back from *goodnesse*. That is *base blood*, that *blushes* at a *virtuous action*. Both the *action*, and the *moral* of *Agessilaus* was good: when in his *Obtentions* to *Pallas*, a *Lowse* bit, and he

puls

puls it out, and *kills* it before the *People*, saying: *Treſſaſſes* were ewn at the *Altar* to be ſet upon. I know, things *unſeemly*, though not *dishoneſt*, carry a kinde of *ſhame* along. But ſure, in *reſiſting* villany, where *Courage* is aſked, *Baſhfuineſſe* is at beſt, but a *weak*, and a *treacherous* *vertue*.



LXXVIII.

Of *Suſpicion*.

Suſpitions are ſometimes out of *Judgement*. He that knows the *world* bad, cannot but *ſuſpect*, it will be ſo ſtill: but where men *ſuſpect* by *judgement* they will likewise by *judgement*, keep that *ſuſpect* from hurting them. *Suſpicion*, for the moſt part, proceeds from a *ſelfe-defect*: and then it gnawes the *minde*. They that in *private* liſten others, are commonly ſuch as are *ill* *themſelves*. The *wiſe*, and *honeſt*, are never *fooled* with this *quality*. Hee that knowes he deſerves not *ill*, why ſhould he *imagine* that others ſhould ſpeak him ſo? We may obſerve how a *man* is diſpoſed, by gathering what he *doubts* in others. Saint *Chryſoſtome* has given the rule; *Sicut difficile aliquem ſuſpicatur malum, qui bonus eſt: Sic difficile aliquem ſuſpicatur bonum, qui ipſe malus eſt*. Nero would not beleeve, but all men were moſt foule *Libidiſts*. And we all know, there was never ſuch a *Roman* beaſt as he. *Suſpecting* that we ſee not, we intimate to the *world*, either what our *aſts* have been, or what our *Diſpoſitions* are. I will be wary

in *suspecting* another of *ill*, left by so doing, I proclaim my selfe to be guilty: But whether I be, or not, why should I *strive* to heare my selfe ill spoken of? *Fealousie* is the worst of *madnesse*. We *seeke* for that, which wee would not *finde*: or if wee doe, what is it wee have *got*, but *matter of vexation*? which wee came so basely by, as wee are *asham'd* to take notice of it. So wee are forced to keepe it *boyling* in our brests: like *new wine*, to the hazard of the *Hogshcad*, for want of *venting*. *Fealousie* is a ginne that wee set to catch *Serpents*, which as soone as wee have caught them, *sting us*. Like the *foole*, that finding a boxe of poyson, *tastes*, and is *poyson'd* indeed. Are wee not *mad*, that being quiet, as wee are, must needs goe search for *discontentments*? So farre should wee be from *seeking them*, as to bee often *carelesse* of those wee *finde*. *Neglect* will kill an *injury*, sooner than *Revenge*. Sad *Socrates* when hee was told that one *raile'd* on him; *Let him beat me too, so I be absent, I care not*. He that will *question* every *disgracive* word, which hee heares is spoken of him, shall have few *friends*, little *wit* and much *trouble*. One told *Chrysippus*, that his friend reproached him *privately*. Sayes he, *Aye, but chide him not, for then he will doe as much in publike*. Wee shall all meere with *vexation* enough, which wee cannot avoyd. I cannot thinke any man loves *sorrow* so well, as out of his *discretion*, to invite it to lodge in his *heart*. Pompey did well to commit those *Lettersto* the *fire*, before he read them, wherein hee expected to *finde* the cause of his *griefe*. I will never undertake an *unver-*

thy Watch for that which wil but trouble. Why should we not be ashamed to doe that, which we shall be ashamed to be taken in? Certainly, they that set *Spies* upon others; or by *listening*, put the base office of *Intelligencer* upon themselves, would blush to be discovered in their *Projects*: and the best way to avoyd the *discovery*, is at first to avoid the *Act*. If I heare any thing by *accident*, that may benefit me; I will, if I can, take only the *good*: but I will never lie in wait for mine own abuse; or for others that concern mee not. Nor will I *flame* at every *vain tongues* *passse*. He has a *poore spirit* that is not planted above *petty wrongs*. *Small injuries* I would either not *heare*, or not *minde*: Nay, though I were told them, I would not know the *Author*: for by this, I may *mend my selfe*, and never *ma-lice* the person.



LXXIX.

Of Fate.

Certainly, there is a *Fate* that hurries *Man* to his *end*, beyond his *own intention*. There is *uncertainty* in *Wisdom*, as well as in *folly*. When *Man* *plotteth* to save himselfe, that plotting delivers him into his *ruine*. *Decrees* are past upon us: and our own *wit* often hunts us into the *snare*s, that above all things we would shunne. What we *suspect*, and would *fly*, we cannot: what we *suspect not*, we *fall into*. That which sav'd us now, by and by *kills* us.

Wce

Wee use means of *preservation*, and they prove *destroying ones*. Wee take courses to *ruine us*, and they prove meanes of *safety*. When *Agrippina's* death was plotted, her woman thought to save her selfe, by assuming of her *Mistris name*; and that onely was the cause of her *killing*. *Florus* tells of one, to whom, *Victoriam praelio error dedit*; an error in the *fight*, gave *victory*. How many have, flying from *Danger*, met with *Death*? And on the other side, found *Protection*, even in the very *jawes of Mischiefe*?

Et cum fata volunt, bina venena juvant.

And when *Fate* lists, a doubled *poyson* saves.

Some men in their *sleepe*, are cast into *Fortunes Lap*; while others: with all their *industry*, cannot purchase one *smile* from her. How strange a *Rescue* from the *sackage* of an *Enemie*, had that *City*, that by the *Leaders* crying, *Back, Back*, when hee wanted roome for the fetching of his blow, to breake a *Chaine* that hindred him, was by *mis-apprehending* the *Word*, put back in a violent *flight*? There is no doubt; but *wisdom* is better than *folly*, as *light* is better than *darknesse*. Yet, I see, sayth *Solomon*, it happens to the *wise* and *foole* alike. It fell out to bee part of *Mithridates* *miserie*, that hee had made himselfe *unpoysonable*. All *humane wisdom* is defective; otherwise it might helpe us against the *flash* and *storme*. As it is, it is but lesse *folly*; which preserving *sometimes*, failes us often. *Grave directions*

doe not alwayes prosper: nor does the *Fooles Bolt* ever misse. *Domitians reflectiue Galleries*, could not guard him from the *skarfed arme*. Nor did *Titus* his freeness to the two *Patrician aspirers*, hurt him: For, his *confidence* was, That *Fate* gave *Princes Saverainty*. *Man* is meerely the *Ball of time*: and is somtime taken from the *Plough*, to the *Throne*, and sometimes again, from the *Throne* to a *Halter*: as if we could neither avoid being *wretched*, or *happy*, or both.

*Non sollicita possunt cura
Mutare erati stamina fusi.
Quicquid patimur, mortale genus,
Quicquid facimus, venit ex alto.
Servatque sua decreta Colus
Lachesis: dura revoluta manu,
Omnia certo tramite vadunt;
Primusque dies dedit extremum.*

Our most thoughtfull *cares* cannot
Change establisht *Fates* firm *Plot*.
All we suffer, all we prove,
All we act, comes from above:
Fates Decrees still keep their *course*:
All things strictly, by their force,
Whee in undisturbed wayes;
Ends are set in our first dayes.

Whatsoever *Man* thinks to doe in *contrariety* is by God turned to bee a *help* of hastening the end he hath appoynted him: It was not in the *Emperours*
pow-

power to keepe *Ascleterius* from the *Dogges*, no though it was foretold him, and he bent himselfe to *croffe* it. Wee are govern'd by a *Power*, that we cannot but *obey*: our *mindes* are wrought against our *mindes*, to alter us. *Man* is his own *Traytor*, and maddeth to undoe *himselfe*. Whether this be *Nature* order'd and relinquish't; or whether it be *accidentall*; or the operating *power* of the *Starres*; or the *eternall connexion* of *causes*; or the execution of the *will of God*; whether it takes away all *freedom* of *will* from *Man*; or by what means we are thus wrought upon, I dispute not. I would not thinke any thing, that should derogate from the *Majesty of God*. I know there is a *Providence* ordering all things as it pleaseth, of which, *Man* is not able to render a *reason*. Wee may beleeve Saint *Jerome*, *Providentia Dei omnia gubernantur; & que putatur pœna, Medicina est*. But the secret *progressions*, I confesse, I know not. I see, there are both *Arguments* and *Objections* on every side. I holde it a kinde of *Mundane predestination*, writ in such *Characters* as it is not in the wit of *man* to reade them. In vaine wee murmur at the things that *must bee*: in vaine wee mourne for that wee cannot *remedy*. VVhy should we *rave*, when we meeete with what we looke not for? 'Tis our ignorance that makes us wonder our selves to a *dull stupefaction*. VVhen we consider but how little we know, we need not be disturbed at a new *event*.

*Regitur Fatis, mortale genus,
Nec sibi quispiam spondere potest*

R 3

Firmum,

*Firmum & stabile perque casus
Volvitur varios, semper nobis
Metuenda Dies.*

All *mankinde* is rul'd by *Fate*,
No man can propose a *state*
Firme and stable: various *Chance*,
Alwayes rowling, doth advance
That *something* which we feare.

Surely out of this, we may raise a *Contentment Royall*, as knowing wee are alwayes in the hands of a *Noble Protector*, who never gives ill, but to him that has deserv'd ill. Whatsoever befalls me, I would subscribe to with a *squared Soule*. It were a *superinsaniated folly*, to struggle with a power, which I know is all in *vaine* contended with. If a faire *endeavour* may free me, I will practise it. If that cannot, let me wait it with a *calmed minde*. Whatsoever happens as a *wonder*, I will admire and magnifie, as the *Act* of a *Power* above my *apprehension*. But as it is an *alteration* to *Man*, I will never thinke it *marvellous*. I every day see him suffer more changes, than is of himselfe to imagine.



LXXX.

Of Ostentation.

Vaine glory, at best, is but like a *Window-Cushion*, specious without, and garnished with the *ta-
sted*

sted pendant : but within, nothing but *hey*, or *toaw*, or some such *trash*, not worth looking on. Where I have found a *flood* in the *tongue*, I have often found the *heart empty*. 'Tis the *hollow Instrument* that sounds loud : and where the *heart* is *full*, the *tongue* is seldome liberall. Certainly, hee that *boasteth*, if he be not ignorant, is inconsiderate, and knowes not the *slides* and *casualties* that hang on *Man*. If hee had not an unworthy heart, hee would rather stay till the *World* had found it, than so undecently be his own *Prolocutor*. If thou beest good, thou maist be sure the *World* will know thee so. If thou beest *bad*, thy bragging tongue will make thee worse, while the *actions* of thy life confute thee. If thou wilt yet boast the *good* thou truly hast, thou obscurest much of thine owne *worth*, in drawing of it up by so unseemely a *Bucket*, as thine own *Tongue*. The *honest man* takes more pleasure in knowing himselfe *honest*, than in knowing that all the *World* approves him so. *Vertue* is built upon her selfe. *Flourishes* are for *Networks* : better *Contextures* neede not any other additions. *Phocion* call'd bragging *Loft-benes*, *The Cypresse Tree* : which makes a faire *show*, but seldome beares any *fruit*. Why may hee not be emblem'd by the *coozening Fig-tree*, that our *Saviour* curst? 'Tis hee that is conscious to himselfe of an *inward defect*, which by the *brazen Bell* of his *Tongue*, would make the *World* believe, that hee had a *Church* within. Yet foole that hee is ! this is the way to make men thinke the *contrary*, if it were so. *Ostentation* after, overthrowes the *Action*, which was *good*, and went before: Or at least

it argues that *Good* not done well. Hee that does good for *Praise* onely, failes of the right end. A *good worke* ought to propound, Hee is vertuous, that is so for *vertues* sake. To *doe well*, is as much *applause* as a *good man* labours for. Whatsoever *good worke* thy *hand* builds, is againe pull'd downe by the *folly* of a *boasting tongue*. The *blazings* of the *proud* will goe out in a *stench* and *smoke*: Their *brag-gings* will convert to *shame*. Saint *Gregory* has it wittily: *Sub hoste quem prostermit, moritur, qui de culpa quam superat elevatur*. Hee both loseth the *good* he hath done, and hazzardeth for *shame* with men: For *Clouds of Disdaine* are commonly raised by the *winde* of *Ostentation*. Hee that remembers too much his owne *Vertues*, teacheth others to object his *Vices*. All are *Enemies* to *assuming Man*. When hee would have more than his *due*, hee seldom findeth so *much*. Whether it be out of *Fealousie*, that by *promulgating* his *Vertues*, we vainely thinke he should rob us of the *Worlds love*; or whether we take his *exalting himselfe*, to be our *depression*; or whether it bee our *envy*; or that wee are *angry*, that he should so undervalue *goodnesse*, as despising her inward *approbation*, hee should seeke the *uncertain warrant* of *Men*: or whether it be an *Instinct* instampt in *Man*, to dislike them; 'Tis certaine, no man can indure the *puffes* of a *swelling minde*. Nay though the *Vaunts* be true, they doe but awaken *scoffs*: and instead of a *clapping hand*, they finde a *checke* with *scorne*. When a *Souldier* brag'd too much of a great *skar* in his *forehead*, hee was asked by *Augustus*, if hee did not get it, when he

he looked back, as he *fled*? Certainly, when I heare a *vanting man*, I should thinke him like a *Peece* that is charged but with *Powder*, which neere hand gives a *greater Report*, than that which hath a *Bullet* in't. If I have done any thing *well*, I will never thinke the World is worth the telling of it. There is nothing added to *essentiall vertue*, by the hoarse clamour of the *blundering Rabble*. If I have done *ill*, to boast the contrary, I will thinke, is like *painting an old face*, to make it so much more *ugly*. If it be of any thing *past*, the World will talke of it, though I be *silent*. If not, 'tis more *Noble* to neglect *Fame*, than seeme to *beg* it. If it be of ought to *come*, I am foolish, for speaking of that which I am not sure to *performe*. We disgrace the worke of *Vertue*, when we goe about any way to seduce *voyses* for her *approbation*.

LXXXI.

Of Hope.

Humane life hath not a surer friend, nor many times a greater enemy, than *Hope*. 'Tis the miserable mans god, which in the hardest gripe of calamity, never failes to yeeld him beams of comfort. 'Tis the presumptuous mans Devill, which leads him a while in a *smooth way*, and then makes him breake his neck on the sudden. *Hope* is to *Man*, as a *Bladder* to a *learning Swimmer*; it keepes him from *sinking*, in the bosome of the waves; and by
that

that helpe he may attain the *exercise* : but yet it many times makes him venture beyond his *height*, and then if that *breaks* or a storme rises, he *drownes* without recovery. How many would dye, did not *Hope* sustain them? How many have dy'd, by hoping too much? This *wonder* we may finde in *Hope*, that shee is both a *Flatterer* and a *true Friend*. Like a *valiant Captain*, in a *losing Battell*, it is ever encouraging *Man*, and never leaves him, till they both *expire together*. While *breath* pants in the *dying body*, there is *Hope* fleeting in the *waving soule*. 'Tis almost as the *Aire*, by which the *minde* does live. There is one thing which may adde to our *value* of it, that it is *appropriate* unto *Man* alone : For surely, *Beasts* have not *hope* at all; they are onely capable of the *present*; whereas *Man*, apprehending *future things*. hath this given him, for the *sustentation* of his *drooping Soule*. Who would live rounded with *calamities*, did not *smiling Hope* cheere him, with expectation of *deliverance*? The *common* one is in *Tibullus*.

*Fam mala finissem Letho; sed credula vitam
 Spes fovet, & melius cras fore semper ait.
 Spes alit agricolas: spes sulcis credit aratris
 Semina, qua magno faenore reddat Ager.
 Hac laqueo volucres, hac captat arundine pisces,
 Cum tennes hamos abdidit ante cibus.
 Spes et am valida solatur compede vinctum,
 Crura sonat ferro, sed canit inter opus.*

Hope flatters *Life*, and sayes shee'l still bequeath
Better, else had I cur'd all ills by *Death*.
 She blythes the *Farmer*, does his *grain* commit
 To *Earth*, which with large use replentieth it.
 She snares the *Birds* : and *Fishes* as they glide,
 Strikes with small *hooks*, that coozening bates doe hide:
 She cheeres the shackled *Prisoner*, and while's *thigh*
 Rings with his *Chain*, he works and sings on high.

There is no estate so miserable, as to exclude her
comfort. *Imprison*, vexes, fright, torture, shew *Death*
 with his horrid brow : yet *Hope* will dart in her re-
 vivifying rayes, that shall illuminate and exhilarate, in the
tumour, in the swell of these. Nor does shee more
 friend us with her gentle shine, than shee often fools
 us with her sleeke delusions. Shee dandles us into
 killing flames : Sings us into *Lethargies* : and like an
 over-hasty *Chyrurgion*, skinneth dangers, that are
 full and foule within. Shee coozens the *Thiefe* of
 the *Coin* hee steales: and cheates the *Gamester*
 more than even the false *Dye*. It abuseth universall
Man, from him that stoopes to the lome wall, upon
 the naked *Common*, to the *Monarch* in his purpled
Throne. It undoes the melting *Prodigall* : It delivers
 the *Ambitious* to the edged *Axe*, and the rash *Souldier*
 to the shattering of the fired *Vomit*. Whatsoever
 good wee see, it tels us wee may obtain it : and in
 a little time, tumble our selves in the Downe of our
 wishes : but it often performes like *Domitian*, pro-
 mising all with nothing. 'Tis (indeede) the *Rattle*
 which *Nature* did provide, to still the froward cry-
 ing of the fond child, *Man*. Our *Life* is but a *Rune*,
 after

after the *Drag* of something that dothitch our *senses* : which when we have hunted home, we finde a *meere delusion*. We think we serve for *Rachel*, but are deceiv'd with *blere-ey'd Leah*. *Jacob* is as *Man*, *Laban* is the *churlish, envious, ungratefull World* : *Leah* is the *pleasure* it payes us with : blemisht in that which is the *life of beauty*, perisht even in the *Eye*, emblem'd too by the *Sex of Frailty, Woman*. We see a *Box*, wherein we beleeve a *Pardon* ; so we are merry in the brink of *Death*. While we are *dancing*, the *Trapdoore* falls under us, and *hope* makes us *jocund*, till the *ladder turns*, and then it is too late to *care*. Certainly it requires a great deal of *Judgement*, to *balance* our *hopes* even. He that hopes for nothing, will never attain to *any thing*. This good comes of over-hoping, that it sweetens our *passage* through the *World*, and sometimes so sets us to worke, as it produceth *great actions*, though not alwayes pat to our ends. But then again, he that hopes *too much*, shall coozen himself at last, especially, if his industry goes not along to *fertile* it. For, *hope* without *Action* is a *barren undooer*. The best is to *hope* for *things possible and probable*. If we can take her *comforts*, without transferring her our *confidence*, we shall surely finde her a *sweet companion*. I will be content, my *hope* should *travail* beyond *Reason*, but I would not have her *build* there. So by this, I shall reap the benefit of her *present Service*, yet prevent the *Treason* she might beguile me with.

That

LXXXII.

That sufferance causeth Love.

IN *Noble Natures*, I never found it faile, but that those who suffered for them, they ever lov'd intirely. 'Tis a justice living in the soule, to indeare those that have smarted for our sakes. Nothing surer tries a friend, than freely to subhumerate the burthen which was his. He is unworthy to be freed a second time, that does not pay both affection and thanks to him, that hath undergone a mischiese due to himselfe: He hath, in a sort, made a purchase of thy Life, by saving it; and though he doth forbear to call for it, yet I beleeve, upon the like, thou owest him. Sure, Nature being an enemy to all injustice, since shee cannot recall a thing done, labours some other way to recompence the passed injury. It was *Darius* his confession, that he had rather have one whole *Zopirus*, than tenne such *Babylons* as his mangling wanne. *Volumnius* would needs have dy'd upon *Lucullus* corps, because hee was the cause of his undertaking the Warre. And *Achilles* did alter his purpose of restraining the *Grecian Campe*, to revenge *Patroclus* his death, when hee heard that hee was slaine in his borrowed Armour. Sure there is a sympathy of soules; and they are subtilly mixed by the spirits of the Aire; which makes them sensible of one anothers sufferances. I know not by what hidden way; but I finde, that
love

love increaseth by adversity. Ovid confesses it:

-----*Adverso tempore crevit Amor :*

-----*Love heighthens by depression.*

Wee often finde in *Princes*, that they love their *Favourites*, for being *Skreenes*, that take away the *envie* of the *People*, which else would light on them: and wee shall see this love appeare most, when the *people* begin to lift at them: as if they were then ty'd to that, out of *Justice* and *Gratitude*. which before was but matter of *Favour*, and in the way of *Courtesie*; To make two friends intire, wee need but plot, to make one suffer for the others sake. For this is alwayes in a worthy minde, it grieves more at the trouble of a friend, than it can doe for it selfe. Men often know in themselves, how to manage it, how to entertain it; in another they are uncertain how it may worke. This feare troubles love, and sends it to a neerer search, and pittie. All creatures shew a thankfulnesse to those that have befriended them. The *Lion*, the *Dogge*, the *Storke*, in kindneses are all returners: whose Nature leanes to mutuall requitals; and to pay with numerous use, the favours of a free affection. And if wee owe a *Retribution* for unpainfull *Courtesies*; how much should wee reflow, when they come arrayed in *Sufferings*? Though it be not to our selves a benefit of the largest profit, yet it is to them a service of the greatest pains: and it is a great deale more Honour, to recompence after their Act, than our Receipt.

ceipt. In *Courtesies* 'tis the most *Noble*, when we receive them from others, to *prize* them after the *Authors intention*, if they be *meane*, but after their *effect*, if they be great: and when we *offer* them to others, to *value* them lesse *good*, but as the *sequell* proves them to the *Receiver*. Certainly, though the *world* hath nothing worth loving, but an *honest man*: yet this would make one love the man that is *vile*. In this case I cannot *exempt* the ill one out of my affection: but I will rather wish he may still be *free*, than I in *bonds* to *lewdnesse*, nor will I, if my *industrious* care may avoyd it, ever let any endure a *torment* for me: because it is a *courtesie* which I know not how to *requite*. So, till I meet with the like opportunity, I must *rest* in his *debt*, for his *passion*. It is not good to receive favours, in such a nature, as we cannot render them. Those Bonds are *cruell* tyes which make man ever subject to *debt*, without a power to cancell them.



LXXXIII.

That Policie and Friendship are scarce compatible.

AS *Policie* is taken in the generall, we hold it but a kinde of craftie *wisdome*, which bowerh every thing to a *selfe-profit*. And therefore a *Polititian* is one of the worst sort of men, to make a *friend on*. Give me one that is *vertuously wise*, not *cunningly hid*, and twined to himselte. *Policie* in *friendship*,

ship is like *Logick* in truth: something too subtil for the plainnesse of disclosing hearts. And whereas this works ever for appropriate ends; *Love* ever takes a partner into the Benefit. Doubtlesse, though there be that are sure, and straight, to their friend: yet in the generall, he is reckon'd, but a kinde of *postpositum*: or an *Heire* that must not claime till after. We have found out an adage, which doublelesse our love to our selves, but withall, it robs our Neighbour. *Proximus ipse mihi*, is urged to the ruine of friendship. They that love themselves over-much, have seldome any expressive goodnesse. And indeed, it is a quality that fights against the twist of friendship. For what love joynes, this divides, and distanceth. *Scipio* would not beleve it was ever the speech of a wise man, which wils us, so to love, as if we were to hate immediately. The truth of affection projecteth perpetuity. And that love which can presently leave, was never well begun. Hee that will not in a time of need, halve it with a streighted friend, does but usurpe the name, and injure it. Nor is hee more to be regarded, that will kick at every faile of his friend: A friend invited *Alcibiades* to supper: He refused; but in the middle of their meale, he rushes in with his servants, and commands them to catch up the Wine, and carry it home to his house: they did it, yet halfe they left behinde. The Guests complained of this unciwill violence: but his friend with this milde speech, excused him, saying: He did courteously, to take but halfe, when all was at his service. Yet in these lenities I confesse Politicians are most plausiblo. There are that will
doe

doe as *Fabius* sayd of *Syphax*, keepe correspondency in *small matters*, that they may be trusted, and *deceive* in greater, and of *graver* consequence. But these are to bee *banisht* the *League*. The politicke heart is too full of *crankes* and *angles*, for the *discovery* of a plain *familiar*. It is uncertaine finding of him, that useth often to *shift* his *habitation*: and so it is a *heart*, that hath *devices*, and *inversions* for it selfe alone. Things that differ in their end, will surely part in their way. And such are these two: The end of *Policy*, is to make a mans selfe great. The end of *Love*, is to advance another. For a friend to *converse* withall, let mee rather meete with a sound *affection* then a crafty *brain*. One may faile me by *accident*, but the other will doe it out of *fore intent*: And then there is nothing more *dangerous*, then studied *adulation*; especially, where it knowes 'tis trusted. The soundest *affection*, is like to bee betweene those, where there cannot be expectation of *sinister* ends. Therefore have your *Poets* feigned, the *intirest* love, among humble *Shepheards*: where *wealth* and *honour* have had no *sway* in their *unions*.

LXXXIV.

Of Drunkennesse.

SAYD *Musans*, The reward of *Vertue*, is perpetuall *Drunkennesse*. But he meant it, of *celestiall exhalation*: and surely so, the good man is full of *glad-*
S
ding

ding vivifications, which the *World* does never reach unto. The other *Drunkennesse*, arising from the *Grape*, is the floating of the *sternelesse Senses in a Sea*, and is as great a *Hydra*, as ever was the *Multitude*. That *dispositions* differ, as much as *faces*. *Drinke* is the cleereſt prover. The *Cup* is the betrayer of the *minde*, and does *disapparell* the *soule*. There is but one thing which *distinguisheth* *Beast* and *Man*; *Reason*. And this it *robs* him of: Nay, it goes further, even to the subverting of *Natures Institution*. The *thoughts* of the *hearts*, which *God* hath secluded from the very *Devoll*, and *Spirits*, by this doe suffer a *search*, and *denudation*. *Quod in corde sobrii, in lingua ebrii*. Hee that would *Anatomize* the *soule*, may doe it *best*, when *Wine* has num'd the *senses*. Certainly, for *confession*, there is no such racke as *Wine*; nor could the *Devoll* ever finde a cunninger bait to *angle* both for *acts*, and *meaning*: Even the most benighted *cogitations* of the *soule*, in this *floud*, do tumble *from* the *swelled tongue*; yet madly wee *pursue* this *Vice*, as the kindler both of *wit*, and *mirth*. Alas! it is the *blemish* of our *times*, that men are of such *slow conceit* as they are not *company* one for another, without excessive *draughts* to quicken them. And surely 'tis from this *barrennesse*, that the *impertinencies* of *drinke*, and *smoake*, were first tane in at *meetings*. It were an *excellent* way, for men of *quality*, to *convert* this *madnesse*, to the *discussion* and *practice* of *Arts*, eyther *Military*, or *Civill*. Their *places* of *resort* might be so fitted with *instruments*, as they might be like *Academies* of *instruction*, and *proficiency*. And these they might

might sweeten, with the adding of *illusive Games*. What severall *Plays* and *exercise*, had their continuall use with the *flourishing Romans*? was there not their *Compitales*, *Circenses*, *Scenicos*, *Ludicros*, and the like? all which, were as *Schooles* to their *Youth*, of *Vertue*, *Activenesse*, or *Magnanimity*: and how quickly, and how *eagerly*, were their *Bacchanalia* banished, as the *teachers* only of *detested vice*? Indeed, *Drunkennesse* besots a *Nation*, and *bestiates* even the bravest *spirits*. There is nothing which a man that is soaked in *drinke* is fit for, no not for *sleepe*. When the *Sword* and *Fire* rage, 'tis but *man* warring against *man*: when *Drunkennesse* reignes, the *Devill* is at war with *man*, and the *Epotations* of *dumbe liquour* damne him. *Macedonian Philip* would not warre against the *Persians*, when hee heard they were such *Drinkers*: For he said, they would ruine alone. Doubtlesse, though the *soule* of a *Drunkard* should be so drowned, as to be *insensate*; yet his *Body*, meethinks, should irke him to a *penitence* and *discession*. When like an empoysoned *bulke*, all his *powers* mutiny in his distended *skin*, no question but hee must be pained, till they come againe to *settling*. What a *Monster Man* is, in his *Inebriations*! a *swimming Eye*; a *Face* both *roast* and *sod*: a *temulentive Tongue*, clammed to the *roof* and *gums*; a *drumming Eare*; a *feavered body*; a *boyling stomach*; a *Mouth* nasty with *offensive fumes*, till it sicken the *Braine* with *giddy verminations*; a *palsied hand*: and *legs* tottering up and downe their *moystened burthen*. And whereas wee eat our *dishes* severall, because their mixture would loath the *taste*, the *eye*,

and *smell*; this, when they are halfe made *excrement*, reverts them, mashed in an odious *vomit*. And very probable tis, that this was the *poysen*, which kill'd the valiant *Alexander*. *Proteus* gave him a *quaffe* of two *Gallons*, which set him into a *disease* he died of. Tis an ancient *Vice*, and *Temperance* is rare. *Cato* us'd to say of *Caesar*, that *Hee alone came sober*, to the overthrow of the *State*. But you shall scarce finde a man much addicted to *drink*, that it ruin'd not. Eyther it dotes him into the *snures* of his *Enemies*, or over-bears his *Nature*, to a finall *sinking*. Yet there be, whose delights are onely to *tunne in*: and perhaps as *Bonofus*, they never straine their *Bladder* for't. But surely, some ill fate attends them, for consuming of the *Countries* *fat*. That 'tis practiz'd most of the meanest people, proves it for the *baser vice*. I knew a *Gentleman* that followed a *Noble Lady* in this *Kingdome*, who would often complain, that the greatest inconvenience hee found in *Service*, was, his being urged to *drinke*. And the better hee is, the more hee shall find it. The eyes of many are upon the *eminent*: and *Servants*, especially those of the *ordinary ranke*, are often of some mean *breeding*, as they are ignorant of any other *entertainment*. We may observe, it ever takes footing first in the most *Barbarous Nations*. The *Scythians* were such lovers of it, as it grew into their *name*: and unlesse it were one *Anacharsis*, how barren were they both of *wit* and *manners*? The *Gracians*. I confesse, had it; but when they fell to this, they mightily decayed in *braine*. The *Italians* and *Spaniards*, which I take to be the most

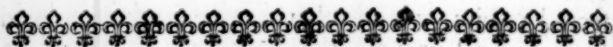
civilized, I finde not tainted with this *spot*. And though the *Heathen* (in many places) Templed and adored this *drunken god*; yet one would take their *ascriptions* to him, to be matter of *dishonour*, and *mocks*: As his *Troope of furied Women*: his *Chariot* drawn with the *Linx* and *Tyger*: and the *Beasts* sacred to him, were onely the *Goat* and *Swine*. And such they all prove, that frequently honour him with excessive *draughts*. I like a *Cup* to *briske* the *spirits*; but *continuance* dulls them. It is lesse labour to *plough*, then to *pot* it: and *urged Healths* do infinitely adde to the *trouble*. I will never drinke but *Liberties*, nor ever those so long, as that I lose mine own.

-----Deare *Bacchus*, Ile not heave
The shak'd *Cup* 'gainst my *stomack*: nor yet reave
Ope' arbor'd *Secrets*. Let thy *Tymbrels* pierce,
And *Phrygian Horn* be mute: blind *self-loves* curse,
Braves without brain; *Faith's* closetings, alas!
Do follow thee, as if bur cloath'd with *Glasse*.

Horace reads it thus: --- *Non egote candide Bassareh!*
Invitum quatiam: nec variis obsita frondibus
Sub Divum rapiam. Sæva tene Bercynthio
Cornu tympana; quæ subsequitur cæcus amor sui,
Et tollens vacuum, plus nimio gloria verticem,
Arcanique fides Prodigæ, perlucidior vitro.

Let me rather be disliked for not being a *Beast*, then be good-fellowed with a *bug*, for being one. Some laugh at mee, for being *sober*: and I laugh at them

for being drunk. Let their pleasures crown them, and their mirth abound : the next day they will stick in mud. *Bibite, & pergræ camini ô Cimmerii ! Ebrietatem, stupor, dolor, imbecillitas, morbus, & mors ipsa comitantur.*



LXXXV.

Of Marriage, and single life.

BOth Sexes made but *man*. So that marriage perfects *Creation*. When the *Husband* and the *Wife* are together, the *World* is contracted in a *Bed* : and without this, like the *Head* and *Body* parted, either would consume, without a possibility of *reviving*. And though wee finde many *enemies* to the name of *marriage*, yet 'tis rare to finde an *enemy* to the use on't. Surely he was made *imperfect*, that is not tending to *propagation*. *Nature* in her true work, never made any thing in vain. He that is *perfect*, and marries not, may in some sort be said to be guilty of a *contempt* against *Nature*, as disdaining to make use of her *endowments*. Nor is that which the *Turks* hold, without some colour of *Reason* : They say, Hee that marries not at fitting time, (which they hold is about the age of five and twenty yeers) is not *just*, nor pleaseth not *God*. I believe it is from hence, that the *Vow* of *Chastity* is many times accompanied with such *inconveniences* as wee see enlue. I cannot thinke *God* is pleased with that, which crosseth his first *Ordination*,
and

and the *current* of *Nature*. And in themselves, it is a harder matter to root out an inseparable *sway* of *Nature*, then they are aware of. The best *chastity* of all, I hold to be *Matrimoniall chastity*: when *Paires* keepe themselves in a moderate *intermutu- alnesse*, each constant to the other: for still it tendeth to *union*. and continuance of the *World* in *posterity*. And 'tis fit even in *Nature* and *Policy*, that this *propriety* should be inviolable: First, in respect of the impurenesse of *mixt posterity*. Next, in respect of *peace* and *concord* among *Men*. If many *Men* should be interess'd in one *Woman*, it could not be, but there would infinite *Farres* arise. Some have complained of *Christian Religion*, in that it tyes men so strictly in this point, as when *matches* happen ill, there is no meanes of *remedy*. But surely if liberty of *change* were granted, all would grow to confusion: and it would open a *gap* to many *mischiefs*, arising out of humour only, which now by this necessity are *digested*, and made straight againe. Those I observe to agree best, which are of *free natures*, not subject to the fits of *choller*. Their *freedome* shuts out *Jealousie*, which is the *canker* of *wedlock*; and withall, it divideth both *joy* and *sorrow*. And when *hearts* alike disclose, they ever linke in love. Nay, whereas small and *domestick Farres*, more fret *marriages*, then *great ones* and *publike*; these two will take them away. *Freedome* reveales them, that they ranckle not the *Heart* to a *secret loathing*: and *Mildenesse* heares them, without *Anger* or *bitter words*: so they cloze againe after *discussion*, many times in a *straighter*

Tye. Poverty in Wedlock, is a great decayer of *love* and *contentation*; and *Riches* can finde many wayes, to divert an *inconvenience*: but the *minde* of a *man* is all. Some can be *servile*, and fall to those *labours* which an other cannot stoope to. Above all, let the *generous minde* beware of *marrying poore*: for though he cares the least for *wealth*, yet he will be most gaulled with the *want* of it. *Selfe-conceited people* never agree well together: they are wilfull in their *brambles*, and *Reason* cannot reconcile them. Where either are onely *opinionately wise*, *Hell* is there: unlesse the other be a *Patient* meere. But the worst is, when it lights on the *Woman*: shee will think to *rule*, because shee hath the subtriller brain: and the man will looke for't, as the *priviledge of his Sexe*: Then certainly, there will be *mad worke*, when *Wis* is at warre with *Prerogative*. Yet again, where *marriages* prove unfortunate, a *Woman* with a *bad Husband*, is much worse, then a *man* with a *bad Wife*. *Men* have much more freedom, to court their *Content* abroad. There are, that account *Women* onely as *Seed-plots* for posterity: others worse, as onely *quench* for their *fires*. But surely there is much more in them, if they be *discreet* and good. They are *Women* but in *body* alone. Questionlesse, a *Woman* with a *wise soule* is the fittest Companion for *man*: otherwise *God* would have given him a *Friend* rather then a *Wife*. A *wise Wife* comprehends both *Sexes*: shee is *Woman* for her *body*, and shee is *man* within: for her *soule* is like her *Husbonds*. It is the *Crowne of Blessings*, when in one *Woman*, a *man* findeth both a *Wife* and a *Friend*. *single life* cannot have this *happinesse*; though in
some

some mindes it hath many it preferres before it. This hath fewer *Cares*, and more *Longings*: but *marriage* hath fewer *Longings*, and more *Cares*. And as I thinke *Care* in *marriage* may bee commendable; so I thinke *Desire* in *single life*, is not an evill of so high a bound, as some men would make it. It is a *thing* that accompanies *Nature*, and *man* cannot avoyd it. Some things there are, that *conscience* in generall *man* condemnes, without a *Litterall Law*: as *Injustice*, *Blasphemy*, *Lying*, and the like: But to curbe and quite beate downe the *desires of the flesh*, is a worke of *Religion*, rather then of *Nature*. And therefore sayes *Saint Paul*, *I had not knowne Lust to have boene a sinne*, if the *Law* had not sayd, *Thou shalt not Lust*. *Notive Abstinence*, some cold constitutions may endure with, a great deale of *vexatious penitence*. To live *chaste* without *vowing*, I like a great deale better: nor shall we finde the *Devill* so busie to tempt us to a single sinne of *unchastity*; as he will, when it is a sinne of *unchastity* and *perjury* too. I finde it commended, but not imposed. And when *Jephtha's Daughter* dyed, they mourned, for that she dy'd a *Maid*. The *Grecians*, the *Romans* did, and the *Spaniards* at this day doe (in honour of *marriage*) priviledge the wedded. And though the *Romans* had their *Vestals*, yet after their thirty yeares continuance, the cruelty of enforced *Chastity* was not in force against them. *Single life* I will like in some, whose mindes can suffer *continency*: but should all live thus, a hundred yeeres would make the *World* a *Desart*. And this alone may excuse mee, though I like

of *Marriage* better. One tends to *ruine*, the other to increasing of the *glory* of the *world*, in multitudes.



LXXXVI.

of *Charity*.

C*har*ity is communicated *goodnesse*, and without this, *man* is no other then a *beast*, preying for himselfe alone. Certainly, there are more men live upon *Charity*, then there are, that doe *subsist* of themselves. The *World*, which is *chained* together by intermingled *love* would all *shatter*, and fall to pieces, if *Charity* should chance to *dye*. There are some secrets in it, which seeme to give it the *chaire* from all the rest of *vertues*. With *Knowledge*, with *Valour*, with *Modesty*, and so with other particular *Vertues*, a man may bee *ill* with some contrarying *vice*. But with *Charity* we cannot be *ill* at all. Hence I take it, is that saying in *Timothy*; *The end, or consummation of the Law, is love out of a pure heart. Habere omnia Sacramenta, & malus esse potest: habere autem charitatem, & malus esse non potest*, said Saint *Augustine* of old. Next, whereas other *vertues* are *restrictive*, and looking to a mans selfe: this takes all the *world* for it's *object*: and nothing that hath *sense*, but is better for this *Displayer*. There be among the *Mahometans*, that are so taken with this *beauty*,

beauty, that they will with a *price* redeeme engaged
 Birds, to restore them to the *liberty* of their
 plumed *wing*. And they will oftentimes, with *cost*
 feed *fishes* in the *streaming water*. But their opinion
 of deserving by it, makes it as a superstitious fol-
 ly: and in *materials*, they are nothing so *zealous*.
 Indeed, nothing makes us more like to *God*, then
Charity. As all things are filled with his *goodnesse*,
 so the *Universall* is partaker of the *good mans* *spread-
 ing Love*. Nay, it is that which gives life to all
 the *Race* of other *Vertues*. It is that which makes
 them to appear in *Act*. *Wisdom*e, and *science* are
 worth nothing, unlessse they be *distributive*, and de-
 clare themselves to the *World*. *Wealth* in a *misers*
 hand is *uselesse*, as a *lockt-up Treasure*. 'Tis *charity* on-
 ly, that maketh *riches* worth the owning. We may
 observe, when *charitable men* have ruled, the *World*
 hath *flourished*, and enjoyed the blessings of *Peace*,
 and *prosperity*: the *times* have been more *pleasant* and
smooth: nor have any *Princes* fate more secure or
 firme in their *Thrones*, then those that have been *cle-
 ment* and *benigne*: as *Titus*, *Trajan*, *Antonine*, & others.
 And we may observe again, how *rugged*, and how
 full of *bracks* those *times* have been, wherein *cruell*
ones have had a power. *Cicero* sayes of *Syllaes* time,
 ----- *Nemo illo invito, nec bona, nec patriam, nec vitam,*
retinere potuerit. And when the *Senate* in *Councell*,
 was frighted at the cry of seven thousand *Romans*,
 which hee had sent to *execution* at once; hee bids
 them minde their *businesse*, for it was onely a few
Seditiaries, that hee had commanded to be slaine.
 No question but there are, which delight to see a

Rome

Rome in flames and like a *ravish'd Troy*, mocking the absent *day* with earthly *fires*; that can linger *Mento* to *Martyrdome*, and make them dye by *piece-meal*. *Tiberius* told one that petitioned to be quickly kill'd; that he was not yet his *friend*. And *Vitellius* would needs see the *Scriviner* dye in his *presence*, for he sayd, hee would feed his *eyes*. But I wonder, whence these men have their *minds*. *God*, nor *Man*, nor *Nature* ever made them thus. Sure, they borrow it from the *Wilderness*, from the imboasted *Savage*, and from tormenting *spirits*. When the *Leg* will neither bear the *Body*, nor the *Stomack* disperse his receipt, nor the *Hand* be serviceable to the directing *Head*, the whole must certainly languish, and dye: So in the *body* of the *World*, when *Members* are sullen'd, and snarle one at another, down falls the *frame* of all.

*Quod mundus, stabili fide,
Concordes varias vices:*

Quod pugnantia semina

Fœdus perpetuum tenent:

Quod Phœbus roscum diem,

Curra provehit aureo:

Ut quas duxerit Hesperus,

Phœbe noctibus imperet:

Ut fluctus avidam mare,

Certo sine coerceat,

Ne terris liceat vagis

Latos tendere terminos:

Hanc rerum seriem ligat,

(Terras, ac Pelagas regens,

Et Cælo imperitans) Amor.

That

That the *World* in constant force,
 Varies his concordant course:
 That seeds jarring, *hot* and *cold*,
 Do the *Breed* perpetuall hold:
 That the *Sun* in's golden *Car*,
 Does the *Rosie Day* still rere.
 That the *Moon* sways all those *lights*,
Hesper ushers to dark *nights*,
 That *alternate Tydes* be found,
Seas high-*prided waves* bound,
 Lest his *fluid waters* Mace,
 Creek broad *Earths* invallied face.
 All the *Frame* of things that be,
Love (which rules *Heaven, Land* and *Sea*)
 Chains, keeps, orders, as you see.

Thus *Boetius*. The *World* contains nothing, but there is some *quality* in it, which *benefits* some other *creatures*. The *Aire* yields *Fowls*, the *Water* *Fish*, the *Earth* *Fruit*. And all these yield something from themselves, for the use and behalf, not onely of *Man*, but of each other. Surely, hee that is *right*, must not think his *charity* to one in need a *courtesie*: but a *debt*, which *Nature* at his first being, bound him to pay. I would not *water a strange ground*, to leave mine owne in *drought*: yet I think to every thing that hath *sense*, there is a kind of *pity* owing. *Solomons* good *Man*, is mercifull to his *Beast*: nor take I this to be onely *intentionall*: but *expressive*: *God* may respect the *mind*, and *will*, but man is nothing better for my meaning alone. Let my *mind* be *charitable*, that *God* may accept me. Let my *actions* expresse it, that *man* may be *benefited*.
 of

LXXXVII.

Of Travaile.

A Speech which often came from *Alexander*, was, that hee had *discovered* more with his *eye*, than other *Kings* did comprehend in their *thoughts*. And this he spake of his *Travail*. For indeed, *Men* can but guesse at *places* by *relation* onely. There is no *Map*, like the view of the *Countrey*. *Experience* is the best *Informer*. And one journey will shew a man more, than any *descriptions* can. Some would not allow a man to move from the *shell* of his own *Country*. And *Claudian* mentions it as a *happinesse*, for *birth*, *life*, and *buriall*, to be all in a *Parish*. But surely, *Travail* filleth the Man, he hath *liv'd* but *lockt* up in a large *Chest*, which hath never seen but one *Land*. A *Kingdom* to the *World*, is like a *Corporation* to a *Kingdome*: a man may live in't like an *unbred man*. He that searcheth *forreign Nations*, is becomming a *Gentleman* of the *World*. One that is *learned*, *honest*, and *travail'd*, is the best compound of man; and so corrects the *Vice* of one *Countrey*, with the *Vertues* of another, that like *Mithridate*, hee grows a perfect *mixture*, and an *Antidote*. *Italy*, *England*, *France*, and *Spaine*, are as the *Court* of the *World*. *Germany*, *Denmark*, and *China*, are as the *City*. The rest are most of them *Countrey*, and *Barbarisme*: who hath not seen the best of these, is a little lame in *knowledge*. Yet I thinke it not fit that every

every man should *travaile*. It makes a *wiseman* better, and a *foole* worse. This gains nothing but the *gay-sights*, *vices*, *exotick gestures*, and the *Apery* of a *Countrey*. A *travailing Foole* is the *shame* of all *Nations*. Hee *shames* his *owne*, by his *weaknesse* abroad: Hee *shames* others, by bringing home their *follies* alone. They onely blab abroad *domestick vices*, and import them that are *transmarine*. That a man may better himselfe by *travaile*, hee ought to observe, and comment: noting as well the *bad*, to avoid it, as taking the *good*, into use. And without *Registring* these things by the *Pen*, they will slide away *unprofitably*. A man would not thinke, how much the *Charactering* of a *thought* in *Paper*, fastens it. *Litera scripta manet*, has a large sense. Hee that does this, may, when hee pleaseth, *rejourney* over all his *Voyage*, in his *Clozet*. Grave *Natures* are the best *Proficients* by *Travaile*: they are not so apt to take a *Soyle*; and they observe more; but then they must put on an *outward freedom*, with an *inquisition* seemingly *carelesse*. It were an *excellent* thing in a *State*, to have always a *select* number of *Youth*, of the *Nobility*, and *Gentry*; and at yeeres of some *Maturity*, send them abroad for *Education*. Their *Parents* could not better dispose of them, than in *dedicating* them to the *Republike*. They themselves could not be in a *fairer way of preferment*: and no question but they mought prove mightily *serviceable* to the *State*, at home; when they shall returne well versed in the *World*, *language* and well read in men; which for *Policy*, and *Negotiation*, is much better than any book-learning, though never

verso deepe, and knowing. Being abroad, the *best* is to converse with the *best*, and not to chuse by the eye, but by *Fame*. For the *State* instruction is to bee had at the *Court*. For *Traffique* among *Merchants*. For *Religious Rites*, the *Clergy*; for *Government*, the *Lawyers*; and for the *Countrey*, and *rurall knowledge*, the *Boores* and *Peasantry* can best helpe you. All *rarities* are to bee seen, especially *Antiquities*; for these shew us the *ingenuity* of elder times in *Act*: and are in one, both *example*, and *precept*. By these, comparing them with *Moderne Invention*, wee may see how the *World* thrives in *ability*, and *braine*. But above all, see *rare men*. There is no *Monument* like a worthy *man* alive. Wee shall be sure to finde somthing in him, to kindle our *spirits*, and inlarge our *mindes* with a worthy *emulation* of his *vertues*. *Parts* of extraordinary *note*; cannot so lye hid, but that they will *shine forth*, through the *tongue* and *behaviour*, to the inlightning of the *ravisht beholder*. And because there is lesse in this, to take the *sense* of the *eye*, and things are more readily taken from a living *patterne*; the *Soule* shall more easily draw in his *excellencies*, and improve it selfe with greater *profit*. But unlesse a man has *judgement* to order these *aright*, in *himselfe*, at his return, all is in *vain*; and lost labour. Some men, by *Travell* will be changed in nothing: and some again, will *change* too much. Indeed, the *morall* outside, wheresoever we be, may seeme best, when somthing fitted to the *Nation* we are in: but wheresoever I should goe, or stay, I would ever keepe my *God*, and *Friends* unchangeably.

ably. Howsoever he returns, he makes an *ill Voyage*, that changeth his *Faith* with his *Tongue*, & *Garments*.



LXXXVIII.

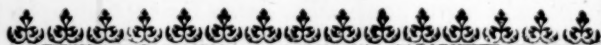
Of Musick.

D*io*genes spake right of *Musick*, when hee told one that bragg'd of his *skill*; that *Wisdom*e govern'd *Cities*; but with *Songs*, and *Measures*, a house would not be order'd well. Certainly, it is more for *pleasure*, then any *profit* of *Man*. Being but a *sound*, it onely works on the *minde* for the present, and leaves it not *reclaimed*, but *rap't* for a while: and then it returns, forgetting the onely *care-deep warbles*. It is but *wantond Aire*, and the *Titillation* of that *spirited Element*. We may see this, in that 'tis only in hollowed *Instruments*, which gather in the stirred *Ayre*, and so cause a sound in the *Motion*. The *advantage* it gains upon the *Minde*, is in respect of the neernesse it hath to the *spirits composition*, which being *Etheriall*, and *harmonious*, must needs delight in that which is like them. Besides, when the *ayre* is thus moved, it comes by degrees to the *care*, by whose *winding entrance*, it is made more *pleasant*, and by that *in-essent Ayre*, carryed to the *Auditory nerve*, which presents it to the *common sense*, and so to the *intellectuall*. Of all *Musick*, that is best which comes from an *articulate voyce*. Whether it be that *man* cannot make an *Instrument* so *melodi-*

ous, as that which *God* made, living *man*: or, because there is something in this, for the *rationall part*, as well as for the *care* alone. In this also, that is best, which comes with a carelesse *freeneffe*, and a kinde of a neglective *easinesse*; *Nature* being alwayes most lovely, in an *unaffected*, and *spontaneous* flowing. A *dexterious Art*, shews *cunning*, and *industry*; rather then *judgment*, and *ingenuity*. It is a kinde of *disparagement*, to be a *cunning Fidler*. It argues his *neglect* of better *employment*, and that hee hath spent much *time* upon a thing *unnecessary*. Hence it hath been counted ill, for great *Ones* to sing, or play, like an *Arted Musician*. *Philip* ask'd *Alexander*, if hee were not *ashamed*, that hee sang so artfully. And indeed, it softens the *minde*; The *curiosity* of it, is fitter for *Women* then *men*, and for *Curtezans* then *Women*. Among other descriptions of a *Romane Dame*; *Salust* puts it down for one, that she did---*Psallere, & saltare, elegantius, quam necesse est proba*. But yet againe 'tis pittie, that these should be so *excellent*, in that which hath such power to *fascinate*. It were well, *Vice* were barr'd of all her helpes of wooing. Many a *minde* hath beene angled unto ill, by the *Eare*. It was *Stratonice*, that tooke *Mithridates* with a *Song*. For as the *Notes* are framed, it can draw, and incline the *minde*. Lively *Tunes* doe lighten the *minde*: Grave ones give it *melancholy*. Lofty ones raise it, and advance it to above. Whose *dull blood* will not caper in his *veines*, when the very *ayre* hee breaths in, *frisketh* in a tickled motion? Who can but fixe his *eye*, and *thoughts*, when hee heares the sigh, and *Dying* groanes,

groanes, gestur'd from the *mournfull Instrument*? And I thinke hee hath not a *minde* well temper'd, whose zeale is not inflam'd by a *heavenly Anthem*. So that indeed, *Musick* is good, or bad, as the end to which it tendeth. Surely, they did meane it excellent, that made *Apollo*, who was *God of Wisdom*, to be *God of Musick* also. But it may be the *Egyptians*, attributing the *invention* of the *Harpe* to him, the *rarity* and *pleasingnesse*, made them so to honour him. As the *Spartans* used it, it served still for an *excitation to Valour*, and *Honourable Actions*: but then they were so carefull of the *manner* of it, as they finde *Terpander*, and nailed his *Harpe* to the post, for being too *inventive*, in adding a *string* more then usuall: Yet had hee done the *State* good service, for he appeased a *Sedition* by his *play*, and *Poetry*. Sometimes light notes are usefull; as in times of generall *Joy*, and when the *minde* is pressed with *sadnesse*. But certainly those are best, which inflame *zeale*, incite to *courage*, or induce to *gravity*. One is for *Religion*; so the *Jews*: The other for *Warre*; so the *Grecians*, and *Romans*. And the last for *Peace* and *Morality*: Thus *Orpheus* civilized the *Satyres*, and the bad rude *men*. It argues it of some excellency, that 'tis used onely of the most *aeriall creatures*; loved, and understood by *man* alone; the *Birds* next, have variety of *Notes*. The *Beasts*, *Fishes*, and the *reptilia*, which are of grosser composition, have onely *silence*, or untuned *sounds*. They that despise it wholly, may well bee suspected, to be something of a *savage nature*. The *Italians* have somewhat a *smart censure*, of those that affect

it not: They say, *God* loves not him, whom hee hath not made to love *Musick*. *Aristoiles* conceit, that *Jove* doth never *Harpe*, nor *sing*, I doe not hold a dispraise. We finde in *Heaven* there be *Hallelujahs* sung. I beleeve it, as a helper both to *good* and *ill*; and will therefore *honour* it, when it *moves* to *Virtue*, and beware it, when it would *flatter* into *Vice*.



LXXXIX.

Of Repentance.

HEE that will not *repent*, shall *ruine*, nor is he to be pittied in his *sufferings*, that may escape a *torment*, by the *compunction* of a *heart*, and *teares*. Surely, that *God* is *mercifull*, that will admit offences to be expiated, by the *sight*, and *fluxed eyes*. But it is to be wondred at, how *Repentance* can againe in-favour us with an *offended God*; since when a *sinne* is past, *griefe* may lessen it, but not *un-sinne* it. That which is done, is *un-recallable*; because a *sinne* does intend in *infinitum*. *Adultery* once committed, maugre all the *tears* in *man*, for the *Act*, remainys *Adultery* still: yea, though the *guilt*, and *punishment* be remitted: nor can a *Man* *unact* it againe. When a *Maid* is robbed of her *Virgin honour*, there may be some *satisfaction*, but no *restitution*. Certainly, there are *secret walkes* of *goodnesse*, and *purity*; whereby all things are *revolved* in a *constant way*, which by the *supream power* of *God*, they were at first
in-

invested in. And when *Man* strays from this *Instinct*, the whole course of *Nature*, is against him, till hee be reduced into his first ranke, and order. And this, I think, may excuse *God* of changeablenesse, when wee say he turns to *man*, upon his *Penitence*: for indeed, 'tis *man* that changes, *God* is still the un-altered same. And the first *Immutability* of things, never leaves a man, till he be either sealed again in his place, or quite cut off from troubling of the motion. And as he is not rightly re-inserted, till hee does Co-operate with the Noble Revolution of all: so hee is not truly penitent, that is not progressive, in the motion of aspiring goodnesse. When he is once thus again, though hee were a stragler from the Round, and like a wry Cog in the wheele, yet now, hee is streighted, and set again in his way, as if hee had never been out. Sayes the Tragedian:

*Remeemus illuc, unde non deouit prius
abire-----*

Return we, whence it was a shame to stray:
and presently after,

Quem paritet peccasse, parè est innocens.

He that repents, is wel-neer innocent.

Nay, sometimes a *failing* and *returne*, is a prompter to a surer hold. Saint *Ambrose* observes, that *Peters* Faith was stronger after his fall, then before: so as he doubts not to say, that, by his fall, he found more

grace, then he *lost*. A man shall beware the *steps* hee once hath *stumbled* on. The *Devill* sometimes coozens himselfe, by *plunging* man into a deepe offence. A sudden ill *Act*, growes abhorred in the *minde* that did it. He is mightily *carelesse*, that does not grow more *vigilant*, on an *Enemy* that hath once *surprized* him. A *blow* that smarts, will put us to a *safer ward*. But the danger is, when we *glide* in a *smoothed way*: for then we shall never return of our *selves* alone. *Questionlesse*, *Repentance* is so *powerfull*, that it cannot be but the gift of *Deity*. Said the *Roman Theodosius*: That *living* men *dye*, is *usuall*, and *naturall*: but that dead men *live* again by *Repentance*, is a *work* of *Godhead* only. How farre, how *secure*, should we runne in *Vice*, did not the *power* of *goodnesse* check us in our full-blown *saille*? Without *doubt*, that is the best *life*, which is a little *sprinkled* with the *salt* of *Crosses*. The other would be quickly *ranke* and *tainted*. There are whose *paths* are *washt* with *Butter*, and the *Rose-bud* crowns them: but doubtlesse, 'tis a *misery* to live in *oyled vice*, when her *wayes* are made *slippery* with her own *slime*: and the *bared* tracke inviteth to a *ruinous race*. *Heaven* is not had without *repentance*, and *repentance* seldome meets a man in *jollity*, in the *careere* of *Lust*; and the *bloods* looser yot. A *Father* said of *David*, Hee *sinned* as *Kings* use to doe; but he *repented*, *sighed*, and *wept*, as *Kings* have used not to do. I would not be so *happy*, as to want the *means* whereby I might be *penitent*. I am sure no man can live without *sin*: and I am sure no *sinner* can be *saved* without it. Nor is this in a mans *own choyce*, to take it up when hee please. Surely, *Man* that would never leave to *sinne*, would never of himselfe,

selfe begin to *repent*. It were ~~best~~, if possible, to live so, as we might not *need* it: but since I can neither not *need* it, nor give it my *selfe*, I will pray him to give it me, who after he hath given me this, will give me both *release* and *glory*.



X C.

Of Warre and Souldiers.

After a long *Scene of Peace*, *Warre* ever enters the *Stage*; and indeed is so much of the *Worlds Physick*, as it is both a *Purge* and *blood-letting*. *Peace*, *Fulnesse*, *Pride*, and *Warre*, as the foure *Fellies*, that being let into one another, make the *wheele*, that the *Times* turn on. As wee see in *Bees*, when the *Hive multiplies*, and *fil*s; *Nature* hath alwayes taught it a way of *ease*, by *swarmes*: So the *World* and *Nations*, when they grow over *populous*, they *discharge* themselves by *Troups* and *Bands*. 'Tis but the *distemper* of the body *Politick*, which (like the *Naturall*) *Rest*, and a full *diet* hath burthen'd with *repletion*: and that heightens *humours*, either to *sicknesse*, or *Evacuations*. When 'tis eas'd of these, it subsides againe to a *quiet rest*, and *temper*. So *Warre* is begotten out of *Peace* gradually, and ends in *Peace* immediately. Between *Peace*, and *Warre*, are two *Stages*; *Luxury*, *Ambition*: betweene *Warre* and

Peace, none at all. The causes of all *Warres*, may be reduced to five heads: *Ambition*, *Avarice*, *Revenge*, *Providence*, and *Defence*. The two first, were the most usuall causes of *Warre* among the *Heathen*. Yet what all the conquer'd call'd *Pride*, and *Covetousnesse*; both the *Romans* and *Grecians* were taught by their high *blouds*, to call, *Honour* and increase of *Empire*. The originall of all, *Tibullus* will needs have *gold*.

Quis fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enses?
Quàm ferus, & verè ferreus ille fuit?
Tunc cades hominum generi, tunc praelia nata,
Tunc brevior dira mortis aperta via est.
At nihil ille miser meruit, nos ad mala nostra,
Vertimus, in sevas quod dedit ille feras.
Divitis hoc vitium est auri: nec bella fuerunt,
Faginus adstabat cum Scyphus ante dapes.

Of killing *Swords* who might first *Author* be?
 Sure, a *steel minde*, and *blondy thought* had he.
Mankinds destruction; *Wars*, were then made known,
 And shorter ways to *death*, with *terror* shown.
 Yet (curs'd) he's not i'th *fault*; we madly bend
 That on our selves, he did for *beasts* intend.
 Full *gold's* i'th *fault*: no *Wars*, no *Fars* were then,
 When *Beech* bowls onely were in use with men.

That which hath grown from the *propagation* of
Religion, was never of such *force*, as since the *Ma-*
humetan Law, and *Catholike cause*, have ruffled
 among the *Nations*. Yet questionlesse to lay the
 four-

foundation of Religion in blood, is to *condemne it*, before we reach it; The *Sword* may force *Nature*, and destroy the *Body*, but cannot make the *mind* believe that *lawfull*, which is begun in *unlawfulness*: Yet without doubt in the *enterprizers*, the opinion has *animated* much: we see how it formerly fired the *Turke*, and is yet a strong *motive* to the *Spanish attempts*. Unless he throws abroad this to the *World*, to blanch his *rapine* and his *crudelty*. For that of *Revenge*; I see not but it may be *lawful* for a *Prince*, even by *War*, to *vindicate* the *honour* of himself, and *People*. And the reason is, because in such cases of *injury*, the whole *Nation* is interested: and many times the *recompence*, is more due to the *Subjects*, then the *Sovereign*. That of *Providence* may well have a *pass*: as when *Princes* make *Warre* to avoid *Warre*: or when they see a *storme* inevitably falling; 'tis good to *meete it*, and *breake the force*: should they ever sit still while the *blow* were given them, they might very well *undo* themselves by *Patience*; we see in the *body*, men often bleed to prevent an imminent *sickness*. For that of *Defence*, both *Religion*, and all the *Rules of Nature* plead for't. The *Commanders* in *Warre* ought to be *built* upon these three *Vertues*; they should be *Wise*, *Valiant*, *Experienc'd*. *Wisdom* in a *Generall*, many times ends the *Warre* without *Warre*. Of all *Victories*, the *Roman* thought that best, which least was *stain'd* with blood. And they were content to let *Camillus* triumph, when he had not fought. In these *times*, it is especially *requisite*, since *Stratagems* and *Advantages* are more in use, then the open and the daring *valour*. Yet *valiant* hee must be;

be; else he grows *contemptible*, loses his *command*, and by his own *fear*, infects his *Troupes* with *cowardice*. To the *eternall* honour of *Cesar*, *Cicero* reports, that in all his *commands* of the *Field*, there was not found an *Ito*, but a *Veni*: as if hee scorn'd in all his *Onsets*, to be any thing, but still a *Leader*. Alwayes teaching by the *strongest Authority*, his own *forwardnesse*, his own *examples*. And though these be *Excellencies*, they beall, without *Experience*, lame. Let him be never so *learned*, his Books cannot limit his *designes* in severall: and though he be *perfect* in a *Paper-plot*, where his *eye* has all in *view*, he will faile in a *Leaguer*, where hee sees but a *limme* at once: Besides, *Experience* puts a *credit* on his *Actions*, and makes him far more prompt in *undertakings*. And indeed, there is a great deal of *reason*, why we should *respect* him, that with an *untainted valour*, has grown old in *Arms*, and hearing the *Drum beat*. When every *minute* Death seems to passe by, and shun him, he is as one that the *supreme God* has car'd for, and, by a particular *Guard* defended in the *Haile of Death*. 'Tis true, 'tis a life tempting to *exorbitancy*; yet this is more in the *common* sort, that are pressed as the *refuse*, and *burthen* of the *Land*, then in those that by a *Nobler breeding*, are able to *command*. *VVant*, *Idlenesse*, and the *desperate* face of *blood*, hath hardened them to *Out-rages*. Nor may we wonder, since even their life is but an order'd *Quarrell*, raised to the *fend* of *killing*. Certainly, it was with such that *Lucan* was so out of *charity*.

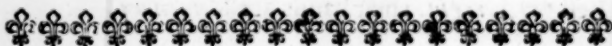
*Nulla fides, Pietasq; viris, qui castra sequuntur,
Venalesq; manus: ibi fas, ubi maxima merces.*

Nor

Nor *Faith*, nor *Conscience*, common *Souldiers* carry,
Best *pay*, is *right*: their hands are *Mercenary*.

For the *weapons* of *War*, they differ much from those
of *ancient times*: and I beleeve, the *invention* of *Ord-
nance* hath mightily saved the lives of men. They *com-
mand* at such *distance*, and are so *unresistable*, that men
come not to the *shock* of the *Battell*, as in former *Ages*.
We may observe, that the greatest *numbers*, have fal-
len by those *weapons*, that have brought the *Enemies*
neerest together. Then the *pitched field* was the *triall*,
and men were so engaged that they could not come
off, till *blood* had decided *victory*. The same *Advanta-
ges* are still, and rather greater now, then of old: The
Winde, the *Sunne*, the better *Ground*. In former *Wars*,
for all their *Armes*, the *Ayre* was ever *cleere*: but now
their *Peeces* mist, and thicken it, which beaten upon
them by *disadvantages*, may soon indanger an *Army*.
Surely *Wars* are in the same *nature* with *offences*, *Ne-
cesse est ut veniant*. They must be, yet *Va in ducenti*.
they are mightily in *fault* that *cause* them. Even *reason*
teaches us to cast the *blood* of the *slain*, upon the unjust
Authors of it. That which gives the *minde* security, is
a *just cause*, and a *just deputation*. Let me have these,
and of all other, I shall thinke this, one of the *noblest*,
and most *manly* wayes of *dying*.

of



XCI.

Of Scandall.

TIs unhappinesse enough to himself, for a man to be rotten within. But when by being false, hee shall pull a stain on a whole Society, his guilt will gnaw him with a sharper tooth. Even the effect is contrary to the sway of Nature, and the wishes of the whole extended Earth. All men desire, that vexing their foes, they may gratifie and glad their friends: onely hee that scandals a Church, or Nation, makes his friends mourn, and his Enemies rejoyce. They sigh for his just shame, unjustly flung on them: these smile, to see an adversary faine, and the blow given to those that would uphold him. And though the Authour lives where he did, yet his soul has been Traytour, and helped the contrary side. One ill man may discountenance even the warranted, and mayntained Cause of a Nation; especially if he has been good. Blots appear fouler in a strict life, then a loose one; no man wonders at the Swines wallowing: but to see an Ermine myr'd, is Prodigy. Where doe Vices shew so foule, as in a Minister, when hee shall be heavenly in his Pulpit alone? Certainly, they wound the Gospel, that preach it to the World, and live, as if they thought to go to Heaven some other way then that they teach the people. How unseemly is it, when a grave Cassock, shall be lin'd with a wanton Reveller, and
with

with *crimes*, that make a *loose one odious*? Surely, God will be severest against those, that will wear his *Badge*, and seeme his *servants*, yet inwardly side with the *Devill*, and *Lusts*. They spot his *Honour*, and cause *prophane ones* jest at his *Holinesse*. We see, the *Prince* suffers in the *failes* of his *Ambassadour*: and a *servants ill action* is some touch to his *Masters reputation*: nor can hee free himselfe, but by delivering him up to *Justice*, or discarding him: otherwise, he would be judg'd to *patronize* it. Other *Offences* God may punish, this, he *must*; least the *enemies of his Truth* triumph against him. David had his *whip* for this: Because by this he had caused the *enemies of God to blaspheme*, the *Child* must dye. When hee that had *Anthem'd* the *purenesse of the God of Israel*, and proclaym'd the *Noble Acts* hee did of old; and seem'd as one indeared to the *Almighties Love*: how would the *Philistims* rejoyce, when hee should thus become *Apostate*, and with a *mild licentiousnesse*, mix his *Lust* with *murther* and *ingratitude*? Surely, the *Vices of Alexander the Sixth*, did mightily discolour *Papacy*: till then, *Princes* were afraid of *Bulls* and *Excommunications*: but it was so usuall with him, to *Curse* upon his owne *displeasure*, and for advancing of his *spurious Race*: that it hath made them *slighted*, ever since his *passions* so impubli'd them. What a *staine* it was to *Christendome*, that the *Turke* should pull a *Christian Kings* violated *Covenant* from his *bosome*, in the *War*, and present it the *Almighty*, as an *Act of those*, that profess'd themselves his *Servants*? Beware how thy *Actions* fight against thy *Tongue* or *Pen*.

One

One *ill life* will pull downe more, then many *good Tongues* can build. And doubtlesse, *G O D*, that is jealous of his *Honour*, will vindicate these *soyles*, with his most *destructive arme*. Take heed, not of *strictnesse*, but of *falling foully* after it. As he that frames the strongest *Arguments* against himselfe, and then does fully *answer* them, does the best defend his *Cause*: So hee that lives *strictest*, and then forgoes his hold, does the worst disgrace his *Patron*. *Sinnes* of this nature, are not *faults* to our selves alone, but by a kinde of *argumentative way*, dishonour *G O D* in the *consequent*. And even all the *Church* of sincerest *good men*, suffer in a *seeming-good mans* fall. This is to be *religiously lewd*. If thou beest unsound within, soyle not the glorious *Roabe of Truth*, by putting it upon thy *beastlinesse*. When *Diogenes* saw a *Wanton* vaunting in a *Lions skinne*, hee calls unto him, that hee should forbear to make *Vertues garment* blush. And indeed, *Vertue* is ashamed, when shee hath a *servant vile*. When those that should be *Sunnes*, shall be eclipsed, the lesser *Stars* will lose their light and splendour. Even in the *Spaniards Conquest* of the *Indians*, I dare thinke, their *cruelty* and *bloudinesse*, have kept more from their *faith*, then all their force have wonne them. Some would not believe, *Heaven* had any *blessednesse*, because they heard there were some *Spaniards* there. So hatefull can *detected Vice* make that which is even *goodnesse* it selfe: and so excellent is a *soule of integrity*, that it frights the *Lewd* from *Luxury* to *reverence*. The beastly *Floralians* were abash'd and ceas'd at the upright

Cato's presence. A second to eternall goodnesse, is, a wise *man*, uncorrupt in *life*: his *soule* shines, and the beams of that *shine*, attract others that admire his worth, to imitate it. The best is, to let the same *spirit* guide both the *hand* and *tongue*. I will never professe, what I will not strive to practice: and will thinke it better to be but *crooked timber*, then a *straite block*, and after lye to stumble *men*.

XCII.

*That Divinity does not cross Nature,
so much as exceed it.*

THEY that are *Divines* without *Philosophy*, can hardly maintain the *Truth* in *disputations*. 'Tis possible they may have an infused faith, sufficient for themselves: but if they have not *Reason* too, they will scarce make others capable of their *Instruction*. Certainly, *Divinity* and *Morality* are not so averse, but that they well may live together: for, if *Nature* be rectified by *Religion*; *Religion* againe is strengthened by *Nature*. And as some hold of *Fate*, that there is nothing happens below, but is writ above in the *Stars*, onely wee have not skill to finde it: so, I beleeve, there is nothing in *Religion*, contrary to *Reason*, if we knew it rightly. For conversation among men, and the true happiness of *Man*: *Philosophy* hath agree'd with *Scripture*. Nay, I thinke I may also add, for defining of *God*, excepting the *Trinity*, as neere as *man* can conceive

ceive him. How exact hath it made *Justice*? How busie to finde out *Truth*? How rightly directed *love*? exalting with much earnestnesse; all those *Graces*, that are any way amiable. Hee that seekes in *Plato*, shall finde him making *God* the *Solumsum-mum Bonum*; to which a pure and vertuous life is the way. For defining *God*, my opinion is, that *Man*, neither by *Divinity* nor *Philosophy*, can, as they say, *Quidditative*, tell what Hee is. It is fitter for *Man* to adore and admire him, then in vaine to study to comprehend him. *God* is for *Man* to stand amazed and wonder at. The clogg'd and drossie Soule, can never sound him, who is the un-imaginable Fountain of *Spirits*; and from whom, all things, by a graduate Derivation, have their light, life, and being. In these things they agree; but I finde three other things, wherein *Divinity* over-soareth *Nature*. In the Creation of the World, in the Redemption of *Man*, and in the way and Rites, wherein *God* will be worshipped. In the Creation of the World: No *Philosophy* could ever reach at that which *Moses* taught us. Here the *Humanists* were all at a stand, and *Farre*: all their conjectures being rather witty, and conceit, then true and reall. Some would have all things from *Fire*; some, from *Ayre*; some, from *Water*; some, from *Earth*; some, from *Numbers*; some, from *Atomes*; from *Simples*, some; and some, from *Compounds*. *Aristotle* came the neere, in finding out the truest *Materia prima*: but because hee could not believe this made of nothing, hee is content to erre, and thinke it was eternall. Surely, this *Conceit* was as far from *Reason*, as the other:

his

his *Reason* might have fled unto *Omnipotency*, as well as to *Eternity*. And so indeed, when *Philosophy* hath gone as far as she is able, she arriveth at *Almightinesse*, and in that *Abisse* is lost: where not knowing the way, she goeth but by guesse, and cannot tell when shee is or *right* or *wrong*. Yet is she rather *subordinate*, than *contrary*. *Nature* is not *croffe*, but runs into *Omnipotency*: and like a *petty River*, is swallowed in that *boundlesse Maine*. For the *Redemption* of *Man*, even the *Scripture* calls it a *Mystery*: and all that *Humanity* could ever reach of this, was, onely a flying to the generall name of *Mercy*, by the urgings of the *Conscience*. They all knew they had *failed*, and *fallen*. Their own *bosomes* would tell them thus: but the way how they might be restored, never fell into their *Heathen* thoughts. This was a worke that *God* declared onely to his own *Peculiar*, by the immediate *Revelation* of his *Word* and *Will*. For the *Manner* how *God* would be *worshipped*, no *Naturalist* could ever finde it out, till hee himselve gave directions from his sacred *Scripture*. In the first Chapter to the *Romans*, Saint *Paul* grants, that they may know *God*, through the *visibilities* in his *Works*: but for their *ignorance* in this, hee says, The *wrath* of *God* is revealed against them: Because that when they knew *God*, they glorified him not as *God*, but turned the *Glory* of the incomparable *God*, to the similitude of the Image of a corruptible *Man*, and of *Birds*, and of four-footed *Beasts*, and of *creeping things*. And these three things the *Scripture* teacheth us: which else wee could never have learned, from all the *Books* in the *World*. Thus wee see for *morality*,

Nature still is something *pert* and *vigorous* : but in the things of *God* it is confirmed , that shee is *thick-sighted* , and cannot see them. Can a *Fly* comprehend *man* , upon the top of *Monarchy* ? no more can *man* comprehend *God* , in the height of *Omnipotency*. There are as well *Mysteries* for *Faith* , as *Causes* for *Reason*. This may guide mee , when I have to deale with *man* ; but in *Divine* affairs , *Reason* shall wait on *Faith* , and submit to her *Prerogative*. The *Conscience* is great ; but *God* is far greater than it.



XCIII.

Of tediousnesse in Discourse.

A *Prasing Barber* came to trimme *King Archelaus* , and asked him , *Sir* , how will you please to have me cut your haire ? Says the King , *Silently*. And certainly , though a *man* ha's nothing to doe , but to *heare* and *answer* ; yet a *limitlesse tongue* is a strange *unbitted Beast* , to worry one with. And the misery is , they that speake *much* , seldome speak *well* : for they that know how to *speake* a-right , know not how to dwell in *Discourse*. It cannot be but *ignorance* , when they know not , that *long speeches* , though they may please the *speaker* , yet they are the *torture* of the *hearing eare*. I have pittied *Horace* , when hee was put into his *sweat* , and almost flaine in the *via sacra* , by the ac-

accidentall detention of a *Bablers tongue*. There is nothing tyres one, like the *sawing* of ones eares when words shall *clatter*, like a window loose, in winde. A talkative fellow is the *unbrac'd Drumme*, which beats a *wise man* out of his wits. Surely, *Nature* did not guard the *tongue* with the double fence of *teeth* and *lips*, but that shee meant it should not move too nimblely. I like it in *Isocrates*, when of a *Scholler* full of words, he asked a double *Fee*: one to learne him to *speake well*; another to teach him to *hold his peace*. They which talke too much to others, I feare me, seldome speake with themselves enough: and then, for want of acquaintance with their own *bosomes*, they may well be mistaken, and present a *Foole* to the *People*, while they thinke themselves are *wise*. But there are, and that severally, that be much troubled with the disease of *speaking*. For, assuredly, *Loquacity* is the *Fistula* of the *minde*; ever running, and almost incurable. Some are *blabs* of *secrets*; and these are *Traytors* to *Society*: they are *Vessels* unfit for use, for they be boarded in their *bottoms*. Some will boast the *favours* they have found: and by this means, they often bring *goodnesse* into suspect, lose *love*, and injure *Fame*.

*Sed tacitus pasci si posset Corvus, haberet
Plus dapis, & rixa multo minus, invidiaeque.*

But could the *Crow*, be silent fed, his *diet*
Might daintier be, lesse envied, and more quiet.

You shall finde too, that will cloy you with their
V 2 own

own *Inventions*: and this is a fault of *Poets*, which unlesse they meet with those that love the *Muses*, is as a *dainty Oration*, delivered to one in a *Language* that he understands not. His *Judgement* found this fault, that made his *Epigram* inviting his *Friend* to *supper*, promise that he

—no *Verses* would repeat.

Some will *preamble* a *Tale* impertinently: and cannot be delivered of a *Fest*, till they have travailed an houre in *Trivials*; as if they had taken the *whole Tale* by *Stenography*, and now were putting on it out at *large*: thus they often spoyle a *good Dish*, with improper *sawce*, and unfavoury *farcements*. Some have a veine in *counselling*; even till they stop the *care*, they poure it in. *Tedious Admonitions* dull the *Advised*, and make the giver *contemptible*. 'Tis the *short reproofe*, that stayes like a *stab* in the *Memory*: and many times, three words doe more good, than an idle *Discourse* of three houres. Some have *varieties* of *Stories*, even to the tiring of an *Auditor*; and these are often, even the grave *follies* of *age*: whose unwatcht *tongues* stray into the *wast* of *words*, and give us cause to blame their *memories*, for retaining so much of their *Youth*. There are two, that have a leaping *Tongue*, to *Figge* into the tumult of *discourse*; and unlesse you have an *Aristius* to take you off, you are in much danger of a deepe *vexation*. A *Rooke-yard* in a *Spring* morning, is neither so ill nor noisefull, as is one of these. But this is commonly a *feminine*. Doubtlesse, the

the best way for *speech*, is to be *short, plain, materiall*. Let me heare one *wise man* sentence it, rather then twenty *Fools*, garrulous in their lengthened *rattle*. *Est tempus quando nihil, est tempus quando aliquid: nullum autem est tempus, in quo dicenda sunt omnia. Hugo Victorinus.*

XCIV.

Of Liberty, and Restraint.

IT was but a *Flourish* of *Ciceroe's Oratory*, when hee said, *Ad Deum & Libertatem nati sumus*. The greatest *Prince* that ever was produc'd by *Woman*, comes *in sanguin'd* into the *World*, and is a poore *resistless Slave*, to the first *arme* that he falls into. But if he meant it of the *Noble spirit of man*, then I thinke 'tis true: for it still advanceth to that *Sunne*, from whence it hath both *life* and *vigour*. And this, wee see all things doe aspire to *liberty*, and the affecting of an uncontroll'd *Freedom*. Every *Creature* is prompted by *Nature*, to be like that, from whence it is derived. Looke over all the *World*, and you shall finde, that every thing, as far as the *Ability* will give it *Line*, does *Snail* it after *Deity*, and with a kinde of *rising emulation*, slowly *Apes Almightinesse*. But this *Liberty of Humane spirits*, is that which cannot be restrained, and therefore the restraint of the *Body*, is that which wee will speake of. This is commonly by *Imprisonment*, or by *Service*. That of *Imprisonment* is nothing

thing such a *mischiefe*, as the most doe thinke it. The greatest is, in that the *Eye* is debarred the delight of the *Worlds Variety*. Nor indeede is this *totall*, but in *part* and *locall* only. In this, a *blinde man* is the most miserable *Prisoner* of all: Whatsoever place does hold him, hee is still in the *Worlds Dungeon*, wandering in the *Nights* uncomfortable *shade*. And indeede the most burthensome *imprisonment*, is to be *Prisoner* to a *Disease*; as the *Gout*, the *Palsey*, and the like: because, for the most part, these hold us, not without paine, and the mighty trouble of our *friends* about us. For the other, I see not, but a *locall restraint*, without want, and enforced *employment*, may very easily be converted to a *happinesse*: unlesse *men* will let their minds long against the *Tyde* of *Reason*. It is no other but a place of retyring, and *sequestration*, from the *World*, which many of the wisest have voluntarily put upon themselves. *Demosthenes* would shave his *Beard* by halfe, to keepe himselfe within, by a willing necessity. *Dioclesians* two and twenty years *Empery*, could not put him out of love with his retyring place: Nor *Charles* the Fifth his many *Kingdoms*. There are examples of extraordinary gain, that *Men* have made of such *Confinements*. Assuredly, while a *man* is tossed among *men*, and *businessse*, hee cannot so enjoy himselfe, as when he is something seclused from both of these. And it is a misery, when a *man* must so apply himselfe to *others*, as hee cannot have leasure to account with himselfe. Besides, be hee never so at large; he does but runne over the same things, hee sees but the like

like *World* in another place. If hee ha's but *light*, and any *prospect*, hee may see by that, what the rest is, and enjoy it by his boundlesse *minde*. For the *Restraint* by *Service*, if it be with imposed *Toyle*, then is it farre worse, than the being *circum-mured* onely: This man differeth not in the act of his *life* from a *Beast*: Hee must ply his *Taske*, and have his *Food*, but onely to make him fit for his *Taske* againe: hee is like one that is *Surety* for a *Bankrupt*. The gods sell all for *labour*; and he has entered *Covenant*, to worke for one that *playes*: so is become a *principall* for another mans *debt*, and payes it. This surely is the greatest *Captivity*, the greatest *Slavery*. The attendant services of *Nobility*, are farre easier to the *man* and *minde*: though the perpetuall sight of full estates above them, may well endanger those mindes that have not *Ballast* in them. To see *Heaven*, and to come no neerer, than to wait at the *doore*, is a terrible *Torment* to the *Spirit*. A *naked beauty* seene, would tempt one *chaste*, to erre. Yet withall, 'tis something like *Love*, a kinde of *bitter-sweet*, it both pleaseth and displeaseth the *minde* at once: it is pleased to see it: but 'tis displeased, that it cannot enjoy it. Besides, if there be *toyle*, a *wise man* may take lesse of it: and an *honest man*, by the plea of his *duty*, makes his *minde* content in *d'spatches*. *Courage* and *Ability*, make *businesse* much the easier. One asked the *Cynick*, how he could live a *Servant* to *Zeniades*? but he returns; That a *Lion* does not serve his *Keeper*, but his *Keeper* him. Yet for all this, *Nature* pleads for *Liberty*: and though *Commands* may bee often

ease, yet they sometimes *grate* and *gall*. So that if we appeal to the *minde* of *man*, that will say, It is better being a *King*, though but in a *Tub*; than to be a *Servant* in the *roofed Palace*. There are helps, that may abate *Inconveniencies*: but *Liberty* will over-sway with *man*. When one was applauding *Calisthenes*, that he went *brave*, and dined with the *King*; *Diogenes* replies, That for all that, *Calisthenes* dined when *Alexander* pleased; and *Diogenes* when it pleased *Diogenes*. If this be not rather *opinionative* than *reall*, it is questionlesse an unhappinesse to *serve*. If I have my *liberty*, I would rest in the *priviledges* that accrue it. If I want it, I would joy in the *benefits* that accrue the *want*: so in either estate, I may finde *Content* my *Play-fellow*.



XCV.

Of the causes that make men different.

Homo homini quid præstat? was the former times just *Wonder*: and indeed, it would almost pose the thought, to weigh the difference of the *spirits of men*. It hath beene a *Question*, whether all *Souls* are *equall* at their first *Infusion*: and if it be of that *Soule* purely, which at the same instant, is both created and infused; then no question, but they are alike. Nothing comes immediatly from *God*, but is *pure*, *perfect*, and *uncorrupt*. But because the sensitive part in *man*, bears a great sway, it many times

times falls out, that by the deficiency of the *organick* part, the *soul* is eclipsed and imprisoned so, as it cannot appear in the *vigour* it would shew, if the *Bodies* composition were perfect, and open. A perfect *soule*, in an imperfect *Body*, is like a bright *Taper*, in a dark *Lan-thorn*: the fault is not in the *Light*, but in the *Case*, which curtains it with so dull an *outside*, as will not let the *shine* be transparent. And wee may see this, even in those that we have known both able and ingenious; who after a hurt received in some *vital* part, have grown *mopish*, and almost *insensible*. When the *vital* passages of the *sensitive* and *vegetative* are imperfect, though they extinguish not the *Intellectuall*, because it is impossible, that a thing *mortal*, should destroy a thing *immortal*: yet their defect keeps it so under, as it appeareth not to the *outward* apprehension. Not that *Man* hath three distinct *Soules*: for the *Intellectuall* in *man*, containeth the other two: and what are different in *Plants*, *Beasts*, and *Man*; are in *Man* one, and co-joined together. Otherwise, hee were a *Plant*, and severally, a *brute*, and *rationall*. But as the solid *Chrystalline* *Heaven*, and *first mover*, contains the *Region* of the *Fire*, and *Ayre*; and the *Region* of the *Fire* and *Ayre*, the *Globe* of the *Earth* and *Waters*; yet all make but one *World*. So the *Intellectuall* containes the *sensitive*, and the *sensitive* the *vegetative*; yet all in *man*, make but one *Soule*. But the differences of *Men* may all be referred to two causes; either *Inward* or *Outward*: *Inward*, are defects in *Nature*, and *Generation*: either when the *Active* part, the *Seed*, is not perfect, or when the *nutrimentall* and

Passive

passive power, faile of their *sufficiency*, are too abundant, or corrupted. And when *man* is of himselfe, from the *wombe*, the *malignity* of some *humour* may interpose the true operation of the spirits *internall*. Certainly, those men that we see mounting to the *Noblenesse* of minde, in *honourable actions*, are pieces of *Natures truest worke*; especially in their inward faculties. *Externall defects*, may be, and yet not-alwayes hinder the *internall powers*, when they happen remoted from the noblest parts, else they are often causes of *debilitation*. And these are commonly, from the *Temperature* of the *Ayre*, from *Education*, from *Dyet*, and from *Age*, and *Passion*. From the *Ayre*, we see the *Southern* people are *lightsome*, *ingenious* and *subtill*, by reason of the *heat*, that *rarifies* the *spirits*. The *Northern*, are *slower*, and more *dul*, as having them *thickned* with the *chill colds condensation*.

Temperie Cæli, Corpusque, Animusque juvatur.

Both *Soule* and *Body*, change, by change of *Ayre*.

Education hath his *force* seen in every place, if you *travail* but from *Court*, to the *Countrey*: or but from a *Village*, to an *Academy*: or see but a horse well *manag'd*, and another *Resty*, in his own *fercenesse*. *Dyet* no question alters much, even the giddy *Ayriness* of the *French*, I shall rather impute to their *Dyet* of *Wine*, and wilde *Foule*, than to the difference of their *Clyme*, it being so neere an adjoyner to ours. And in *England*, I beleeve our much use of *strong beere*, and *grosse flesh*, is a great occasi-

on

on of dregging our *spirits*, and corrupting them, till they shorten life. *Age*, is also a *changer*: *Man* hath his *Zenith*, as well in *wit*, as in ability of *body*; hee growes from *sense* to *reason*: and then againe declines to *Dotage*, and to *Imbecillity*. *Youth* is too young in *brayn*; and *Age* againe, does draine away the *spirits*. *Passion* blunts the *edge* of *conceit*: and where there is much *sorrow*, the *minde* is dull, and unperceiving. The *Soule* is oppressed, and lies languishing in an *unsociable lowlynesse*, till it proves *stupid* and *inhumane*. Nor doe these more alter the *minde* than the *body*. The lamenting *Poet* puts them both together.

Fam mihi deterior canis aspergitur atas :

Famque, meos virtus ruga senilis arat.

Fam vigor, & quassolanguent in corpore vires :

Nec Iuveni Lusus, qui placere, juvant.

Nec me, si subito videas cognoscere possis,

Ætatis facta est tantarumina mea.

Confiteor, facere hoc annos : sed & altera causa est;

Anxietas animi continuusque Labor.

Now, colder years, with snow my hairens enchase:

And now the aged wrinkle plowes my Face.

Now through my trembling joynts, my vigor fails,

Mirth too, that cheer'n my Youth, now nought avails.

Sorruin'd, and so alter'd am I grown,

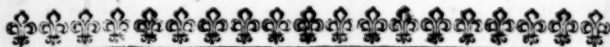
That at first sight, I am not to be known.

Age one cause is: but that which more I finde,

Is pain perpetuall, and a troubled minde.

Certainly,

Certainly, the *best* is, to weigh every man, as his *means* have been: a man may looke in vaine for *Courtship* in a *Plowman*, or *learning* in a *Mechanick*. Who will expect a *lame man* should be *swift* in running: or that a *sick man* should deliver an *Oration*, with a *grace* and *cheerfulness*? If I finde any man failing in his *Manners*, I will first consider his *means*, before I *censure* the man. And one that is short of what he might be, by his *sloth* and *negligence*, I will thinke as justly *blameable*, as he that out of *industry* has adorn'd his *behaviour* above his *means*, is *commendable*.



XCVI.

Of Divination.

What is it *man* so much covets, as to pry into *Natures Clozet*, and to know what is to come? yet, if we but consider it rightly, we shall finde it a profitable *providence*, which hath set our *estate* in *future*, something in *darke* and *shade*. If *man* doubted not of what *Death* would deliver him to, he would (I thinke) either live more *lewdly*, or more *unhappily*. If wee knew *Death* were onely an end of *Life*, and no more; every man for his own ends, would be a disturber of the *worlds peace*. If wee were certaine of *Torment*; *Thought* and *Feare* would make our present *Life* a *Death continuall*, in the *Agitations* of a troubled *soule*. If wee were sure of *Joy* and *Glory*, we should be carelesse of our *living*

ving well. Certainly, *God* hath made *Man* to dwell in *doubt*, that hee might be awed to *God*, by *Feare* and *Expectation*. We are led along by *Hope*, to the *Ends* that are appointed us: and by an *uncertain* way, we come at last to a *certain end*, which yet we could neither *know* nor *avoid*. The *great Creator* wisely put *things to come*, in the *Mist* and *Twilight*, that wee might neither be over-joyed with the certainty of *good*; nor over-much terrified with the assurance of an *unavoydable ill*. Though *Præscience* and *Divination* be a *God-like quality*, yet, because it can onely tell of *danger*, and not *prevent* it; the *miser sort* have ever had the *Art* in *neglect*, in *dislike*. If *Fate* be *certain*, it can be no good to *know* it, because we cannot *prevent* it. If it be *uncertain*, we search in vain to find out that which may be. So, either way we hazzard for *unhappinesse*. *Bis misere esse cupit, qui mala, quæ vitari non possunt, amat præscire*. I remember, *Cicero* reports it of *Cato*, that hee wondered how *Sooth-sayers* could forbear *Laughter*, when they met one another; they knew, they used so to gull the *People*. One thing there is, that (if it were *certain*) doth mightily *disparage* it; and this is, That it sets a *Man* over to *second causes*, and puts him off from *providence*. But it cannot be *certain* and *determinate*. *Man* is *not* wise enough, to *sent* out the *abstruse steps* of *Deity*. It is observed by one, that what *Nigidius* used for defence of his *Art*, by turning of a *Wheele*, and marking it twice with *Inke* hath cast it all into a *vast uncertainty*. And indeede, the *minute* of *Generation*, *Conception*, and *Production*, are so hard to know justly, the

Point

Point of place so hard to finde: the *Angles*, the *Aspects*, and the *Conjunctions* of the *Heavens*, so impossible to be cast right in their *influences*, by reason of the *rapid* and *Lightning-like Motion* of the *Sphaeres*; that the whole *Art*, throughly searched and examined, will appeare a meere *fallacy* and *delusion* of the wits of *men*. If their *Calculations* be from the seven *Motive Spheres* onely, how is there such difference in the lives of children borne together, when their oblique *motion* is so flow, as the *Moon* (though farre more speedy than any of the rest) is yet above seven and twenty dayes in her *course*? If their *calculations* be by their *diurnall motion*, it is impossible to collect the various *influences*, which every tittle of a *minute* gives. Besides, in close roomes, where the *windows* are clozed, the *Fire Perfumes*, concourse of *People*, and the *parentall humours*, barre their operation from the *Childe*. But suppose there were a *Fate* transfer'd from the *Starres* to *man*, who can read their *significations*? Who hath told their particular *predictions*? Are they not all meere the *uncertaine conjectures* of *Men*, which rarely *hit*, and often *faile*? So in *Beasts*, in *Birds*, in *Dreams*, and all *viary Omens*, they are onely the ghesfive *interpretations* of dimy'd *man*: full of *doubt*, full of *deceit*. How did the *Tuscane Soothsayers*, and the *Philosophers* that were with *Julian*, differ about the wounded *Lyon*, presented him, when hee went to invade the *Persians*? How, about the *Lightning* that slew *Fovinianus*, and his two *horses*? Yet of the rest, I beleeve there is more from the *Stars*, than these other *observations*?

but

but this is then for *generall inclinations*; not for *particular Events*: Those are sure in the hands and *Cabinet* of the *Almighty*: and none but Prophets that hee inspires, are able to reveal them. The securest way is to *live well*: then we may be sure of a *fair end*, and a *passable way*. Hee that lives *vertuoufly*, needs not doubt of finding a *happy Fate*. Let my *life* please *God*; and I am sure, the *successe* shall please me. *Vertue* and *Vice* are both Prophets; the one, of *certaine good*; the other, or of *Pain*, or *Penitence*.



X C V I I.

*That 'tis best increasing by a little
at once.*

THere is no such *prevalent workman*, as *sedulity* and *diligence*. A man would wonder at the mighty things, which have been done by *degrees*, and gentle *augmentations*. And yet there are, that are over-ready in the ways of *pleasing* and *labour*. When *Diligence* reaches to *humour* and *flattery*, it grows *poor* and *un noble*: and when to *Pride* and *Curiosity*, it then loseth his *praise*. So the *Priest* of *Ammon* would needs salute *Alexander* as a *god*: and *Protogenes* spent seven yeeres in drawing *Falysus*, and his *Dog*: And a *King* of *Persia*, would needs for a *Present*, adulterate *Roses* with an *artfull smell*. When these two are *avoyded*, *Diligence*, and *Moderation* are the best
steps,

steps, whereby to climbe to any *excellency*. Nay, it is rare if there be any other way. The *Heavens* send not down their rain in *flouds*, but by *drops*, and dewy *distillations*. A man is neither *good*, nor *wise*, nor *rich* at once: yet softly *creeping* up these *hills*, hee shall every day better his *prospect*; till at last, hee *gains* the *top*. Now he learns a *Vertue*, and then hee damnes a *Vice*. An *houre* in a *day* may much *profit* a man in his *study*; when he makes it *stint* and *custome*. Every yeer something laid up, may in time make a *stock* great, Nay, if a man does but *save*, he shall *increase*; and though when the *grains* are scatter'd, they be next to nothing: yet together, they will swell the *heape*. A *poore man* once found the *tag* of a *point*, and put it in the *lap* of his *skirt*: one asked him, what hee could doe with it? Hee answers, What I finde all the *yeer* (though it be never so little) I lay it up at home, till the yeere ends; and with all together, I every *New-yeers day*, adde a *Dish* to my *Cup-boord*. Hee that ha's the patience to attend small profits, may quickly grow to thrive and *purchase*: they be easier to accomplish, and come thicker. So, hee that from every thing collects somewhat, shall in time get a *Treasury* of *Wisdom*. And when all is done, for *Man*, this is the best way. It is for *God*, and for *Omnipotency*, to doe *mighty things* in a *moment*: but, *degreely* to grow to *greatnesse*, is the course that hee hath left for *Man*. And indeed, to *gaine* any thing, is a double worke. For, first, it must *remove* the *hinderance*; next, it must assume the *advantage*. All good things that concerne *Man*, are in such a *declining estate*, that without per-

perpetuall *vigilancy*, they will reside, and fall away. But then there is a *Recompence*, which ever follows *Industry*: it ever brings an *Income*, that sweetens the *toyle*. I have often found *hurt*, of *Idlenesse*; but never of a *lawfull businesse*. Nay, that which is not profitable in it self, is yet made so, by being *employment*: And when a man has once accustomed himself to *businesse*, hee will thinke it *pleasure*, and be ashamed of *ease*. *Polemon*, ready to *die*, would needs be laid in his *Grave alive*: and seeing the *Sun shine*, hee calls his *friends* in haste to *hide* him; lest (as hee said) it should *see* him *lying*. Besides, when wee gain this way, *Practice* grows into *Habit*: and by doing so a *while*, we grow to do so for *ever*. It also constitutes a *longer lastingnesse*. We may observe, those *Creatures* that are longest in attaining their *height*, are longest in *declining*. *Man* is *twenty yeers* increasing, and his life is *four score*: but the *Sparrow*, that is fledged in a *moneth*, is dead in a *yeer*. He that *gets* an *Estate*, will *keep* it better, than he that *findes* it. I will never think to be perfect at once. If I finde my selfe a *gainer* at the *yeers end*, it shall somthing comfort mee, that I am *proceeding*. I will every day *labour*, to do somthing that may *mend* mee; though it be not *much*, it will be the *surer* done. If I can keep *Vice* under, and *win* upon that which is *good* (though it be but a *little* at once) I may come to be *better* in time.

XCVIII.

Of God, and the Ayre.

FOR *Man* to pray aright, is *needfull* : but how to pray so, is *difficult*. We must neither misconceive of *God*, nor are we able rightly to conceive him. Wee are told, he is a *Spirit* : and who can tell what a *Spirit* is ? Can any man tell that, which no man ever saw ? *Man* is able onely to comprehend *visible substances*, what is *invisible*, and *spirituall*, hee can but *guesse* and *rove* at. *Spirit* is a word found out, for *Man* to maske his *Ignorance* in : and what he does not know, he calls it by that name. When wee speak of *God*, wee are to believe an *ubiquity* : but then, how are we able to conceive that this *ubiquity* is ? I speake to *Reason*, not *Faith* : for I know, *this* believeth what it sees not : yet something to help *Nature* and *Reason*, I would wish a man to consider the *Ayre*. It is every where : not a *vacuum* in the whole *Natura rerum* : nay, you cannot evade it : Digge the most condensed *Earth*, and it is at the point of your *Spade* : you can see nothing, but before you see it, is open to the *Aire*; and yet this *Aire*, although you know, you cannot see. It is also *inviolable* : cast a *stone*, and you make no *hole* in't : nay, an *Arrow* cannot pierce it : it clozeth again, and there is no tracke left. Nay, there be *Philosophers* that will tell you, he *progressive Motion* of a *stone* cast, when the *hand* has

has left it, is from the *Ayre* it selfe: that shutting suddenly after, and *Nature* impatient of a *vacuity*, it does with a coactive power, thrust it still forward, till it passes against *institutive Nature*, who made it to *incline* to the *Center*. Nor is it *corruptible*. We speake falsely, when wee say, the *Ayre* *infecteth*. They are unwholsome *Vapours* and *Exhalations*, that *putrid things* breathe out; and these, being carried by the *motive Winde* and *Ayre*, flye about, and *infect*, through their rarity and *thinnesse*. The *Ayre* it selfe ever *clarifies*: and is alwayes working out that *taint*, which would mixe with it. Next, wee can doe nothing, but the *Ayre* is privie to't: even the acts of *lightlesse Closets*, and the *thick-curtain'd Beds*, are none of them done without it. When *Diogenes* saw a *Woman* bow so much to the *Altar*, as shee left her *back-parts bare*, hee asked her, if shee were not ashamed, to be so immodest to the *gods* behinde her. Nay our very *thoughts*, which the *Devill* (though he be the subtillest of all *malevolent Spirits*) cannot know, are not framed without this *Ayre*. Every *breath* wee take, it goes unto our *heart* to coole it. Our *Veines*, our *Arteries*, our *Nerves*, our inmost *Marrow*, are all vivified by their participation of *Ayre*: and so indeed is every thing that the *World* holds; as if this were the *Soule* that gave it *livelyhood*. *Fishes* though they breath not perceptibly, yet wee see, the want of *Ayre* kills them: as when a *long Frost* shuts up a pond in *Ice*. Even *Plants*, which are but *Vegetatives*, will not grow in *Caves*, where the *motive* and *stirring Ayre* is barred from them. Wee may often observe,

moreover, that *Heat* and *Moisture* is the only cause of all *Generation* : and these are the qualities proper to the *Ayre* alone. Now, I would not wish a *Man* to compare *God* the *Creatour*, with this *Element*, which is but a *Creature* : but let him consider of these properties, and then by way of *eminencie* let him in his *Soule* set *God* above, and see if by this way, hee climbe not neerer *Deity*, than hee shall by any other. If this be so universall, why may hee not by this, thinke of a *Spirit* more diffusive and ubiquitary ? That which *Ovid* writ of *Poets*, may be applied to all the *wise*, and come something neerer this purpose.

*Est Deus in nobis, sunt & commercia Cæli
Sedibus æthereis, Spiritus ille venit.*

In us *God* dwels, *Heaven* our acquaintance is,
His *Spirit* flows through airy influences.

Certainly by this way, it is not so difficult for *Reason* to conceit an *Omnipresence* : and if wee have this, wee may by it peere at his *Omniscience* and *Omnipotence* too : for the one is as hard to conceive, as the other. Saint *Augustine*, when hee has told us, that *God* is not an *Object* perceivable by any of the outward senses, says, *Tamen aliquid est, quod sentire facile est, explicare non possibile*. So the ways of *God*, in *Scripture*, are compared to the flight of an *Eagle* in the *ayre*, which no man can either trace or know. Surely therefore, when wee are to speake to him, the best is, humbly to intreat his

his *spirit* to inspire ours in the way, and apprehension that may best please him. He is best able, by his secret *immission*, to direct us the way hee does best approve of. And this cannot chuse but comfort the *Good*, when they know, the *Searcher* of the *heart* and *reins* is with them, and beholds them. From this, I will learne to cheere my selfe in *sufferings*, and to refrain from *ill* even in *private*. How can man think to act his *ill* unseen, when G O D shall, like the *Ayre*, be *circumspicious* round about him? It is not possible, that such a *Majesty* should either not defend the *Innocent*, or permit an *ill* unpunished.



X C I X.

Of Contentment.

THey that preach *Contentment* to all, doe but teach *some* how to dwell in *misery*: unlesse you will grant *Content*, *Desire*, and chide her, but for *murmuring*. It is not a fault, to strive to better our *Estates*: which yet wee should never doe, if wee rested fully content with what wee enjoyed for the present. G O D hath allotted *Man* a *motive minde*, which is ever climbing to more *perfection*, or falling into a *lower Vice*. Certainly, that *Content* which is without desiring more, is a kinde of fault in any. *Perfection* is set in that height, that 'tis impossible *mortall-bodied man* should ever reach the *Crowne*: Yet hee ought still to be ayming at it, and

with an *industrious prosecution*, persevere in the rising way. We cannot be too covetous of *Grace*; wee may well labour for more accomplishments; and by lawfull *wayes*, and for good *intents*; there is no doubt, but 'tis lawfull to desire to *encrease*, even in *temporall wealth*. Certainly, a man should be but a dull *Earth*, to sit still, and take the *present*; without either joy, or *complaint*; without either *fear* or *appetite*. In this, I like not *Aristippus* his *Doctrine*; who is hot in perswading men, neither to be troubled at what is *past*, nor to thinke of what is to *come*. This were quite to vilifie *Providence*; who is one of the principall *Guards* of *Man*, For, though it be true, that nothing is so certain, but that it may sometimes faile; yet we see, it seldome does: and even *Probability* is almost certaine. Let not *Man* so sleepe in *Content*, as that hee neglect the *meanes* to make himselfe more *happy*, and *blessed*: nor yet, when the contrary of what hee lookt for comes, let him *murmure* or *repine* at that *Providence*, which dispos'd it to crosse his *expectation*. I like the *Man*; that is never *content* with what hee does enjoy; but by a *calme* and faire *course*, has a *Minde* still rising to a *higher happinesse*: but I like not *him*, that is so much *discontent*, as to *repine* at any thing that does befall him. Let him take the *present patiently*, *joyfully*, *thankfully*: but let him still be *soberly* in *Quest* for better. And indeed, it is impossible to finde a *life* so happie here, as that wee shall not finde something we would *adde*; something, wee would *take away*. The *World* it selfe, is not a *Garden* wherein all the *Flowers* of *Foy* are growing: nor can

can one man enjoy them, if it were, that all were here: wee may, questionlesse conclude, that there is no *absolute contentment* here below. Nor can wee in *reason* thinke there should bee: since whatsoever is *created*, was *created* tending to *some end*; and till it arrives at that, it cannot be fully at *rest*. Now we all know, *God* to be the end, to which the *soule* tends: and till it be dismanacled of the *clogging flesh*, it cannot approach the *presence* of such *purity*, such *glory*: when it meets with *God*, and is united to him, who is the *Spring* and *Source* of all *true happiness*; then it may be *calme*, and *pleas'd*, and *quiet*: till then, as *Physicians* hold of *health*, that the best is but *Neutrality*: So it is of *Happiness*, and *content*, in the *Soule*: Nay, the most *absolute content*, *Man* can enjoy, in his *corruptible rags of earth*, is indeed, but lesse *discontentment*: That which wee finde here most perfect, is rather meer *Utopian*, and *Imaginative*, then *reall*, and *substantiall*: and is sooner found falling from a *Poets* pen, than any way truly enjoyed by him, that *swims* in the deepest streame of *pleasure*, and of these instead of many, you may take that one of *Martials*.

Things that can blesse a *life*, and please,
Sweetest *Martiall*, they are these:

A *store* well left, not gaine with *toyle*:

A *house* thine own, and pleasant *soyle*:

No *strife*, small *state*, a minde at *peace*:

Free *strength*, and *limbs* free from *disease*,

Wife *Innocence*, *friends*, like and good,

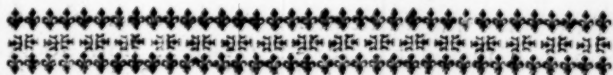
Unarted *meat*, kind *neighbourhood*,

No drunken rest, from cares yet free;
 No sadning Spouse, yet chaste to thee:
 Sleeps, that long nights abbreviate,
 Because 'tis, liking, thy wisht state;
 Nor fear'd nor joy'd, at death or fate.

*Vitam qua faciunt beatiorem,
 Fecundissime Martialis, hæc sunt:
 Res non parta labore, sed relicta;
 Non Ingratus Ager, Focus perennis,
 Lis nunquam, Toga rara, Mens quieta,
 Vires ingenua, salubre Corpus,
 Prudens simplicitas, paves amici,
 Convictus facilis, sine arte mensa,
 Nox non ebria, sed soluta Curis:
 Non tristis torus, attamen pudicus:
 Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras.
 Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis:
 Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.*

But where shall you finde a man thus seasoned?
 If it be for a while, it lasts not, but by one, or other
 accident, he is tossed in the waving World. And this
 made Diogenes resolve; unto Fortune, to oppose his
 confidence, and resolution; to the Law, Nature; and
 to his affections, Reason. This was good, but
 not well: wee have Grace, and Scripture for a
 better guide than Nature. I would be so content
 with what I have, as I would ever think the present
 best: but then I would thinke it best, but for the pre-
 sent; because, whensoever I look forward, I still see
 better: to arrive at which, my soule will long, and co-
 vet.

vet. The *soule*, that by but half an *eye* sees *G O D*, will never be but winging, till she alights on *him*.



C.

How hee must live, that lives well.

WHosoever neglects his *duty* to *himselfe*, his *Neighbour*, or his *God*; halts in something, that should make life *commendable*. For our *selves*, we need *Order*; for our *Neighbour*, *Charity*; and for our *God*, our *Reverence*, and *Humility*: And these are so certainly linked one to another, as hee that lives *orderly*, cannot but be acceptable, both to *God* and the *World*. Nothing jars the *Worlds Harmony*, like men that break their ranks. One *Turbulent Spirit* will dissentiate even the *calmest Kingdom*. We may see the beauty of *order*, in nothing more, than in some *Princely procession*: And though indeed, the *circumstances* and *complements* belonging to *State*, be nothing to better *governments*; yet, by a *secret working* in the *mindes* of men, they adde a *Reverence* to *State*, and awe the (else loose) rabble. See a *King* in *Parliament*, and his *Nobles* set about him: and see how *mad* he shewes, that wildly *dances* out of his *roome*; Such is *Man* when hee *spurns* at the *Law* he lives under: Nay, when hee gives himselfe leave to *transgresse*, hee must needs put others out of their way; and hee that disorders *himselfe* first, shall trouble all the *Companie*.

Did

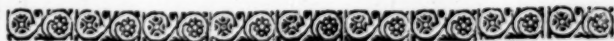
Did every *Man* keepe his own *life*, what a *Concord* of *Musick* would a *World*, a *Kingdom*, a *City*, a *Family* be? But being so infinitely dis-jointed, it is necessarie some should helpe it, and be charitable. If no man should reparaire the *breaches*, how soone would all lye flatted in *demolishments*? *Love* is so excellent, that though it be but to ones *selfe alone*, yet *others* shall partake, and finde the *benefit*. *Posterity* will be the better, for the *Bagges* that the *Covetous* hoorded up for himselfe. But when a man shall be ever striving to doe the *World* a *courtesie*, his *Love* is so much the more thanke-worthy, by how much the *good* is larger. Without *Charity*, a man cannot be *sociable*: and take away that, and there is little else, that a man has to doe in the *World*. How pleasant can good *company* make his life beneath? Certainly if there be any thing *sweet* in meere *Humanity*, it is in the *intercours*es of *belov*ed *Society*; when every one shall be each others *Counsellour*, each others *Friend*, and *Mine*, and *Solace*. And such a *pleasant life* as this, I take to be best pleasing, both to *God* and *Man*. Nor yet can this be truly *pleasant*, unlesse a *Man* be carefull to give to *God* the *honour* that hee owes him. When a *man* shall doe these, and performe his duty to his *Maker*; hee shall finde a *Peace* within, that shall fit him for whatsoever falls: Hee shall not feare *himselfe*; for he knowes, his course is *Order*: Hee shall not feare the *World*, for he knowes, hee hath done nothing that has anger'd it: Hee shall not be afraid of *Heaven*; for he knowes, hee there shall finde the favour of a *Servant*, of a *Sonne*; and
be

be protected against the *malice* and the *spleen* of *Hell*.
Let me live thus, and I care not, though the *World*
should *flout* my *innocence* : I wish but to obey Saint
Bernard; then I know I cannot but be *happy*, both be-
low, and after : *Tu qui in Congregatione es, benè*
vive, ordinabilitèr, sociabiliter, & humili-
tèr : ordinabilitèr tibi, sociabi-
lità proximo, humili-
tèr Deo.

OMNIA DEO.



FINIS.



2141

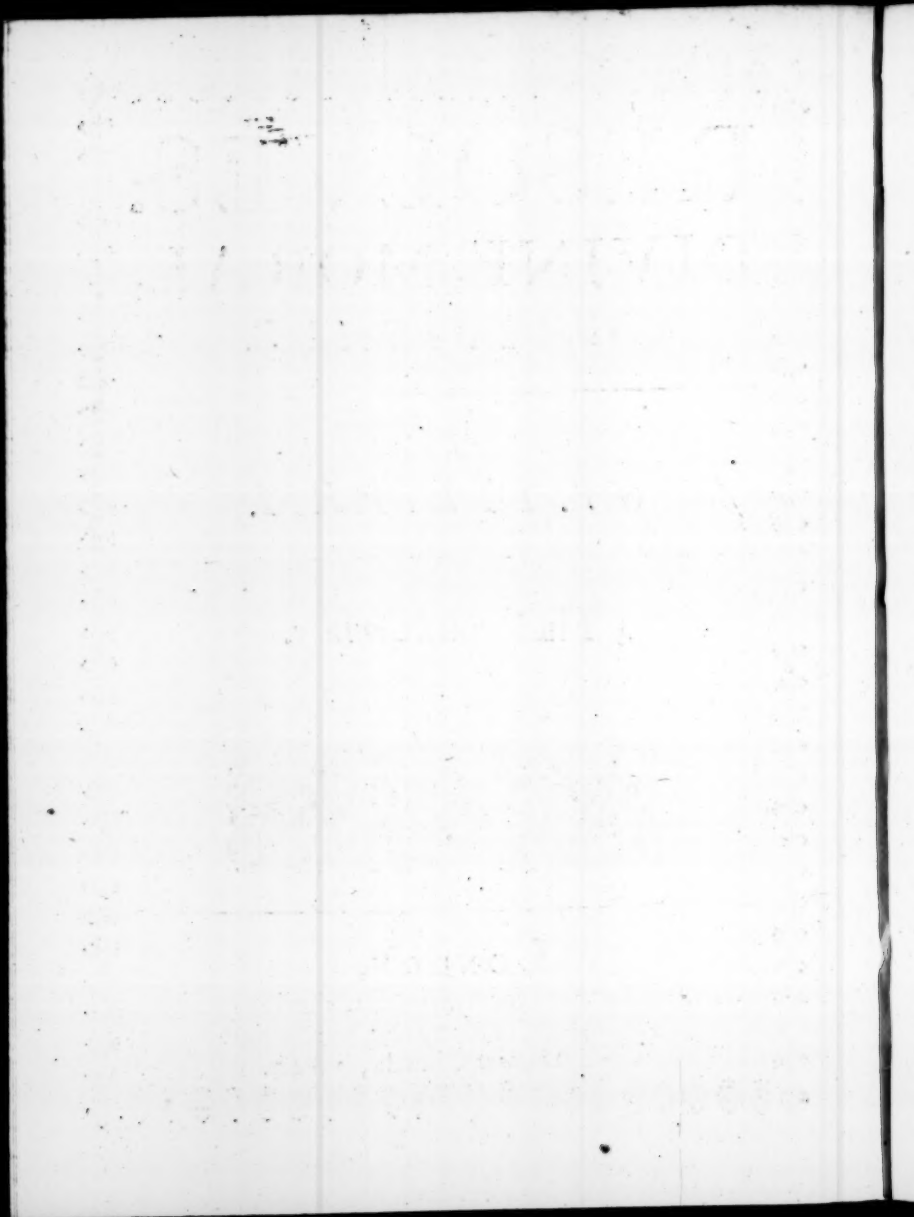
RESOLVES:
DIVINE, MORAL,
POLITICALL.

By
OW. FELTHAM.

The second Century.



LONDON,
Printed by *R. L.* for *Henry Seile*, dwelling at the
Tygres head in Fleetstreet, over against
S^c. Dunstons Church, 1647.



TO
THE MOST
VERTUOUS,
DISCREET, AND
Noble; the LADY
DOROTHY CRANE,
Daughter to the right Honorable,
and Religious, the Lord
HOBART.

Madame,

IF ever *Resolutions* were needfull, I thinke they be in this Age of loosnesse; wherein 'twere some unhappinesse to be *good*, did not the consciounesse of her own worth, set *Virtue* firme, against all disheartnings. This makes her of so specious a glory, that though shee need not the applause of any, to add to her happinesse; yet shee attracts the hearts of all that know her, to *Love, Service,*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

vice, Admiration. That I have sacred this offertory of my thoughts to your *Ladiship*, this is reason enough; if not, your *Love* to my *dearest friend* may second it. To apparell any more in these Paper vestments, I should multiply impertinents; and perhaps displease. For I have ever found face-commendation to die *Wisdoms* cheek of a blush-colour. Discreet Nature is alway modest; and deserving best, loves least to heare on't. This onely I will truly add: that I know not a thing of that value, that should make mee shrine up a *Work* of this nature, to any, in whom I could observe the possibility of a fail in *Vertue*. Such a Dedication were to put *Vertue* to a Stepdame, that would not nurse, but stifle her. With your *goodnesse*, I am sure, she shall find the tenderesse of a *maternal love*. And if in these weak extractions, your judicious Eye-light you to ought, increasing that affection (all by-respects put away) my next Petition will be, that it may please you to command

Your immutable Servant,

OW. FELTHAM.



To the Peruser.

O begin with Apologies, and entreate a
 kind censure, were to disparage the worke,
 and beg partiality: equall with Ostenta-
 tion I ranke them both. If thou beest wise,
 pleasing words cannot blind thy judgement from dis-
 cerning errors, wheresoever they appear. If thou beest
 foolish, they can neither blanch thy follie, nor make
 thee think better, than thy indiscretion leads thee to.
 Requests from others, may sway our words, or actions,
 but our minde will have their own free thoughts, as
 they apprehend the thing. Internall judgement, is not
 easily perverted. In what thou shalt here meet with,
 use the freedome of thy native opinion: Et Lectorem,
 & Correctorem liberum volui. I shall ever professe
 my selfe his debtor, that greets me with reprehensions
 of Love. The noblest part of a friend, is an honest bold-
 nesse in the notifying of errors. He that tells me of a
 fault, ayming at my good, I must thinke him wise and
 faithfull; wise, in spying that which I see not: faith-
 full, in a plain admonishment, not tainted with flat-
 tery. That I have made it publick, I plead not the im-
 portunity of friends: that were to play a Hazzard for
 folly, if it prove not. I writ it without encouragement
 from another; and as I writ it, I sent it abroad. Rare,

I know it is not: Honest, I am sure it is, Though thou findeſt no to admire, thou maiſt to like, What I aim at in it, I confeſſe hath moſt reſpect to my ſelfe; that I might out of my owne School take a leſſon, and ſhould ſerve me for my whole Pilgrimage: and if I ſhould wander from theſe reſts, that my own Items might let me in Heavens direct way againe. We do not ſo readily run into crimes, that from our own mouth have had ſentence of condemnation. Yet, as no Phyſitian can be ſo abſtemious, as to follow ſtrictly all his own preſcriptions: So I thinke there is no Chriſtian ſo much his mindes Maſter, as to keep precisely all his reſolutions, They may better ſhew what he would be, then what hee is. Nature hath too ſlow a foot, to follow Religion cloſe at the heele. Who can expect, our dull fleſh ſhould wing it with the flights of the ſoule? He is not a good man that lives perfect: but he that lives as well as he can, and as humane frailties will let him. Hee that thus far ſtrives not, never began to be vertuous; nor knowes he thoſe tranſcending joyes, that continually feaſt in the noble-minded man. All the externall pleaſures that mortality is capable of, can never enkindle a flame, that ſhall ſo bravely warme the ſoule, as the love of vertue, and the certain knowledge of the rule we have over our own wild paſſion. That I might curb thoſe, I have writ theſe: and if in them, thou findeſt a line may mend thee I ſhall think I have divulged it to purpoſe. Reade all, and uſe thy minds liberty, how thy ſuffrage falls, I weigh not. For, it was not ſo much to pleaſe others, as to profit my ſelf.

Farewell.

R E.

RESOLVES:

DIVINE, MORALL,
POLITICALL.

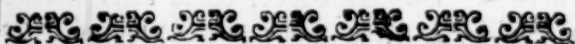
I.

Of Idle Bookes.



Idle Bookes are nothing else, but corrupted Tales in Inke and Paper: or indeed, *Vice* sent abroad with a licence: which makes him that reads them, conscious of a double injury: they being in effect, like that sinne of brutish Adultery. For if one reades, two are caught: he that angles in these waters, is sure to strike the *Torpedo*, that in stead of being his food, contounds him. Besides the time ill spent in them, a twofold reason shall make me refrain: both in regard of my love to my owne *soule*, and pittie unto his that made them. For if I be corrupted by them, the *Compri- sor* of them is immediatly a cause of my *ill*: and at
Y 2 the

the day of Reckning (though now dead) must give an account for it, because I am corrupted by his bad example which he leaves behind him; So I become guilty by receiving, and he by thus conveying his lewdnesse unto me: He is the thiefe, I the receiver; and what difference makes our Law betwixt them? If one be cut off, the other dyes; both I am sure perish alike. *I will write none*, lest I hurt them that come after me. *I will read none*, lest I augment his *mult* that is gone before me: neither write nor reade, lest I prove a foe to my selfe. *A lame Hand is better then a lewd Pen*: while I live I sinne too much; Let me not continue longer in wickednesse, than life, If I write ought, it shall be both on a good subject, and from a deliberate Pen: for, *a foolish sentence dropt upon a paper, sets folly on a Hill, and is a Monument to make infamie eternall.*



II.

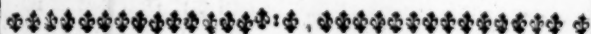
Of Humility.

THe humble man is the surest Peace-maker; of all moral vertues, *Humility* is the most beautiful; shee both shunnes *Honour*, and is the way to it: shee rockes *Debate* asleepe, and keepes *Peace* waking, nay, doth foster, doth cherish her: which is well expressed in a *Story* of two *Goates*, that met at once, on a very narrow *Bridge*, under which there glided a deepe and violent streame: being both met, the straightnesse gave denyall to their journey,

RESOLVES.

325

journey, get backe they could not, the plank was so narrow for their returning turn : stand still they might, but that could neither be continuall, nor to no purpose : and to fight for the way in so perilous a place, was either to put a wilfull period to their lives, or extremely hazzard them : They that may therefore both passe in safety, the one lyes down, and the other goes over him : so while their passage is quiet, their lives are secure, from death, from danger. I have ever thought it idle to continue in *strife* ; if I get the *victory*, it satisfies my mind, but then shall I have his *malice* too, which may endamage me more : so my gain will be lesse then my *hinderance*. If I be overcome unwillingly, then is the disgrace mine, and the losse : and though I have not his *malice*, yet shall I not want his *scorne*. I will (in things not weighty) submit freely. *The purest gold is most ductible : 'tis commonly a good blade that bends well.* If I expect disadvantage, or misdoubt the conquest, I thinke it good wisdom to give in soonest ; so shall it become honour to do that willingly, which with stiffnessse I cannot but hazzard upon compulsion. I had rather be accounted too much humble, then esteemed a little proud. The Reed is better that bends, and is whole, than the strong Oake, that not bending breakes : If I must have one, give me an inconvenience, not a mischief : the lightest burthen is the easiest borne.



III.

To perfection, what is most necessary.

TO make a perfect man, there is requisite both *Religion* and *Nature*. *Nature* alone we know too loose: *Religion* alone will seeme too hard; some for *Religion* have I knowne formall, strict; yet have so wanted the pleasing parts of a good nature, as they have been *feared*, but not *loved*: for being of a fiery spirit, even slender occasions have made way to the divulging of their owne *imperfections*: either by too severe a *reprehension*, or else by too soone sudden *Contempt*: both which make much for the harbouring of *hate* against themselves, by making them esteemed either rash *Censures*, or angry *frowndes*: and wee all know, that as *Judgement* is never shot suddenly, but from a *Fooles bow*: so *blinde choller* broke into *expression*, is the true maker of an intemperate minde, others there yet rest, whom it tickles much to *chatter* of their owne *merits*, and they cannot lay an *Edge*, but they must *cackle*, or like the boasting *Pharisee*, trumpet out the report of their owne *praises*: if not out of an affected singularity, and an over-weening opinion of their owne excellence; yet for lacke of an humble and discreet nature, that should cause their observation to be *boxed at home*. And this is that makes the world *disdaine*, *contemne* them: *selfe-compendas* or is an *Arrow* with

with too many *feathers*: which, wee levelling at the Marke, is taken with the *VVinde*, and carried quite from it. Some againe for *Nature*, I have found rarely *qualified*, ennobled with such a *milde affability*, such a *generous spirit*, & such sweetnesse of *disposition*, and *demeanour*, that their humble and *courteous carriages* have prevailed much in the *affection* of those with whom they have had *commerce*: yet because they have wanted *Religion*, (that like a good Subject should make an *elaborate work rare*) they have, only in a superficial applause, wonne the approbation of the *unsteady multitude*: who love them more for suffering their rudenesse, than for any *Noble worth* that's obvious to their undiscerning *judgements*. But in all this, they have got no reverence, no respect at all. Thus *Religion* without *Nature* (in men meetely naturall) begets a certaine forme of awfull regard: but to them, 'tis like a tyrannicall Prince, whom the people obey more for feare of an austere rebuke, than for any true affection they beare to his person. Now *Nature* without *Religion*, oft wins *love*: and this is like a *Master*, too familiar with his *Servant*, that in the beginning gains love, but shall in the end find contempt: and his *toleration* will be made an *allowance* of ill. Both together are rare for *qualification*. *Nature* hath in her selfe *treasure* enough to please a man; *Religion* a *Christian*: the last begets *feare*, the other *love*, together, *admiration*, *reverence*. I will like, I will love them single; but conjoyn'd, I will affect and honour.



III.

Of Lyes and Vntruths.

I Find, to him that the *Tale* is told, beliefe onely makes the difference betwixt truth and lyes; for a lye believed, is true: and truth uncredited, a lye, unlesse he can carry his probation in's pocket, or more readily at his tongues end: for as he that tells a smooth lye, is judged to speake truth, till some step forth to contradict his utterance: so he that tells an unlikely truth, is thought to broach a lye, unlesse hee can produce convincing reason to prove it; onely the guilt, or justice of the thing rests in the knowing conscience of the Relator. In the hearer I cannot account it a fault: 'tis easie to bee deceived in miracles, in probabilities: albeit the judgement that passeth on them, bee both honest, wise, apprehensive, and cleere. In the Teller, justly, if it be a lye, there needs no text to confute it; if it seeme so, and he cannot purge it, discretion were better silent. I will tell no lyes, lest I be false to my selfe: no improbable truths, lest I seem so to others. If I heare any man report wonders, what I know, I may haply speak; what I but think, shall rest with my selfe, I may as well be too suspicious, as over credulous.



V.

Three things aggravate a Misery.

THree things are there which aggravate a misery, and make an evill seeme greater than indeed it is. *Inexpectation, Vnacquaintance, want of Preparation.* *Inexpectation*, when a mishap comes suddenly, and unlooked for : it distracteth the minde, and scares both the faculties and affections from their due consultation of *remedy*: whereas an *evill* fore-seene is halfe *cured*, because it giveth warning to provide for danger. Thus the falling of a *house* is more *perillous*, than the rising of a *flood*: for, while of the former, the hurt is more unavoidable, by reason both of the violence, and precipitation : The latter, through the remissness of comming, is lesse dangerous, lesse prejudiciall ; there being time either to avoid the place, or to countermeure. If this suffice not ; thinke but how odious treason would shew in a deare friend, from whom we onely expected the sweete embraces of love : the conceit onely is able to kill, like a mad Dogges biting, that not onely wounds the body, but insaniates the Soule. Secondly, *Vnacquaintance*. Familiarity takes away feare, vwhen matters not usuall, prove inductions to terrour. The first time the *Fox* saw the *Lyon*, he feared him as deareh : The second, he feared him, but not so much : The third time he grew more bold, and passed by him without

without quaking. The *Imbellicke Peasant*, when he comes first to the Field, shakes at the report of a Musket : but after he hath rang'd thorow the fury of two or three Battels, he then can fearless stand a breach ; and dares undaunted gaze *Death* in the face. Thirdly, *want of preparation*. VVhen the Enemy besiegeth a City, not prepared for warre, there is small hope of evasion, none at all to conquer, none to overcome. How much more hard is the VVinter to the Grasshopper, than the Plismire, who before, having stor'd her Garner, is now able to withstand a famine? Lest then I make my death seeme more terrible to me, than indeed it is, I will first dayly expect it : then when it comes, I may not be to seek to entertain it : if not with joy, as being but flesh : yet without sorrow, as having a Soule. Secondly, I wil labor to be acquainted with it, often before it come, thinking it may come : so when I know it better, I shall better sustaine it : with lesse feare, without *terroure*. Thirdly, I will prepare for it, by casting up my *accounts* with God, that all things *even* and *freight* betwixt us, whensoever he shall please to call for me I may as willingly lay down my *life*, as leave a *prison*. Thus shall I make my *death* lesse dreadfull, and finish my *life* before I dye. *Hee that dyes dayly, seldome dyes dejectedly.*



VI.

Of Good and Bad Ends.

A *Good Beginning* have I often seene conclude
ill, Sinne in the bud is faire, sweet, pleasing :
 but the fruit is death, horror, hell. Something will
 I resp. & in my way, most in my conclusion: in the
 one to prevent all wilful errors ; in the other, to
 insure a Crowne. For as Iudgement hath relation
 to the manner of dying, so hath Death depen-
 dence on the course of living. Yet the *Good End*
 hath no *bad beginning*; it once had. A good con-
 sequence makes the premises so esteemed of, and a
 sweet relish at the leaving off, makes the draught
 delightfull, that at the first did taste unpleasant.
 That is well that ends well: and better is a bad be-
 ginning that concludes well, than a prosperous on-
 set that ends in complaint. What if my beginning
 hath been ill? sorrowes over-blowne are pleasant ;
 but which hath beene hard to suffer, is sweet to
 remember. *I will not much care what my beginning*
be so my end be happy If my Sun set in the new Je-
 rusalem, I have liv'd well, how ever afflictions have
 sometimes clouded my course.

Extreme



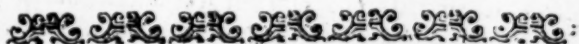
VII.

Extreme Longings seldom seen to succeed well.

E*xtrême Longings* in a Christian, I seldom see succeed well; surely *God* meanes to temper his, as hee would not have their affections violent, in the search of a temporall blessing: or else hee knowes our frailty such, as wee would bee more taken with the fruition of *abuse*, than the *Author*. Prosperities are strong pleaders for sin. Troubles be the surest Tutors of *goodness*. How many would have dyed ill, if they had liv'd merrily? *God* hath several wayes to reduce his to his own orders; among which, I am perswaded, none is more powerfull, then restraint of our wills. It sends the soul to Meditation, whereby shee sees the worlds follies in such true colours of vaniry, that no sound discretion can thinke them worth the doting on: and though our discontentments so transport us, as wee see not the good we reape by a Deprivation: yet sure we are happier by this want: for we are like women with Child, if we had the things wee long for, how soone should we eate and surfeit? VVhen Nature findes her ardent desires fulfilled, she is ravenous and greedy, yea then shee hath so little moderation, as 'tis not safe to satisfie her. If I can, I will never extremely covet: so though I meete with a crosse, it shal neither distemper nor distract mee: but if my desires out-strip my intention, I

wil

will comfort my selfe with this, that the enjoyment might have added to my *content*, and endangered my soule : but the want shall in the end bee a meanes to embitter them both. *Gods Saints* shall with joy subscribe to his will : though here for a time it may seeme to thwart them.

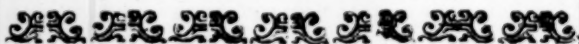


VIII.

Of Silence. Of Babbling.

A Worthy A& hath hee done, that hath learned to refraine his tongue : and surely much evill hath he prevented, if hee knowes when to be well silent. Vnkindnesse breeds not so many jars, as the multiplying of words that follow them. How soon would these coales dye, if the tongue did not enkindle them? Repentance often followes speaking, silence either seldome, or never : for while our words are many, sinne is in some, in most. Goe to the *Crane*, thou *Babbler*, reade her storie, and let her informe thee : who flying out of *Sicily*, puts little stones in her mouth, lest by her own garrulity she bewray her selfe as a prey to the *Eagles* of the Mountaine *Taurus* : which, with this policy, shee flyes over in safety : even silence every where in a safe safe-guard : If by it I offend, I am sure I offend without a witnesse : while an unruly tongue may procure my ruine, and prove as a sword to cut the thrid of my life in two : 'tis good alwayes to speake well, and in season : and it is not as
safe

safe sometimes to say nothing? hee that speakes little, may mend it soone: and though hee speakes most faults, yet hee exceeds not; for his words were few. To speak too much, bewrayes folly; too little, an unperceiving *stupiditie*: I will so speake, as I may be free from *babbling Garrulitie*: so bee *silent*, as my *Spectators* may not account me blockishly *dull*. *Silence* and *speech* are both as they are used, either tokens of *Indiscretion*, or badges of *Wisdom*.

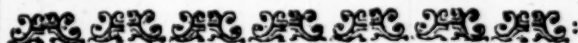


IX.

Of Prayer.

ITs a hard thing among men of inferiour ranke, to speak to an earthly Prince: no King keepes a Court so open, to give admittance to all Commers: and though they have, they are not sure to speed; albeit there be nothing that should make their Petitions not grantable. Oh how happy, how priviledged is then a Christian? who though he often lives here in a slight esteeme, yet can hee freely conferre with the King of Heaven, who not onely heares his intreaties, but delights in his requests, invites him to come, and promiseth a happy welcome; which he shewes, in fulfilling his desires, or better, fitter for him. In respect of whom, the greatest *Monarch* is more base, than the basest vassaile in regard of the most mighty and puissant *Emperor*. *Man* cannot so much exceed a beast,

as *God* doth him: what if I be not knowne to the *Nimrods* of the world, and the *Peeres* of the earth, I can speake to their better, to their *Master*, and by Prayer be familiar with him: importunity does not anger him; neither can any thing but our sins make us goe away empty; while the Game is playing, there is much difference betweene the King and the *Pawne*: that once ended, they are both shuffed into the bag: who can say whether was most happy, save onely the King had many checks, while the *Pawne* was free, and secure? My comfort is, my accessse to *Heaven* is as free as the *Princes*: My departure from *Earth* not so grievous: for while the *world* smiles on him, I am sure I have lesse reason to love it than hee, *Gods* favour I will chiefly seeke for; *Mans*, but as it falls in the way to it: when it proves a hinderance, I hate to be loved.



X.

A Vertuous Man is a wonder.

THe *Vertuous man* is a true wonder: for it is not from himselfe, that he is so. But that I see so many wicked, I marvell not: 'Tis easier running downe the hill, than climbing it. They that are this way given, have much the advantage of them that follow goodnesse. Besides those inclinations that sway the *Soule* to *Vice*, the way is broader, more ready: he that walkes thorow a large field, hath

hath only a narrow path to guide him in the right way: but on either side, what a wide roome hee hath to wander in? Every vertue hath two Vices, that cloze her up in curious limits: and if shee swerves, though but a little, she suddenly steps into errour. *Fertitude* hath *Feare* and *Rashnesse*: *Liberality*, *Avarice* and *Prodigality*: *Iustice* hath *Rigor* and *Partiality*. Thus every good Mithesse hath two bad Servants; which hath made some to define *Vertue* to be nothing but a *mean between two vices*, whereof one leades to excesse, the other to defect: making her like the rooffe of a Church, on whose top we scarce finde roome to turne a foot in: but on either side a broad road to ruine: in which, if we once be falling, our stay is rare, our recovery a miracle. The man that is rare in vice, I will never admire; if hee goes but as hee is driven, hee may soone be witty in evill: but the good man I will worthily magnifie: hee it is can saile against the wind, make the thornie way pleasant, and unittangle the incumbrances of the world.



XI.

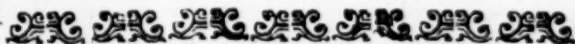
Of Veniall Sinnes.

VV Hat *sin* is there, that wee may account, or *little*, or *venial*, unless comparative-ly; seeing there is none so small, but that (without *repentance*) is able to sink the soul in eternal *Damnation*? VVho will thinke, That a slight wound, which

RESOLVES.

337

which gives a sudden inlet to *Death*? But should we grant this *error*; yet these of all other, I observe the most *dangerous*, both for their *frequentie* and *secrecie*; the one *increasing* them, to a large heape: the other so covering them, as we see not how they wrong us. The *Raine* that falls in smallest drops, moistens the *Earth*, makes it *wire*, *slimie*, and *durty*; whereas a hard *Showre*, that descends *violently*, washes away, but soaks not in. Even the smallest letters are not hurtful to the *sight*, than those that are written with a *Text Pen*, *Great sins*, and *publike*, I will avoid, for their *scandall* and *wonder*: *lesser*, and *private*, for their *danger* and *multitude*: both, because my *God* hates them, I cannot, If I love him, but abhor what he loathes.



XII.

Of Memory, and Forgetfulness.

Memory, and Forgetfulness, are both in friendship necessary. Let me remember those kindnesses my friend hath done to me, that I may see his love, and learn gratitude. Let me forget those benefits I have performed to him, lest they shuffle out the effect of my love, and tell me, he is required. Thus may we together encrease our friendship, & comforts; otherwise, a man may have many acquaintances, but no friends: though unthankfulness banisheth love, gratitude obtains a repeal.



XIII.

A Christians Valour, and true Fidelity.

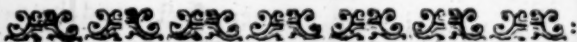
I Observe, besides the inward contents of a peaceable *Conscience*, two things, wherein a *Christian* excells all other men; in true *Valour*, in *Fidelity*. In true *Valour*: that is, in a just quarrell: For if his *Cause* be naught, there is none more timorous, than he; and indeed, to shew much *Courage* in a bad matter, is rather a token of a desperate folly, than any badge of a *magnanimous minde*: but in a just Cause, he is bold as a *Lion*. Nothing can daunt his ever undanted minde. Not *Infamie*: for he knowes in this, his share is not worse than his Masters; and while it is for his *Names sake*, he knows he is in it blessed. If there bee any *Nectar* in this life, is in sorrows we endure for goodnesse. Besides, he weighs not how he falls to the *World*, and *Men*, so he may stand firme to his Heavenly Father. That God we fight for, is able enough to vindicate all our wrongs. Not afflictions: how many did *Iob* and the *Apostles* wade thorow, with *Courage*, and *Content*? These he knowes are here but for a time, transient, and momentanie; neither shall the *Israelites* live alwayes under the tyrannie of *Pharaoh* or the tra-vailes of the *Wildernesse*: Hee knowes also, the more abundant in sorrowes here, the more abundant in joyes hereafter; his teares shall returne in smiles, his weepings in a streame of pleasures, God doth

doth not recompence with a niggardly hand ; hee shall finde his joyes, as an over-flowing Sea ; and his glory beyond thought, *exuberant*. Not *Death* : for he knowes that will be his happiest Day, and his Bride from woe, to Glory. Though it bee the wicked mans shipwrack, 'tis the good mans putting into Harbour : where striking Sayles and casting anchor, he returnes his *Lading* with *advantage*, to the *Owner*; that is, his *Soul* to *God*; leaving the *Bulk* still moated in the *Haven*; who is unrig'd, but only to be new-built againe, and fitted for an eternall Voyage. Had not Christians had this Solace; how should the Martyrs haue dyed so merrily, leaping for joy, that they were so neere their Home, and their Heaven ; dying often, like *Sampson* among his Enemies: more *Victory* attending their *end*, than *proceedings*? Ah peetelesse *Valiance*! unconquerable *Fortitude*! Secondly, in *Fidelity*, There is no *friendship*, like the *friendship* of *Faith*. *Nature*, *Education*, *Benefits*, cannot altogether tye so strong as this. *Christianity* knits more sure, more indissoluble. This makes a knot, that *Alexander* cannot cut. For as *Grace* in her selfe, is farre above *Nature* ; so likewise is shee, in her effects : and therefore unites, in a farre more durable Bond. And a *Christian*, though he would resolve with himselfe, to deale double ; yet if he be sincere, in spight of his resolution, his Conscience will rate him, check him, and deny him to do it; nay, though he would, he cannot resolve. He that is born of God, sinnes nor, and the *Spirit* of *Sanctification* will not let him resolve upon ill. This is that *Fidelity* that wee

finde;

RESOLVES.

finde, and admire in many, that have chosen rather to embrace the flame, and die in silence, than to reveal their *Companions*, and *Brethren* in *Christ*. Tyrants will sooner want *invention* for torments, than they with *tortures* be made *treacherous*. The *League* that *Haven* hath made, *Hell* wants power to break. VWho can separate the conjunctions of the *Deity*? Again, as well in *reprooffe*, as in *kinnesse*, both his love appeare. For, howsoever hee conceales his friends faults from the eye of the world; yet he affectionately tells him of them in private; not without some sorrow on his own part, for his Brothers fall. *Hee scornes to be so base as to flatter; and hee hates to be so currish as to bite*. In his reprehensions he mingles Oyle and Vineger: he is in remembrance and loving. Inviolable amity! Invaluable love! Here is met Courage, and Constancie; one, to withstand an Enemy; another, to entertaine a Friend. Give me any Foe, rather than a resolved Christian. No Friend, unlesse a man truly honest. *A Father, is a ready Treasury; a Brother, an infallible Comfort; but a Friend, is both.*



XIIII.

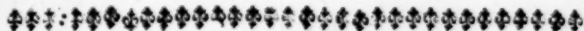
In Losses what to looke to.

I Will in all losses, look both to what I have lost, and to what I have left. To what I have lost: that if it may be, and be good, I may recover it; if not, that I may know what I haue forgone. To what I haue

RESOLVES.

341

have left : that if it be *much*. I may bee thankfull that I lost no more ; having so much, that I might have beene *deprived* of : if *little*, that I may not *repine* ; because I have yet *something* : if nothing but my *life*, that I may then be *glad* ; because that will be the next thing I shall *lose* : VVhich, whensoever it happens, will with *double joy* recompence all the rest. *Gods presence*, is *abundant plenty* : having that, I know, nor *want*, nor *lesse*, nor *admission* of ill.



XV.

How to establish a troubled Government.

A Man that would establish a *troubled Government*, must first vanquish all his foes. *Factions* must be higher by a *pole*, than their *bodies*. For how will the *Folds* be quiet, while yet among them there be some *Wolves* ? Hee that would rule over many, must fight with many, & conquer : and be sure either to *cut off* those that raise up *tumults*, or by a *Majesticke awe*, to keepe them in a strict subjection. *Slacknesse*, and *connivence*, are the ruines of *unsetled Kingdomes*. My *passions* and *affections* are the chiefe *Disturbers* of my *Civill State* : VVhat peace can I expect with me, while these *Rebels* rest un-overcome ? If they get a head, my *Kingdome* is divided ; so, it cannot stand. *Separations* are the *wounds* of a *Crowne* : whereby (neglected) it will *bleed to death*. Then will I strive to subdue :

RESOLVES.

If I cut them not off I will yet restrain them. 'Tis no cruelty, to deny a Traytor liberty. I will have them be my Subjects, nor my Prince: they shall serve me, and I will sway them. If it cannot be without much striving, I am content with a hard combat, that I may have a happy Reign. 'Tis better I endure a short skirmish, than a long tige: having once wonne the field, I will hope to keepe it.



XVI.

Death is the beginning of a godly Mans joy.

Death to a righteous man, whether it cometh soon or late, is the beginning of joy, & the end of sorrow. I will not much care whether my life be long or short. If short; the fewer my daies be, the lesse shall be my misery, the looner shall I be happy. But if my yeares be many, that my head waxe gray, even the long expectation of my happinesse, shall make my joy more welcome,



XVII.

Of doing Good with Labour, and Evill with Pleasure.

IT was anciently said, That whatsoever good worke a man doth with labour, the labour vanissheth, but the good remaineth with him that wrought.

RESOLVES.

343

wrought it. And whatsoever evill thing hee doth with pleasure, the pleasure flies, but the evill still resteth with the Actor of it: goodnesse making labour sweet; evill turning pleasure to a burthen. I will not care how laborious, but how honest, not how pleasurable, but how good my Actions bee. If it could be, let me be good without pleasure; rather than lewd with much joy. For though my good bee at first tedious, I am sure in time it will yeeld me content: whereas the evill that now is delightfull, cannot but prove a woe to my soule. The sweetest liquor is not always the most wholesome. The *Zymon* is more tart, yet excelleth the *O. renge* that delighteth the taste: *Poyson* may a while seeme pleasant, and a weake stomack thinke a *Cordiall* fulsome.



XVIII.

Of being the Worlds Favourite without Grace,

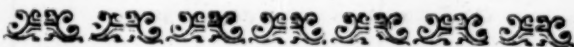
VVHat if I were the Worlds chiefest *Favourite* endowed with the chiefest *Ornaments* her *Treasury* could afford me, adorned with beauty, imbellisht with a faire proportion, in policie subtil, in alliance great, in revenue large, in knowledge rich, famed with honour, and honoured with attendants: and to all these, had adjoynd the prolonged yeares of *Methuselah*, yet if I wanted grace, they would all turne to my greater disgrace. and

confusion. Good parts imployed ill, are weapons, that being meant for our own defence, wee madly turn their edges, and wound our selves: they might make me faire in shew, but in substance more polluted: they would be but as a *Saddle of Gold* to the back of a *galied Horse*; adorn me they might, better me they could not. Grace onely can make a man truly happy: what she affordeth, can content sufficiently, and with ease furnish the vast rooms of the *Mind*: without her, *all a e nothing*; with her, even the *smallest is true sufficiency*: how tully can she be rich, in the *penury* of these *outward Royalties*? something indeed they adde to her ornament, but 'tis from her that they assume their *goodness*: For though Heaven hath made them to in their owne nature, yet it is from her, that they prove so to me. Doe we not oftner finde them *Lights* to blinde us, than to direct us? I will never think my selfe nearer *Heaven*, for having so much of *Earth*. A weak House with a heauey Rooffe is in most danger. Hee that gets *Heaven*, hath plenty enough, though the *Earth* scorne to allow him anything: hee that failes of that, is truly miserable, though she giues him all she hath. *Heaven*, without *Earth*, is perfect: *Earth*, without *Heaven*, is but a little more cheerefull *Hell*. VVho haue beene more splendent in these externall flourishes, than *Heathen*? But in the other, 'tis the Christian onely can challenge a *felicity*. Having these, I might winne applause with men; but the other wanting, I shall never gaine approbation with God. And what will all their allowance auaile, when the *Earths Creatour*

RESOLVES.

345

shall judge and condemne? 'Tis a poore reliefe in Misery, to be only thought well of by those that cannot helpe me.



XIX.

Humanity and Misery, are Parallels.

IS not a man born to trouble, as the sparkles flye upward? Is not his time short and miserable; his dayes few, and evill? VVhat madnesse then were it in me, to hope for a freedome from sorrowes, or to thinke my selfe exempt from the common appointment of the most *Hig*h? It hath beene censured as *hrensie*. to undertake to expell *nature*: what shal I thinke it, to hope to frustrate the designment of the *Lord of Nature*? *Humanity*, and *Misery*, are alwayes *Parallels*; sometimes *individuals*. And therefore, when we would put *Sorrow* in an *Embleme*, we paint him in a *Man*. If I have but few *Crosses*, I will truly then account my self favored: If I have many, and be sometimes free, Ile thinke I escape wel, being so untoward. If I have nothing but troubles, yet may I not complain; because my sin hath deserved more, than here I can be able to suffer. Had I but a *being* though full of woe, yet were I beholding to God for it. His very least, and meanest gift, exceedeth much, even all my best desert. I do infinitely want, how to merit a permission to live.

of



Of Reputation; or, a good Name.

TO have every man speak well of me, is impossible: because, howsoever I cary my self, some *Cynick* will barke at my course. VVho can scape the lish of *Censure*? If I should be *vicious* and *profuse*, I should be loved of some, but not the *best*, nor the *good*: If I should *Camelion*-like, change my self to every object, it I were not extraordinary wearie, I might soon counterfeit some mans humour false, and that would bane my drift. For both to *Virtue*, and to *Vice*, is *Flattery* a false *Glasse*, making the one seeme greater, the other lesse than it is: and if it lights on a noble discretion, it is ever so unhappy, as to beget the ruine of it self; But imagine I could do it with such exactnesse, that even the eye of *Lycemus* could not espy it: yet when one should commend me for one thing, and another for the contrary; what would the world think of me, that could thus in one, be hot and cold? Should I not be censured as a *Ty-morist*? yes surely, and that justly: neither could it but be just with God, at last to unmask my flattery and unrip my folly, in the view of the multitude. Private sins are punished with a publicke shame. A supposed honest man found lewd, is hated as a grown *Monster*, discovered by the blabbe of *Time*. *Sinne* is a concealed fire, that even in darkness will so work, as to bewray it selfe. If I live vertuously,

and

and with piety, the world will hate me as a Separatist; and my reputation will be reduced, by the ignominious aspersions of malevolent tongues. To be good, is now thought too neere a way to contempt: That which the *Ancients* admired, we laugh at. A good honest man, is a foole VVhat then? Shall I to please a man, displease a *Christian*? I had rather live hated for goodness, than be loved for vice. Hee does better, that pleateth one good man, than he that contents a thousand bad ones. I would, if it could be, please all, yet I would winne their loves with honesty: otherwise, let their hate wound me, rather than their love embrace: what care I for his friendship, that affects not virtue & having his hate, hee may hurt me outwardly; but enjoying his love, I will justly suspect my soule of some ill. For if his affection be towards me, 'tis sure, because hee sees somethi g in me, that pleateth himself: but while hee sees every thing unlike him; how is't possible I should be beloved of him? since diversities breed nothing but disunion, and sweet Congruity is the Mother of Love.

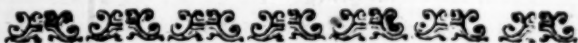


X.XI.

Sinne brings sorrow.

VVH admires not the VVisdom of Demosthenes: in the answer he returned to Corin-
thians *1. 2. 3.* [Penitence taught him this.] Certainly, had hee not knowle it from a self-experience 'tis not possible

Possible a *Heathen* should haue spoke so *divinely*. All our *dishonest actions*, are but *earnests* laid downe for *griefe*. *Vice* is an infallible fore-runner of wretchednesse. Let the *Worldling* tell me, if hee findes it not true, that all his unwarrantable aberrations, wherein he hath *dilatedly* tumbled himself, end at last, either in anguish, or confusion. *Sinne*, on the best condition, brings *repentance*: but for sin, without *repentance*, is provided *Hell*. 'Tis not *folly*, but *madnesse*, even the *highest*, that makes a man buy his *vexation*. I will force my self to want that willingly, which I cannot enjoy, without future distaste. Though the *Waspe* falls into the *Honey*, that after drownes her, yet the *Bee* chuseth rather to go to the *Flower* in the *Field*, where she may lade her thighs securely, and with leisure, than to come to the *shop* of the *Apothecarie*, where she gets more, but makes her life hazardable.



XXII.

*Of workes without Faith, and of Faith
without workes.*

VVOrkes without *Faith*, are like a *Salamander* without *Fire*, or a *Fish* without *water*. In which, though there may seem to be some quick *actions* of *life*, & *symptomes* of *agility*, yet they are indeed, but fore-runners of their end, and the very *presages* of *Death*. *Faith* again, without *workes*, is like a *Bird* without *wings*: who, though she may
hoppe

hoppe with her companions here upon *Earth*; yet if she live till the world ends, shee'l never flye to *Heaven*. But when both are joyn'd together, then doth the Soule mount up to the *Hill* of eternall *Rest*. These can bravely raise her to her first *height*; yea, carry her beyond it: taking away both the will that did betray her, and the possibility, that might. The former, without the latter, is selfe cozenage; the last, without the former, is meere hypocrisie: together, the excellencie of Religion. Faith is the *Rocke*, while every good action is as a stone laid; one, the foundation; the other, the *Structure*. The *Foundation*, without the walls, is of slender value: the *Building*, without a *Basis*, cannot stand. They are so inseparable, as their conjunction makes them good. Chiefely will I labour for a sure *Foundation*, Saving Faith; and equally I will seek for strong walls, good workes. For as man judgeth the House by the *Edifice*, more than by the *Foundation*: so, not according to his *Faith*, but according to his *WVorkes*, shall God judge Man.



XXIII.

A rare thing, to see a rich man religious.

ITs a rare thing to see a rich man religious: wee are told, that his way is difficult; and not many mighty are chosen. For while the *Earth* allowes them such joyes, 'tis their *Heaven*, and they looke for no other: Their pleasures are sufficient unto them

them, both for honour, solace, and wealth. VVho wonders to see them carelesse of the *better*, when they dore upon the *worse*? Neither the minde nor affection can be seriously divided at once. Againe, even low Commons, whom they think meanly of, are higher often in vertues of the minde, are dearer unto God, than they; and shall sit in *Heaven* above them. Are there not many Servants that in their life time haue born the burthen, now crowned with un-ending joyes; while their Masters are either in a lower degree glorious, or excluded that Celestial Society? I dare make it a part of my Faith, yet avouch my selfe no Heretike. Even in the meanest things, God shewes his mighty power. Impossibilities are the best advancers of his glory: For what we least beleewe can be done, we most admire being done. Yet in this, observe the mercy of God; That though the worldling hath not piety in his Thoughts, yet God gives him all these *good things*, that he hath no right to; albeit, by his owne ill, he, like envie, extracts evill out of good: so they prove in the end, nothing but Paper-pillars, and painted Fruit. Let all men blesse God, for what they enjoy; they that have wealth, for their riches: I will praise him that he hath kept them from me. I haue now what is good for me; and when my time comes, my joy shall abound.



XXIIII.

*What a vertuous man is like, in the purity
of a Righteous Life.*

A Vertuous Man, shining in the purity of a righteous life, is a *Light-house* set by the Sea side, whereby the *Mariners* doth saile aright, and avoid danger: but he that lives in noted sins, is a false *Lanthorne*, which shipwracks those that trust him. The *vertuous man*, by his good carriage wins more to godlinesse, and is the occasion of much good; yea, it may be, so long as the Moone renewes; for his righteousness dyes not with him: Those good examples which he lived in, and those *pious workes*, which he leaves behind him, are imitated and followed of others, both remaining and succeeding. So they are conveyed from one *Generation* to another: and hee, next God, is a primarie cause of a great deale of the good they achieve. So we cannot but grant, that while here his memory weares out, his glory in a better world augments dayly; either by his good presidents, his pious institutions his charitable deedes, or his godly workes: each of which, with *Gods blessing*, are able to kindle some heat in the cold zeal of *Posterity*. Examples are the best and most lasting *Lectures*. Vertue the best example. Happy man, that hath done these things in sincerity: *Time* shall not out-live his worth: he lives truly, after death, whose pious actions are his
pillars

RESOLVES.

Pillars of remembrance: though his flesh moulders to drosse in the *grave*, yet is his *happines* in a perpetuall *growth*; no day, but adds some *grains* to his heape of glory. *Good workes* are *Seedes*. that after sowing return us a continual Harvest. A man lives more renowned by some *glorious deedes*, than ever did that *Carian*, by his *Mausolean Monument*. On the contrary, what a wofull course hath he runne, that hath lived lewdly, and dyes without repentance? His *example* infects others, and they spread it abroad to more: Like a man that dyes on the *Plague*, he leaves the *infection* to a whole City; so that even the sins of thousands, he must give an account for. VVhat can we think of such as have bin the inventors of unlawfull Games and Callings that are now in use? Sure, they have much to answer for, that thus have occasioned so much ill: yea, better had it beene they had not beene at all; then being, to be loaden with the sinne of so many. Miserable man! That when thy owne *burthen* is insupportable, thou yet caulest others to adde to thy *weight*; as if thou wouldest be sure, desperately to make thy rising irrecoverable: Are the waters of thy owne finnes so low, that thou must have streams from every place, to runne into thy *Ocean*: VVho can, without a Showre of teares, thinke on thy deplorable *state*? or, without mourning, meditate thy sad *condition*? Oh! Let me so live, as my life may be beneficiall, not hurtfull to others. Let my glory encrease, when my life is done: I am sure, *satiety* in *Heaven*, is not capable of either *complaint*, or *discontent*: but as for spoyling others

RESOLVES.

353

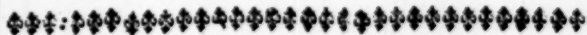
thers by my owne confusion, sinne, I should thinke
Death a faire *prevention*, I love not that life which
 makes death eternall. I have sinne enough of mine
 own, to sigh, and sorrow, and mourn for: I need not
 make others mine by my own bad actions, A little
 of this is too much; yea, he hath enough that hath
 none; he hath too much, that hath any at all.



XXV.

Of being proud, by being commended.

HE deserves not *Commendation*, that for being
commended growes *proud*: every good thing a
 good man speakes of me, shall, like the blast of a
 Trumpet in warre, incite and encourage mee, to a
 closer pursuit of more nobler *Virtue*: not like *Bu-*
cephalus trappings, blow me up in a higher conceit
 of overprizing my own weaknesse: So while some
 speake well, let my deedes exceed their tongue.
I had rather men should see more than they expect,
than looke for more than they shall find.



XXVI.

Of Secresie in Projecting ought.

VHen a man hath the project of a course
 in his mind, tis good wisdom to resolve
 of *secresie*, til the time his intent be fulfilled: neither

A a

can

can he chuse but the foolish, that brags much, either of what he will doe, or what hee shall have: For if what he speakes of, falls not out accordingly, then will the world mocke him with *derision* and *scorne* and oftentimes his *liberall tongue*, may be an occasion of some ones sudden intercepting his *aim*: divulged intentions seldome proceed well: multitudes make a jarre in businesse; their opinions or counsell either distract judgement, or divert resolution: But howsoever if what we boasted of cometh to passe, yet shall we be reputed *vaine-glorious, boasters, unwise*. Braggers lift up expectation, so high, that wee overthinks the Birth: and many times the child which indeed is faire, wee thinke not so, because we were possesst with hopes of finding it rare. *Secresie* is a necessary part of policie: things untold, are yet undone; then to say nothing, there is not a lesse labour. I observe, the Fig-tree whose fruit is most pleasant, bloomes not at all: whereas the Swallow that hath glorious palmes, is continually found barren. I would first be so wise, as to be my owne Counsellor: next, so secret, as to be my own Council-keeper.



XXVII.

A Rule, in reading Authors.

SOME men read Authors, as our Gentlemen use Flowers, onely for delight and smell, to please their fancie, and refine their tongue. Others like the

Bee, extra& onely the honey, the wholesome pre-
 cepts, and this alone they beare away, leaving the
 rest, as little worth, of small value. In reading I will
 care for both, though for the last, most: the one
 serves to instruct the mind; the other fits her to
 tell what she hath learned: pittie it is, they should
 be divided: he that hath worth in him, and cannot
 expresse it, is a chest, keeping a rich jewell, and the
 key lost. Concealing goodnesse, is *Vice*. *Virtue* is
 better by being communicated. A good *style*, with
 unwholesome matter, is a faire woman, with a vicious
 soule, which attracts the eyes of all; The good man
 thinks chastly, and loves her beauty for her vertue,
 which he still thinks more faire, for dwelling in
 so faire an out-side. The vicious man hath lustfull
 thoughts; & he would for her beauty faine destroy
 her vertue: but coming to sollicite his purpose,
 finds such *Divine Lectures* from her *Angels tongue*
 and those deliver'd with so sweet a pleasing modesty,
 that he thinks vertue is dissolving her soul to him,
 to ravish man with a beauty, which he dream'd not
 of. So he could now curse himself for desiring that
 lewdly, which hee hath learn'd since onely to ad-
 mire and reverence, Thus he goes away better, than
 came with an intent to be worse. Quint Phrases on
 a good subject, are baits to make an ill man vertu-
 ous: how many vile men seeking these, have found
 themselves Converted? I may refine my Speech
 without harme: but I will endeavour more to re-
 form my life. 'Tis a good grace both of *Oratory*, or
 the *Pen*, to speak or write proper: but that is the best
 work, where the *Graces* and the *Muse*, meet.



XXVIII.

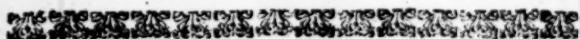
*A Christian compared in a three-fold condition
to the Moon.*

WE see in the *Moon* a threefold condition; her *Wane*, her *Inscrease*, her *Full*: all which, I lively see resembled in a Christian, three causes working them: *Sinne*, *Repentance*, *Faith*. *Sinne*, which after the *Ad*, when hee once considers, it makes him like the *Moon* in her *Wane*, or state of *Decrement*, obscuring, and diminishing that glorious light of the Spirit, which whilome shined so brightly in him: nay, sometimes as the *Moon* in her latest state of *Diminution*, hee seemes quite gone, resting for a time, like a *Man* in a trance, like a *Tree* in *Winter*, or as fire buried in concealing *Embers*, without either sence, or shew, of either *light* or *heat*. But then comes *Repentance*, and casts water in his face, bedewes him with teares, rubbes up his benumbed soule; that there is to be seene some tokens, both of *life* and *recovery*: This makes him *Spring*, causes him to begin to *bud* againe, unburies his lost light, and by little and little, recollects his decayed strength of the apprehension of Gods spirit: so sets him in the way to joy, and renewed courses. But lastly, *Faith* appeares, and perfects what *Repentance* began, and could not finish: shee cheeres up his drooping hopes, brings him againe to his wonted *solace*, spreads out his *leaves*, blowes up

up his fainting fire to a bright flame: makes him like the *Moon* in her full glory, indues him with a plenteous fruition of the presence of the *Almighty*, and never leaves him till he be resettled in his full joy, contentment, happiness. Thus while he *sinneth*, he is a *Decressant*; when he *repents*, a *Cressant*; when his *Faith* shines cleere, at full. Yet in all these, while he lives here, he is subject to *change*: sometime like a *Beacon* on a *Hill*, he is seene a farre off, and to all; sometime like a *Candle* in a *house*, neerer hand, and onely to his *familiars*: sometimes like a *Lampe* under a *bushe*, he is obscur'd to all; yet in all he burnes: though in some, insensib'y: and is never without one found consolation, in the worst of all these: for as the *Moone* when she is least visible, is a *Moone* as well as when wee see her in her full proportion; onely the *Sunne* looks not on her with so full an aspect, and she reflects no more, than she receives from him: So a *Christian* in his lowest ebbe of sorrow, is the *Child* of *God*, as well as when he is in his greatest flow of comfort, onely the *Sunne* of *Righteousnesse* darts not the beames of his love so plentifully, and he shewes no more than *God* gives him. VVhen *God* hides his face, *Man* must languish: his with-drawings, are our miseries: his presence, our unfailing joy. Since may cast me in a trance, it cannot slay me: it may bury my heate for a time, it cannot extinguish it: it may make me in the wane, it cannot change my being: it may accuse, it shall not condemne: Though *God* deprive me of his presence for a time, he will one day re-inlighten me, polish me, and crowne me for ever: where

RESOLVES.

the *Moon* of my inconstant joy shall charge to a *Sunne*, and that *Sunne* shall never set, be clouded, or eclipsed.



XXIX.

A rule for Spending and Saving.

IN expences I would bee neither pinching nor prodigal: yet if my meanes allow it not, rather thought too sparing, then a little profuse: 'tis no disgrace to make my ability my compasse of faile, and line to walk by. I see what I may doe; others but what I doe: they looke to what I spend, as they think mee able; I must looke to what my estate will beare, nor can it bee safe to straine it at all: 'tis fit I should respect my own ability, before their forward expectation. He that, when he should not, spends too much, shal when he would not, have too little to spend. 'Twas a witty reason of *Diogenes*, why he asked a half-penny of the thrifty man, & a pound of the prodigal; the first, he said, might give him often, but the other, ere long, would have none to give. Yet say, I had to dispend freely; as to be too neere, having enough, I esteeme *sordid*, so to spend superfluously, though I have abundance, I account one of *Follies* deepest over-sights. There is better use to bee made of our talents, then to cast them away in wast. *God* gave us them not to spend vainly, but to imploy for profit, for gaine.



XXX.

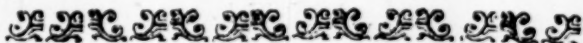
Of a Christians settlednesse in his Saviour.

AS the Needle in a Diall removed from his point, never leaves his quivering motion, till it settles it self in the just place it alwayes stands in: So fares it with a *Christian* in this world; nothing can so charme him, but he will still minde his Saviour: all that put him out of the quest of *Heaven*, are but *disturbances*, Though the pleasures, profits, and honours of this life, may sometimes shuffe him out of his usuall course, yet he wavers up & down in trouble, runs to and fro like *Quicksilver*, and is never quiet within, till he returnes to his wonted life, & inward happinesse, ther he sets down his rest in a *sweet, unperceiv'd, inward content*: which though unseen to others, hee esteemes more then all that the world calls by the name of *felicity*, they are to him as *May-games* to a Prince, fitter for children, then the *Royalty* of a *Crown*. It shall not more grieve me to live in a continued sorrow, than it shal joy me to find a secret *perturbation* in the worlds choicest solaces. If I find my joy in them wⁱhout unquietnesse, that will prove a burthen some mirth: For finding my affections settle to them without resistance, I cannot but distrust my selfe, of trusting them too much. A full delight in earthly things, argues a neglect of heavenly. I can hardly thinke him *honest*, that loves a *Harlot* for her *bravery* more

RESOLVES.

363

this unhappineſſe, that it will never be ſatiſfied : this makes them baſer, by being wealthier: Profit (though with drudgery) they hugge with cloſe arms. All *vices* deſtroy man, but this makes a *maſter* a Slave to his *ſervant*, a *drudge* to his *Slaves*; & him that God ſets over all, this puts under all, *Pittiful* ! that Man when good things are preſent , ſhould ſearch for ill : that he ſhould ſo care for riches, as if they were his own ; yet ſo uſe them, as if they were anothers : that when hee might bee happy in ſpending them, wil be miſerable in keeping them: and had rather *aying* leave wealth with his *enemies*, then being alive relieve his friends. Thus as one aſpires, the other deſcends; both extremes, and juſtly blameable. If my eſtate ariſe not , I hope my *mind* will be what it is, not *Ambitious*, nor *Avaritious*. But if the *divine providence* ſhall, beyond either my deſert or expectation , bleſſe me , I will think, to grow proud, is but to riſe to fall : and to prove covetous, onely to poſſeſſe wealth, that the *Nobler minds* may hate and ſcorn me, For what is there they eſteeme more *fordid*, then for a mans mind to be his monies *Mercenarie* ?

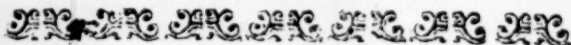


XXXII.

The Chriſtians Life what.

A Weak Chriſtians life, is almoſt nothing but a viciffitude of ſinne, and ſorrow. Firſt, hee ſinnes, and then he laments his folly : like a negligent

gent *Schoot-boy*, he displeaseth his Matter, and then beseecheth his remission with tears. Our own corruptions are diseases incurable: while we live, they will break out upon us, we may correct them, wee cannot destroy them: they are like the feathers in a *Fowle*: cut them, they will come againe: breake them, they will come againe: pluck them out, yet they will come againe: onely kill the *Bird*, and they will grow no more. While bloud is in our veins, siene is in our nature: since I cannot avoid it, I will learne to lament it: and if through my offence, my joy be made obscure, and vanish; that sorrow shall new beget my joy, not because I have been sinfull, but because for siene I find my selfe sorrowfull. All other sorrowes are either foolish, fruitlesse, or beget more: onely this darke Entry leades the way to the faire Court of happinesse. God is more mercifull in giving *repentance* to the *Delinquent*, then in granting *remission* to the *Repentant*. He hath promised pardon to the *Penitent*, no *Repentance* to the *Peccant*.



XXXIII.

A good Rule for chusing a Friend.

IN *chusing friends*, there bee two sorts of men, that I would for ever avoid: or besides the learning of their vices, I dare not trust them with a *secret*. There is the angry man, and the *Drunkard*: The first in his fit is meerly mad, hee speaks not a word

RESOLVES.

36 3

word by *reason*, but by *brutish passions*: not upon premeditated terms, but whatsoever his *memory* on the sudden catches, his violent passion driveth out, bee it knowne, or hidden; so oft in a brawle hee blabs out that, which being cooled, hee much repents to have named: committing that in his sparkling fury, which his appeased soule will tremble to thinke of. *Anger* is the *Feaver* of the soule, which makes the tongue talk idle: it puts a man into a tumult, that he cannot hear what *counsell* speaks; 'tis a raging Sea, a troubled water, that cannot be wholesome for the use of any: & if it be true which *Hippocrates* tels, that those *diseases* are most dangerous, that alters the habit of the patients countenance: this must needs be most *perillous*, that voyce, colour, countenance, pice, so changerth, as if fury dispossessing reason, had set a new Garrison in the Citadell of *Man*. This hee knew that gave us that Precept: *Make not friendship with an angry Man*. The other hath no memory at all: For the abundance of *wine* hath drown'd up that noble *Recorder*: and while *Bacchus* is his chiefe god, *Apollo* never keepes him company: *Friends* and *foes*, *familiars* and *strangers* are then all of equall esteeme: so he forgetfully speaks of that in his cups, which, if he were sober, should be buried in silence. First, hee speaks he knowes not what, nor after, can he remember what was that he spake. He speaks that he should forget, and forgers that which he did speak. *Drunkenesse* is the funerall of all intelligible man, whom onely time and abstinence can resuscitate. A *Drunkards mind* and *stomacke* are alike; neither
can

can retain what they receive. I would be loth to admit of a *Familiar* so infectious as either; more unwillingly to reveale my selfe to any so open, what *friend* soever I make choice of, I will be sure he shall have these two properties, *Mildnesse*, *Temperance*: otherwise, 'tis better to want companions, then to be annoyed with either a *mad-man* or *foole*. *Clitus* was slain by a *drunken Master*, the *Theſſalonians* massacred by an *angry Emperour*; and the deaths of either lamented by the *Agents*.



XXXIII.

Libertie makes Licentious.

I See, *liberty* makes *licentious*, and when the *reines* are given too loosely, the affections run wildly on, without a *Guide*, to ruine: For mans will without *discretion*, that should adde *limits*, is like a blind *horse* without a *bridle*, that should guide him aright: he may goe fast, but runnes to his owne overthrow, and while he mends his *pace*, he hastens his owne *mischiefe*. Nothing makes us more wretched, than our own uncontrolled wills. A loose will fulfilled, is the way to worke out a *woe*. For besides this folly in beginning wrong, the greatest danger is in continuance: when like a *Bowle* running down a *Hill*, he is ever most violent, when hee growes neereſt his *Centre* and *Period* of his ayme. These follies are prettily shaddowed in the spots of *Atheon*, that while hee suffered his
eye

RESOLVES.

365

eye to rove at pleasure, and beyond the pale of expedience, his *Humors*, even his own affections seize him, reare him, prove his decay. Let it be my vigilance to curbe my beginning desires, that they may not wander beyond moderation; if my owne will be a blind conductor, good precepts to an ingenious nature, are bits that restrain, but hurt not. I know, to follow a soothing fancy, cannot be but ridiculously ill: and this inconvenience besides have I seene, that hee which may doe more then is fit, will in time doe more than is lawfull. He that now exceeds the measure, will ere long exceed the manner. *Vice* is a *Peripatetick*, alwayes in progression.



XXXV.

That all secrets should not be imparted to the faithfullest friend.

EVEN between two, *faithfull friends*, I thinke it not convenient that *all secrets* should bee imparted: neither is it the part of a friend to fish out that which were better concealed: Yet I observe some, of such insinuating dispositions, that there is nothing in their friends heart, that they would not themselves know with him: and this, if I may speak freely, I count as a fault. For many times by too farre urging, they wring blood, from whence, onely milke should flow: knowing, that by their importunity, which not onely breeds a dislike in them to heare; but also when their conference is ended,

RESOLVES.

ended, begets a *repenting sorrow* in him that told it: and makes him wish, he had lockt up his lips in silence, rather then have powred out his heart with such indiscretion. How have many bewayled the untimely disclosures of their tongue? how many have screwed out secrets that would have given thousands to have return'd them unknowne? If I have a friend that I care not to loose, I will never ingage my self so much, as to be beholding to him to know all. If I have one that is faithful, I will not wrong him so much, as to wrest that from him, should cause him be *sorrowful*. If he reveales ought un-urged, my advice is faithfull, and free: otherwise, to expresse out a secret that may prove prejudicial, I esteem as the beginning of the breach of Amity, & the primary breeder of a secret dislike.



XXXVI.

What losse comes by the gaining either of the Pleasure or Profit of the World.

VVE know 'tis sometimes better to sound a retreat, and so retire, than 'tis to stay in the field and conquer, because it may so fall out, that the prize we win, cannot countervail the losse that by this warre we shall sustain: so like the foolish Mariner, that seeing a Fish in the Sea, leaps into the water to catch that, which together with his life he loseth. We often lose an eternall Kingdom, for the gain of toys and vanities. Who is there that

that hazards not his soule for the pleasure or profits of sinne? which when they heve, what have they got, but shadowes or vexations? The wealthy man is like a *powder-master*, who hath provision against an Enemy, but is ever in danger of being *blowne up*. As for *pleasure*, 'tis at best but a hilded *vessell*, which though it please the palat for a cup or two; yet the *Lees* are at hand, and they marre it: a little *disturbance* turnes it into *distaste*. What a foole were I, to cast away my Soule on such transitory trifles? which vwhen I have, I am neither sure to enjoy, nor to finde *commodious*: vwhat I cannot keepe without *danger*, I will never earnestly seek. To lose a *Crown* of Gold for a *counterfeit*, is more than a childish fondnesse. I had better to sit still, and be quiet in peace, than rise to conquer a petty Village, vwhen my losse is a large City.

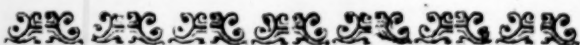
XXXVII.

Of using Meanes.

CHRIST healed *Diseases* three manner of ways; *with meanes*, as the *Leper* in the eight of *Matth*. *without meanes*, as the ten *Lepers* in the 17. of *Luke*; against *meanes*, as the *Man borne blinde*, in the ninth of *Iohn*. I will looke to *meanes*, as being more ordinary, more revealed: but if my blind eye see not that present succour, my feare is not more, nor my griefe. 'Tis as easie to God to work without *meanes*, as with them: and against them,

RESOLVES.

as by either: 'Tis all one to him, *Be cleane*, or, *Goe wash*: Yea, though every Argument concludes danger, let not my hopes faile me yet, his *Omnipotence* is beyond that feeble stay of the *Soule*: nor yet will I so depend on his will hidden, as I neglect to praise his will revealed. For as to disregard his appointed meanes, is a supream contempt; so to depend too much on things unsearchable, is rather a badge of rash presuming, than any notable courage of Faith. I must look to my way, and let him alone in his.



XXXVIII.

The Misery of being Old and Ignorant.

ITs a capitall misery for a man to be at once both *Old* and *ignorant*. If hee were onely *old*, and had some *knowledge*, he might abate the tediousnesse of *decrepit age*, by the divine raptures of *Contemplation*. If he were *young*, though hee knew nothing, yet his yeares would serve him to labour & learn: whereby in the winter of his time, hee might beguile the wearinesse of his pillow and chaire. But now his Body, being withered by the stealing length of his dayes, and his limbes wholly disabled, for either motion, or exercise: these together with a mind unfurnished of those contenting speculations of admired *Science*, cannot but delineate the portraiture of a man wretched. A gray head with a wise mind is a *treasury of grave precepts*,
experience

experience and judgement: But foolish old age, is a barren *Vine* in *Autumne*, or an Vniversity to study folly in: every *action*, is a pattern of *infirmity*, while his body sits still, he knowes not how to finde his *mind* *action*: and tell me, if there be any life more irksome than idlenesse. I have numbred yet but a few dayes; and those, I know, I haue neglected: I am not sure, they shall be more, nor can I promise my head, it shall have a snowie haire. What then? Knowledge is not hurtfull but helps a good mind: any thing that is laudable, I desire to learn. If I dye to morrow, my life to day shall be somewhat the sweeter for knowledg: and if my *day* prove a *Summer* one, it shall not be amisse, to have provided something, that in the evening of my Age may make my mind my companion. Notable was the answer that *Antisthenes* gave, when hee was asked what fruit hee had reaped of all his studies? By them, saith he, I have learned, both to live, and to talke with my selfe.



XXIX.

A two-fold way to Honour.

THere is a two-fold way to *Honor: direct*, when God calle; *indirect*, when man seekes it, without the Lords warrant. *David* went the first, and his Crown departed not from his head, still nature had payed her debt, and his life dissolued; and when he is gone, his issue succeeds him. *Absalon*

went the other, but his sins pulled him down with vengeance, and onely a dumbe Pillar speakes his memory, *God* cannot endure the *aspiring spirit*, that would climbe the Hill of Preferment, without his leave. Theeves of *Honor* seldome find joy in their *purchases*; *stability*, never. Besides, I observe, the man that is fit for a place of note, never seekes it so much, as he is sought for, for it; whereas ever the *Bramble*, that is *low*, and *worthlesse*, cryes out aloud, *Make me a King*: 'Tis incident to a *weake minde*, to over-value it selfe. How many would be Magistrates, that know not how to be *Mene* *Moses* objects much, when *G O D* him selfe imposeth a *Charge*: For a man of understanding knowes, that 'tis better to live in the Valley, where the Times tempests blow over him; than to have his Seat on the Mountaines top, where every blast threatens both his ruine and fall: howsoever, others *measure* him, he knowes his owne height, and will not exceed it: Yet being placed by an *Almighty Hand*, He that set him there, can keep him secure. But hee must then beware, that hee makes not that his *King*, that should bee his *Subject*: that hee gives not the reines, where hee should use the checke: and that hee playes not the *Ape* too much, either by too idle imitation, or by doting too fondly on his darling Honour. Thus cautelous, may he live safe: when hee that teacheth promotion, without Gods calling him, may flourish a while, but not thrive. In ascents, those are the safest, that are broadest, and least sudden, and where the light is open: How soone is a fall caught on those stayres, that
are

RESOLVES.

371

are *darke, narrow*, and quickly rising? I will as well look to the *way* as the *thing*: There is no path, to *happy preferment*, but that which *Vertue* treads: which was well noted to the *Heathen*, when they built the *Temple of Honour* so, that none could enter it, but they must first passe thorow that of *Vertue*. I had rather live honestly, though meanly, than by unlawfull practises usurpe a *Crown*.

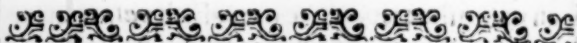


XL.

Comardice worthlesse.

Nothing more *disworths* a man, than *comardice* and a base feare of *danger*: the *smooth way*, it make difficult; the difficult inaccessible: the *coward* is an unfinished man, or else one, which *nature* made lesse than others: If ever hee did any thing well *Fortune* was his guide, not *Wisedome*. His feare in him begets delay, and delay breeds that he feares, danger. The *Souldier* that dares not fight, affords the *Enemy* too much advantage; for his preparation, both for directing his souldiers, plotting his *Stratagems*, strengthening his *Files*, ordering his *Camp*, or doing any thing may turne disadvantage upon his *Foe*, when as the valorous warriour gives most discomfiture in his suddenest onset, where he takes away the time for *Fortification*. If it bee by speech, a man is to act his part, feare puts an *Ague* in his *Tongue*, and often leaves him, either in an amazed distraction, or quite elingued. For the

too serious apprehension of a possible *shame*, makes him forget that, should helpe him against it: I mean, a *plain boldnesse*, bequeathing a dilated *freedom* to all his *faculties & senses*; which now, with a cold fear, are frozen & congealed. If not this, out of an unmeasured care to doe well, it drives a man into *affectation*; and that, like mis-shapen apparell spoiles the beauty of a well-limb'd body: for Nature will not endure the rack: VVhen you set her too high, she proves untuneable; and in stead of a sweet cloze, yeelds a crack: she ever goes best in her own free pace: I will neither stay her so long, as to meet delay: nor run her so farre, as to do ought affectedly. *I had rather be confidently bold, than foolishly timorous; he that in every thing feares to doe well, will at length do ill in all.*



XLI.

Of lamenting the losse of Trifles.

MAny have much lamented the losse of trifles, when they might have gained by such Damages; had they not with them, lost themselves, I meane their quiet minds and patience. Vnwise so to debarre themselves of rest, when their vexation cannot yeeld them profit: If teares could either recover a *losse*, or recal *time*, then to weep, were but to *purpose*: but things past, though with prudence they may be corrected; yet with greatest griefe, they cannot be recalled: Make them better wee may,

RESOLVES.

373

may, but to make them not to bee at all, requires more then a humane strength, or a finite power: *A*ctions once done, admit a *correction*, not a *nullity*. Although I will endeavor to amend what is gone by *amisse*, yet will I labour never to *grieve* for any thing *past*, but *sinne*: and for that alwayes. A small *losse* shall never trouble me: neither shall the greatest *hinderance* make my heart not mine owne. He spake well, that said, *He that hath himselfe hath lost nothing.*

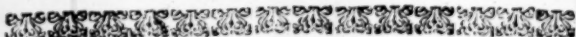


XLII.

*A Practice with } Friendship.
A loss of }*

SOME *Men* are of so *Noble* and free a *disposition* that you cannot, being a *friend*, aske ought, to receive a *deniall*: it being one part of their happiness, to pleasure the *Man* they love. Yet these in the end, and these *times*, are the only *unhappy* men. For being exhausted by the necessities of others, and their base working on a *free nature*, an *unwelcome want*, at once undoes *them*, and the goodness of their *disposition*. Pity such willing *courtesies* should bee so cast away in such *ungrateful ground*; that like an *unbottomed Gulfe*, swallows, but returns not: or that a mans firme *love* should make him do that, should kill himself in future. Contrary to these, you have another sort as fast & holding: and though sometimes they might pleasure a friend, without a *self-prejudice*: yet their in-

crabbednesse reserves *all*, with a close hand. And while the other ruines with a *faire affection*, hee thrives with a vulgar hate, and curses; such as the first, are best to others: such as the last, to themselves. I will so serve *others*, as I injure not my self: so my self, as I may helpe others. -



XLIII.

Sinne by but once committing, gaines a Pronenesse to Reiteration.

AS there is no *feat of activity* so difficult, but being once done, a man ventures on it more freely the second time: so there is no sinne at first so hatefull, but being once committed willingly, a Man is made more prone for a *reiteration*. For there is more desire of a knowne pleasure, than of that which onely our eares have heard report of. So far is *Ignorance* good, that in a calme it keeps the mind from distraction: and Knowledge, as it breeds desire in all things, so in sinne. Bootlesse therefore shall ever be that cunning fetch of *Satan*, when he would induce me once to make a triall of sinne, that I might thereby know no more, & bee able to fill up my mouth with discourse, my mind with *fruition*; bearing mee in hand, I may at my pleasure give it the hand of parting, and a finall farewell. Too often (alas) have I beene deceived with this beguiling perswasion, of a power to leave, and a will to returne at my will. Hence-

forth

forth shall my care bee to restrain from once. If I grant that, stronger perswasions will plead for a second *action*: 'tis easier to deny a *Guest* at first, than to turne him out, having stayed a while. Thou knowest not, sencelesse man, what joyes thou ledest when thou fondly lastest into new offences. The world cannot repurchase thee thy pristine integrity: thou hast hereby lost such *hold of grace*, as thou wilt never again be able to recover. A mind not *conscious* of any foul *enormities*, is a fair *Temple* in a dirty street; at whose doore, *Sinne*, like a throng of rude *Plebeians*, knocks incessantly: while the door is shut, 'tis easie to keep it so, and them out; *open that*, but to let in one, thousands will rush in after him, and their *tramlings* will for ever soile that unstained floore: while thy *Conscience* is unspotted, thou hast that can make thee smile on the racke and flames, 'tis like *Homers Neptenthe*, that can banish the sadnes of the mind. But when thou woundest that, thou buriest thy joyes at once: and throwest a Jewell from thee, is richer than the wealth of VVorlds. Foole that thou art, that wandering in a dark wildernesse, dost wilfully put out thy candle, and thinkest cold water then flake thy thirst, in the burning fit of an *Ague*, when it only breedes in thee a desire to powre in more, Hee that never tasted the pleasures of sinne, longs lesse after those banefull *discontenting contents*. What sweets of sinne, I know not, I desire still to be unexperienced in. I had rather not know, than by knowledg be miserable. This *Ignorance* will teach me knowledge, of an unknowne Peace. Let mee

rather be outwardly maimed, and want discourse, than be furnisht of thar, and possesse a wound that bleedeth within.



X L I V.

Of purchasing friends with large gifts.

TIs foolish, and favours not of common policy to purchase Friends with large gifts, because having once used them to rewards, they will still expect more: and *custome* that pleaseth, is seldome omitted without either *discontent* or *danger*. If then our *loves tokens* shall seeme to *diminish friendship* likewise will *decrease*: and if not quite *consume*, yet easily be drawne to allow harbour to base *disrespect*: which, what a thorn it is to an affectionate mind, I desire rather to know by judicious observation, than by reall experience: but sure I am, it no way can be small: yet most true must it needs be, that friendship wonne by large gifts, resembles but the *straw fire*, that having matter to feed upon burnes brightly: but let new fewell be neglected, it dyes, consumes, and quite *gies out*. Nor further can this amity be ever *approved*, or sure, or sincere. For he that loves me for my gifts sake, loves my gifts above my self: and if I should happen to light on adversity, I should not find him then to appear: there being no hope of a gainefull requitall. If I give any thing, it shall be because he is my *friend*; not because I would have him so: not so much that

that I may have his *love*, but that already hee hath mine. I will use them somerimes to continue *friendship*, never to begin it. *I do not hold him worthy thanks, that professeth me kindnesse for his owne ends.*

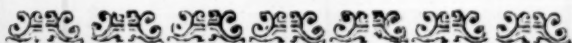


XLV.

*Iust shame in a good man; saddens his soule. Of Credit
or good Name, vid. pag. 346.*

NOthing more saddens the soul of a good man, then the *serious* apprehension of a just shame. If it were false, his own cleernes would be a *shield* strong enough to repell the darts of Slander. For man is never *miserable*, till *Conscience* turns his enemy. If it were but the losse of riches, there were a *possibility* of recovery: if of Friends, he might find more, or content himselfe with the knowledge of their happnesse, in that glorious Mansion of the Saints: if of *corporall* anguish, a quiet mind might mitigate his paines: or industry with time take a cruce with sorrowes: but this misery is *immedicable*. Credit once lost, is like water so diffusively spilt, that 'tis not in *humanity* to recollect. If it be, it hath lost the purity, and will for ever after be full of soile: and by how much his honesty was more noted; by so much will his shame be more, and his *griefe*. For see what a horreur he hath before him; all will be now ready to brand him with the *odious*, & *stigmaticall* name of an *Hypocrite*, His
Reputa-

Reputation (which though it be not dearer then his *soule*, yet he prizeth above his life) wil be blacked with an eternal *flain*: which nor *absence*, *time*, *endevor*, nor *Death*, can wash away. If he lives, and could in himself forget it: yet the envious world will keep it upon Record: and when he mindes it not, rub it on his gauled *soul*. If he could flye from his *Countrey*, that would like a *Blood-bound* follow him: if he dyes, that will survive him, and make his very grave contemptible: nay, so farre will it spread, as somewhat to infect his Friends: and though haply in himselfe he may be bettered, by so rash a *fall*: yet the *cruell* and *uncharitable* world will ever think him worse. In this I dare not follow it: in doing that, may cause this. I hope I shall not. I will first strive to be void of the act might bring shame, *next*, not to cast it in the dish of the penitent. If my sufferings be unjust, I am sure in the end I shall find them comfortable. If *God* hath pleas'd to remit *offences*, why should I commemorate them? A good life is a fortresse against *Shame*, and a good mans *Shame* is his benefit: the one keeps it away, the other when it comes, doth make it prove profitable.



XLVI.

The Will accepted with God for the Deed.

THe *will* for the *deed*, is oft with *God* accepted, and he that is a thankfull *Debtor*, restores a *benefit*

RESOLVES.

379

benefit. Many benefits, nay, all I possesse, O Lord from thee I know I have received: requite them I cannot, return them I may not, and to rest ingratefull, were a sinne inexcusable. Since then I cannot retaliate thy love, or retributethy favours: yet Lord, will I owe them, with a desire to pay.



XLVII.

Concealed Grudges, the Gangrene of friendship.

THere is not any thing eats out friendship, sooner than concealed grudges, Though Reason at first produceth opinion, yet opinion, after seduceth reason. Conceits of unkindnesse harboured and beleaved, will work even a steady love, to hatred. And therefore, reserved dispositions, as they are the best keepers of secrets: so they are the worst increasers of love. Between Friends it cannot be, but discourtesies will appear: though not intended by a willing act, yet so taken by a wrong suspect: which smothered in Silence, increase dayly to a greater distaste: but revealed once, in a friendly manner, oft meet with that satisfaction, which doth in the disclosure banish them. Sometimes ill tongues, by false tales, sow Discord between two Lovers. Sometimes mistakes set the mind in a false believe. Sometimes jealousies, that flow from love, imprint suspicion in the thoughts. All which may find ease in the uttering: so their discovery being mild.

RESOLVES.

mildnesse; other *wile choller* calls a *mist* before the eyes of the *minde*, and when it might see cleerely, will not let it. If betweere my friend, and my self, a private thought of unkindnesse arise, I will presently tell it, and be *reconciled*, if he be cleer, I shal like him the better when I see his integrity: if fault, confession gaines my pardon, and bindes me to love him: and though we should in the discussion jarre a little, yet wil I be sure to part friendly: put together, it will burn the better. Every such breach as this, will unite affection faster: a little shaking prefers the growth of the Tree.



XLVIII.

Of affecting an high Seat of Honour.

I Have sometimes wish't my selfe in some high Seat of Honour: with what folly I have after seene, and beene displeased, with my selfe, with my desires: so unbefitting *Wisdom*, so dissonant from *Christianitie*. For what can a high place conferre unto me, that can make my life more truly *happy*? if it addes to my joyes, it encreaseth my feares: it augments my pleasure, my care is more, and my trouble. But perhaps I shall have *reverence*, weare *rich apparell*, and fare *deliciously*: alas! cold flames, wet rayment. Have I not known some injoying *all*, and never found other *fruit*, but *envie*, *beggery*, & *dissatisfaction*? so have in the end, wished to change, for
lower.

RESOLVES.

381

lower honors, for *meaner dignities*, accounting themselves as the Flagge on the top of a Ship-mast; as more high, and more visible; so more, and ever open, to the wind and stormes: being as a worthy *Judge* once answered one, that gave him his Title of Honour; True, Honourable servants; to pass through the toyles of a *Circuit*, and think on any mans businessse but their own. Ah *Tissue Cover*, to a *Straw Cushion*! But I shall have more meanes, so shall I do the more good, I grant, but it may I not doe as much good, with lesse meanes? 'Tis a question, who shall have more reward, of him that does most in *quantity*, or most according to the *proportion* of his *means*: If *Christ* may be admitted as *Arbitrator*, the *poore widow* gave more than all the rich ones. I feare, if I had more, I should spend more in *raffe*, sure I am, I should have more to answer for. Besides, who knowes what a *change*, *wealth* might work in me? What a *snare* it hath proved to many, that like the Sunne, have in the morning of their time, mounted themselves to the highest pitch of *perspicuity* and *brightnesse*? which when they have once *attained*, they *decline*, *fall*, *vanish*, & are gone leaving nothing behinde them, but darke night, blacke reputation, If not this, what can I tell, but that I might gather like a Spunge, to be squeezed out againe, by some grinding Oppressour? So, be more vexed with an unexpected *lesse*, than pleased with my short enjoyment. The Thiefe that meets with a full Purse, takes away it, and returns a stabbe; while the empty pocket makes the life secure; Then perhaps wee could wish to be poore, but

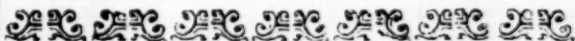
but cannot; that so wee might lessen our griete, by the sorrow for our losse. Tell mee then, *O my soule!* what should make thee wish to change? I live in a ranke, though not of the highest, yet affording as much happinesse, more freedome, as being exempt from those *suspicious cares*, that prick the *bo-some* of the *wealthy man*: 'tis such as might content my *better*, & such as *Heaven* smiles on with a gracious *promise of blessing*, if my carriage be faire and honest, and without these, who is well? I have necessities, and what is decent: and when I desire it, something for pleasure. VVho hath more that is *needfull*? If I bee not so rich, as to sow almes by Sack-fuls, even my *Mite* is beyond the superfluity of *wealth*: and my *pen*, my *tongue*, and my *life* shall (I hope) help *some* to better *treasure*, than the *earth* affords them. I have food convenient for mee: and I sometimes find exercise, to keep my *body* healthfull; when I do, I make it my recreation, not my toyle. My rayment is not worst, but good, and then that, let me never have better. I can be as warme in a good Kersey, as a Prince in a Scarlet Robe. I live where is *much meanes* of true *salvation*; my *liberty* is mine own, I can both frequent them, and desire to profit by them. I have a mind can bee pleased with the present; and if time turns the wheele, can endure the change, without desiring it. I want nothing, but abundance: and this I need not, because *want* herein, I account much *better* than *reall possession*: if it had been fit for me, I know my *God* would have bestowed it on me. Hee never was so carelesse of a child of his, as to let him misse that

hee

RESOLVES.

383

hee knew might make for his good. Seeing then, he sees it inconvenient, it shall be my joy to live without it: and henceforth, will I not long any more to change. He is not a compleat *Christian*, that cannot be contented with that he enjoys. I will rather settle my mind to a quiet rest, in that I find: then let her wander in a weary sollicitude, after ungotten plenty. That estate that God gives me, ever will I esteeme best: though I could not think it so. I am sure it is so, and to thinke against knowledge is a foolish suspicion.

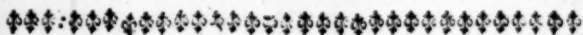


XLIX.

Of jealousie of another.

ITs a precept from a perfidious mind, that bids us thinke all knaves we deale with; so by distrusting, to hinder deceit. I dare not give my minde that liberty, lest I injure charity, and runne into errour. I will think all honest, if strangers; for so I'm sure they should be: onely let mee remember, they are but men: so may, upon temptation, fall with the time: otherwise, though they want Religion. *Nature* hath implanted a Moral justice, which unperverted, will deale square. Christs Precept was found in the mouthes of Heathen. *Do not to another, what thou wouldest not have done to thy selfe.*

The



L.

*The great Evill that Neglect brings both to
Body and Soule,*

THough the *bodies excretions* grow but insensibly, yet unless they be daily taken away, wee see they make men monstrous: as *Nebuchadnezzars* haire were like Eagles feathers, and his nailes like Birds claws, in his seven yeares *bestiality*. So that those things which *nature* with due ordering, hath made for use, and ornament; with a carelesse neglect, grow to mischief and deformity. In the Soule I find it yet worse; and no Vice so soone steales on us, as the abuse of things, in themselves lawfull: For *Nature*, ever since her first deprivation, without a corrigible hand to restraints her, runnes into wide extremities. I know, 'tis good the Vine should flourish; but let it alone, and it ruines it selfe, in superfluous branches. Our pleasures, wee see, are sometimes the enlivenings of a drooping Soule: yet how easily doe they steale away our minds, and make us with a mad affection, dote upon them; none suspecting in so faire a semblance, a *Siren*, that should gull us with such delusive *Postures*? But because wee know them lawfull, wee boldly and heedlesly use them; and as *Providence* is the *Mother of Happinesse*, so *Negligence* is the *Parent of Misery*. I will ever be more circumspect in things veyled with either *goodnesse*, or *sweetnesse*.
Nothing

RESOLVES.

385

Nothing steales more soules from *God*, than lewd courses, that are outwardly glorious. *Reason* hath not so dul an eye, but she may see those things that are apparently ill: but those that are so, onely by their *accident*, have power to blind her sight; so, require more care, more vigilancie. I'ie onely use them, to make me *better*: when they leave *that*, I'll leave *them*; and deale with 'um, in a *wise discretion*, as the Emperour *Commodus* did with his servants, in a wicked jest, banish them; not for the ill they have done mee, but for the harme they may doe. Since all my *goodnesse* cannot make one *sinne* good; why should an *accidentall sinne* spoile *that*, which is *good* in it self?

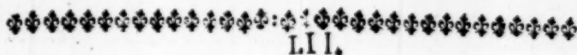


L I.

Of Solitarinesse, and Companionship.

THere is no *man* that *lives* well, but shall bee suspected for *self-conceited*; unlesse he can *live* like an *Hermite* in a *Cell*; or like some *Satyre*, in an unfrequented *Desart*. He cannot for his life so carry himselfe, but he shall sometimes light on *lewd company*, such as he neither loves, nor cares for. If he continues *society* with them, he endangers his *soul*, either by *participating* of their *bad actions*, or else by *conniving* at those *offences*. he sees they delight in: either of which, not only *casts* a present *guilt* on the *soule*; but even *work* it to such a temper, as makes it apt to receive the *impression* of any ill: so secretly

insinuating, till it come from toleration to allowance, action, custome, delight. Bad *Companions* are like traitors, with whom if we act or conceale, wee are guilty: this *pitch* will *defile a man*. If he shall out of an honest care of his soules welfare, and his love to *Religion*, labour to avoid such bad associates: or being unhappily fallen among them, seek for a *present escape*: Then *pride*, and a high *conceit* of himself is guessed the onely *motive* of his *bodies* departure: when indeed tis onely goodnesse that importunes his absence. But tell me now, is't not better I leave them, and be thought proud wrongfully; then stay with them, and be known bad certainly; he's a foole that wil sell his soule, for a few good words from a mans tongue. What is't to me how others thinke me, when I know my intent is good, and my waies warrantable? A good *Conscience* cares for no *witnesse*: that is alone, as a thousand. Neither can the worlds *Calamities*, work a *change* in a mind resolved, Howsoever here my *Reputation* should be soiled unworthily, yet the time is not far off, when a freedom from sin will be more worth, than a perpetuated fame from *Adams* ill *Dooms-day*, while heaven & my conscience see me *Innocent*, the world *suppositions* cannot make me *culpable*, he that is good and ill spoken of, shall rejoyce for the wrong is done him by others. He that is bad, and well reported, shall grieve for the injurie he does himselfe. In the one, they would make me what I am not: in the other, I make my selfe what I should not. Let me rather hear ill, and doe well; than doe ill and be flattered.



LII.

Better to suffer Injuries then offer them.

FOR *Injuries* my *opinions* is with *Socrates*; 'Tis better to suffer, than to offer them. He may be good, that beares them; he must be ill, that proffers them. *Saul* would slay *David* when himselfe onely is *vicibus*, and ill. *Vice* is accompanied with *Injustice*; *Patience*, is an attendant on *Virtue*.



L III.

*Government and Obedience, the two causes of
a Common Prosperitie*

IN all Nations two things are causes of a Common Prosperitie; good Government, & good Obedience a good Magistrate, over a perverse people is a sound Head on a surfetted Body. A good Communitie, & a bad Ruler, is a healthfull Body, with a head aching either are occasions of ruine; both, sound preservatives. A good Governour, is a skilfull Ship master, that takes the shortest, and the safest course; and continually so steeres, as the *Roskes*, and *Shelves*, which might shipwreck the state, be avoided: and the Voyage ever made with the soonest speed, best profit, most ease. But a wicked Magistrate, is a wolfe made leader of the Fold; that both satiates his cruelty,

tie, and betrays them to danger. To whom, if you adde but *ignorance*, you may upon certain grounds prophesie *destruction*. The *Iudges insufficiency*, is the *Innocents calamity*. But, if the *Common-wealth* be obedient, and the *Ruler worthy*; how durable is their felicity and joy? *Solon* might well say, That *City* was safe, whose *Citizens* were obedient to the *Magistrates*, & *Magistrates* to the *Laws*. What made the *Major Scipio* so *victorious*, but, his *wisdom* in *directing*, and his *soldiers willingness* in *obeying*; when he could shew his *Troops*, and say, *You see not a man among all these, but will, if I command him, from a Turret throw himself into the Sea*? The *inconvenience* of *stubbornesse*, that *Council* knew, who meeting with an *obstinate youth*, sold both him, and his goods, saying, He had no need of that *Citizen*, that would not obey. As it is in the larger and more spacious *World*, so is it in the little world of *Man*. None, if they serve their true *Prince*, but have a *Governour* compleatly perfect. *Criticisme* it self, cannot find in *God* to cavill at. He is both just and merciful; in the *Concrete*, and the *Abstract*, he is both of them. Who can tax him with either *cruelty*, or *partiality*? though my obedience cannot answer his perfection, yet will I endeavour it. If *Christ* be not my *King* to govern, he will neither be my *Prophet* to fore-warn, nor my *Priest* to expiate. If I cannot come neer it, in effect, as being impossible; I will in desire, as being convenient: so, though lesse, yet if sincere, I know he will accept it; not as meritorious, but respecting his promise.

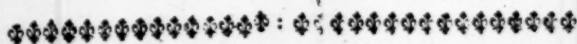
Of



LIIII.

Of a fruitlesse Hearers danger.

IT is an *Aporisme* in *Physicke*, that they which in the beginning of sicknesse eat much, & mend not, fall at last, to a generall loathing of food. The *Morall* is true in *Divinity*. Hee that hath a sicke *Conscience*, and lives a Hearer under a fruitfull Ministry, if hee growes not sound, hee will learne to despise the word. Contemned blessings leave room for curses. He that neglects the good he may have, shall find the *evill* he would not have. Justly hee sits in darknesse, that would not light his Candle when the fire burned cleerely. He that needs *counsel*, and will not hear it, destines himselfe to misery, and is the willing Author of his owne woe. Continue at a stay hee cannot long: if hee could, not to proceed, is backward. And this is as dangerous to the *Soule*, as the other to the *Body*. Pittifull in his estate, that hates the thing should helpe him: if ever you see a drowning man refuse *helpe*, conclude him a wilfull Murderer. When God affords me plentifull *meanes*, woe be to me if they prove not *profitable*: I had better have a *deafe eare*, then *hear* to neglect or hate: to the burying of such treasures there belongs a curse; to their mis-spending judgements.



L V.

Of good gifts which are common to All, and Peculiar to the Elect only.

GOD gives three kinds of gifts; *Temporall, Spirituall, and Eternall*; *Temporall*, as *wealth, Pleasure, Honour*, and such like. *Spirituall*, as *Saving faith, Peace of Conscience, & assurance of salvation*. *Eternall*, as *Glory, and Happinesse in Heaven for ever*. The first is common to the wicked, as well as the Godly, and they most flourish in these terrene beauties For who so great in favour with the world as they? They live, become old, and are mighty in power, as *Iob* speaks in his 21. yet all these sweetes passe away like a vapour, and though they revell out their dayes in mirth, yet in a moment they go down to the Grave. The two other God bestowes only upon his *Elect*: all that here hee often gives them, is only one of these, some spirituall favours he bestowes upon them, the other hee reserves for them, when Earth cannot call them her Children, One he gives them not, till they be gone from hence; the other, when they have it, the world sees it not. What difference can a blind man perceive betweene a sparkling *Diamond*, and a worthlesse pebble? or what can a naturall man spy in an humble Christian, that ever he thinks may make him bee happy? Afflictions here are the Lot of the righteous, and they dimme those splendid beauties, that
speak

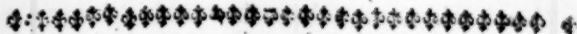
speake them faire in the eye of the *Almighty*: they
 are sports of the *Privie Chamber*, that the *kings* joy
 in, the *univill vulgar* see not the pleasures of their
Crowne; whereas the *wicked*, and *God-forsaken man*,
 spreads out his *plumes*, and seemes even to checke
 the *Sun* in his glory. *Vice* loves to seeme glorious
 yea, more to seeme then to be. What a luster these
 glow-wormes cast, in darknesse; which yet but touched
 are extinct? A poore reckoning, in the end! when all
 these counterfeite Jewels shal be snatched from him
 & he answer for all sirridly, at the unavoidable Bar
 of the last judgment. They had need have some plea
 sure here, that can have nothing but woe hereafter
Flesh, rebellious *flesh*, would some time set me to
 murmur at their prosperity: but when my mind
 in her clozet, revolves their fickle estate, and finds
 all their good, in present and outward. I see nothing
 may be a *Mid-wife* to the least repining in *vice*
 when my soule solaceth herself in those ravishing
 delights, that exhilarate a *Christians* mind; how poor
 ly can I think of those lamentable joyes? the spiritu-
 all man looks on the flourish of this life with
 pittie, not desire. If God gives the wicked one, &
 me two, why should I complain? but when the
 least of mine is infinitely better then his all, let me
 never grudge him so poor & so short a heaven. If
 God affords me his childrens favours, (though op-
 pressed wrth poverty) I am richer then all their
 gawdie adulations can make me; because I have
 alreadye the earnest of a world of Ioy, which the
 wicked shall never obtaine:



LVI.

Of Libelling against them that are false.

[Wonder what spirit they are endued withall, that can basely libell at a man that is *false*: if they were heavenly, then would they with firm condolence his disasters, and drop some teares, in pity of his folly and wretchednesse: If but humane yet *Nature* never gave them a mind so cruel, as to adde weight to an over charged Beame. VVhen I hear of any that fall into publike disgrace, I have a minde to commiserate his mis-hap, not to make him more disconsolate. To et *venome* a name by libels, that already is openly tainted, is to adde stripes with an Iron Rod, to one that is flayed with whipping, and is sure, in a minde well tempered, thought is humane, diabolicall.



LVII.

The vanity and shortnesse of mans life.

OVr years at full, are fourscore and ten: much time, compared to a day, but not a minute, in respect of eternity: yet . how few live to tell so large a succession of time? One dyes in the Bud; another in the Bloome; some, in the fruit; few, like the sheafe, that come to the Barn in a full age: and

RESOLVES.

393

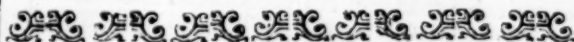
and though a man lives to enjoy all, see but how little he may call as his owne. Hee is first *Puer*; then *Iuuenis*; next *Vir*; and after *Senex*; the first, hee rattles away in *Toyes* and *Fooleries*; and ere hee knowes where he is, spends a great part of his precious time: he playes, as if there were no sorrow; & sleepest as if there would never be joy. The next, Pleasures and Luxury shorten & hasten away: unchecked heart makes his nimble spirits boyle; hee dares then do that, which after he dares not think of: he does not then live, but revell, and cares not so much for life, as for that which steales it away, *Pleasure*. Hee hath then a soule, that thinks not of it self, but studies only to content the body: which with her best indulgence, is but a piece of active earth; when she leaves it, a lump of nastinesse. The third, Cares of the world, & Posterity, debarre of a solid content: and now, when he is mounted to the height of his way, he findes more misery, than the beginning told him of: what jers, what toyles, what cares, what discontentments, and what unexpected distractions, shall he light upon? If poor, he's miserable & ridiculous: if rich, fearfull and sollicitous: this being all the difference between them: the first labors how to live; the other studies how to continue living. In the last, nature growes weak & irksome to her self, venting her taste with *Salomon*, and mourns that now she findes her dayes that be unpleasing. He that lives long, hath onely the happinesse to take a larger distast of misery: what before hee thought hurled about with more than a spericall swiftnesse, he now thinkes more tedious
than

RESOLVES.

than a tyred Hackney in foul wayes: *Time*, that before he hath wooed to stay for him, now he could on his knee sue to, to hast him away. But if (that honey of all Huminity) *Learning*, hath taught him a way to cozen his sorrowes; he could then, with old *The-mistocles*, finde in his heart to weepe, that he must then leave life, when he begins to learn wit. Thus all Man's ages are so full of troubles, that they filch away his time of living. The first, is full of folly; the second of sinne; the third of labour; the last, of griefe. In all, he is in the Court of this world, as a Ball, bandied between two Rackets, Joy and Sorrow: if either of them strike him over, he may then rest; otherwise, his time is nothing but a constant motion in calamity. I have only yet run thorow the first, and passed my *Puerilia*; whether my life or my youth shall be ended first, I neither know, nor care: I shall never be sorrowful, for leaving to soon the tempests of this tumbling Sea. But if I see my Summer past, I hope in *Autumn*, God will ripen me for himselfe, and gather me. If my Maker and Master saw it fit, I could be content neither to see it, nor winter; I mean, the *Winter of Age*: But if he shall appoint me so large a time, I shall willingly pray, as my Saviour hath taught me, *His will bee done*. Though I wish not the full fruition al, yet do I desire to borrow a Letter from each: so, in stead of *Puer, Juvenis, Vir, & Senex*, give me the foure first letters, which will make me *Pim*.

RESOLVES.

394



LVII.

A good Rule in wearing of Apparell.

TWo things in my apparell I will only ayme at, Commodioustnes, Decencie; beyond these I know not how ought may be commendable; yet I hate an effeminate *sprucnesse*, as much as a *phantastick disorder*. A neglective *comelinesse* is a mans best ornament. *Sardanapalus* was as bafe in his *feminine vestures*, as *Heliogabalus* was mad, when he wore *Shoes of Gold*, and *Rings of Leather*: the one shew'd much pride; the other more wantonnesse: let me have both these excluded, and I am pleased in my Garments.



LIX.

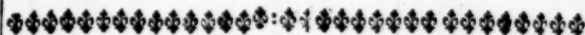
The good use of an Enemy.

THough an *Enemy* bee not a thing necessary; yet is there much good use to bee made of him: yea, sometimes he doth a man a greater pleasure then a dearer friend. For, whereas a friend, out of a fear to displease, & a kind of conniving partiality, speaks only *Placentia*, and such as he thinks may not give a distast: an *Enemy* utters his *opinion* boldly, and if any *ad*, misbecoming vertue, spring from a *Man*, he will be sure to find it, and blow it abroad.

RESOLVES.

abroad. So that if a man cannot know by his *Friends*, wherein he offends; his Enemy will bee so much his *friend*, as to shew him his *folly*, & how hee failes. 'Twas a good speech of *Diogenes*, *Wee have need of faithfull friends, or sharpe enemies*. Every man hath use of a *Monitor*: yet I see in all such a naturall and wilfull blindnesse through self love, that every man is angry when his Enemy reviles him, though justly: & al pleased, when a friend *commends*, though his *Encomion* be false, and desertlesse. I will entertaine both with an equall welcome: neither, without some meditation and good use. If one praise me for the thing I have not, my first following endeavour shall be to get what hee commends me for; lest when the time comes that I should shew it, hee reape disgrace by reporting untruths, and I lose my credit, by wanting that I am suppos'd to possesse. If for that I have: I will strive to attain it in a measure more large: so shall his words be truth, and my deedes prove them. If my enemy upbraides me, let me see if it be justly. It was an Argument of much worth, in that renowned *Macedonian*, which made him (when hee was told *Nicanor* rayled on him) say, *I believe hee is honest, and fear I have deserved it*. If it be so, I will labour to shake off that *corruption*, and be glad I have so discover'd it. But if injuriously he reports foul, it shall be my joy to bear contentedly, the unjust *aspersions* of malicious *Censure*: who ever was, that was not *slandered*? Though he should bee *beliewed* awhile: yet at last *my actions* would outweigh his words, & the disgrace rest with the *intender* of the

ill: So that web of scandall, they would inject upon me, my life shal make a garment for themselves to weare. That stone that injury casts, ever in the end, lights on her self.



LX.

Inward Integrity, and outward Vprightnesse ought to be respected, whilest we live here.

TWO things a man ought to respect, while hee lives here, his inward integrity, and his outward uprightness; his piety toward God, and his reputation among men. The one, is by performance of Religious duties; the other, by obedience to the Lawes publike: the one, makes his life famous; the other, his death happy: so both together, bring credit to the name, and felicity to the soule. I will so be alone, as I may be with God; so with company, as I may please the godly: that report from good men may speak me vertuous. Thus, whensoever my breath shall be made but ayre, they shall beleeve, and I know my selfe to be blessed. The death of a good man, is like the putting out of a waxe perfumed Candle; hee recompences the losse of light, with the sweet odour he leaves behind him.



L XI.

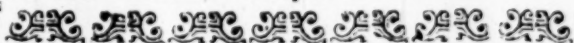
*Of the danger of neglecting the duty
of Prayer.*

AS it fareth between two friends, that have been ancient familiars, yet dwelling afunder the one out of a carelesse neglect, forgets and omits his usuall duty of visitation: and that so long, that at last he forbears to goe at all: so their loves decay and diminish, not proceeding from any jarre, but onely out of a stealing neglect, of renewing their loves. Even so it falls out between God and the carelesse Christian; who when he hath omitted the dutie of Prayer, and perhaps hath some smale motives of a happy returne; the Devil askes him with what face he can now repaire unto Him, having been so long a stranger both to Him, & to that holy Duty. Disrespect, is the way to lose a friend: He that would not continue a friend may neglect him, and have his aime. Experience hath taught me, how dangerous negligence hath been, how prejudiciall: How soone it breedes Custome, how easily and insensibly Custome creeps into Nature; which, much labour and long endeavour cannot alter, or extirpate. In this cause there is no remedie but violence and the seasonable acceptance of opportunitie: The vigilant Mariner sailes with the first Winde; and though the Gale blow somewhat adversely, yet once lanch'd forth, hee may eyther
finde

RESOLVES.

399

finde the *blast*, to wombe out his sailes more fully, or else helpe himselfe, by the advantage of Sea-roume: wheras he that rides still anchor'd in the *River*, and will saile with none, but a wind faire, may either lye till he lose his *voyage*, or else rot his *Bark* in the *Harbour*. If a supine neglect, run me on these sands, a violent blast must set me afloat again. In things that must be, 'tis good to be resolute. I know not whether I shall have a second *cell*, or whether my first motion shall dye Issuelesse. I am sure I must return, or perish: and therefore necessity shall adde a *foote* to my weake *desires*, yet I will strive more to prevent this, by frequent familiad ritie: then being an estranged friend, to renew old loves: not that after error, I would not returne but that I would not stray at all.



LXII.

A Good mans joy in his many sorrowes.

THe good man hath many sorrowes, that the wicked man never knowes of: his offences the finnes of the time, the dishonour of God daily increasing of Sathans kingdom & the present misery of his fathers children: so that many times, when the prophane man is belching out his *blasphemy*, inwardly drops a teare in his soule, & is then petitioning Heaven for his pardon. But to strengthen him under the burthen of all these, he hath one joy (that were all his sorrowes doubled) could make him

RESOLVES.

him lightly bear *them*: & this is the truth of *Gods* promises. If I have more troubles than *another*, I care not, so I have more joyes, *God* is no Tyrant, to give me more than my load: I am well in the mid't of all, while I have *that*, which can uphold mee in all. VWho deserves most honour, of the Sluggard that hath kept his Bed warm, or the man that hath combated a *Monster*, and master'd him? *Iob* was not so miserable in his afflictions, as he was happy in his patience.



LXIII.

Envie, a squint-ey'd Foole.

THe *envious man*, is a *squint ey'd foole*, and must needs want both *wit* and *honestie*: for, as the *wise man* hath alwayes his mind fixed most on his own affaires; so, on the contrary, he observes other *mens*; while those that are *proper*, and pertaining to himself, enjoy the least of his counsell & care. He sees others, and is blind at home; he lookes upon others, as if they were his; and neglects his owne, as if they were anothers. Againe, that which hee intends for mischief, and a secret disgrace, ever addes some *splendor* to the brightnes of his *worth*, he doth so unjustly maligne: as if wishing him infamous, he would labour to make him famous, or desiring to kill him, would prescribe him a Cordiall. Envie like the worme, never runnes but to the fairest and the ripest fruit: as a cunning Bloud-hound, it singles

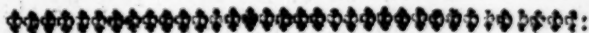
singles out the fattest *Deere* of the *herd*: 'tis a *pitchy smoake*, which wheresoever wee finde, wee may be sure there is a *fire of Vertue*. *Abrahams riches* were the *Philistines envie*. *Jacobs blessing* bred *Esaus hate*. Hee's a *man* of a strange constitution, whose *sicknesse* is bred by anothers *health*; as if *Nature* had made him an *Antipathite* to *vertue*; If he were *good*, or *meritorious*, hee would never grieve to have a companion: but being bad, and shallow himselfe, he would damme up the *streame*, that is *sweet* and *silent*: so by envying another, for his *radiant lustre*, he gives the *World* notice, how *darke* and *obscure* he is in himselfe. Yet to all these *blurres*, if it were a *vice*, that could adde but a *drum* of *content*, there might something be spoken in way of *Apologie*: But whereas all other *vices* are *retained*, either for *pleasure* or *profit*; this only like a *barren field*, brings forth nothing but *bryers*, and *thornes*: nothing but a *meager leanness* to the *pined corps*, accompanied with *griefe*, *vexation*, *madnesse*. If another excell me in *goodnesse*, Ile make him my *example* to *imitate*: not my *block* to *stumble on*. If in *wealth*, I shall with him *blesse God* for his *plenty*, never grudge at those faire favours of *Heaven*: *God* hath enough both for *me* and *him*: but if he deserve *better*, let me applaud the *divine Iustice*, nor tax it. If the *vice* it selfe shall not cause me to shun it; yet the *folly* of it shall *awe* me so much, as not to *shake hands* with a *Serpent* so *foule*: 'tis only the *weake sighted*, that cannot endure the *light*. A strong eye can unhurt gaze the *Sunne*.



LXIV.

Gods Law our Looking-Glasse.

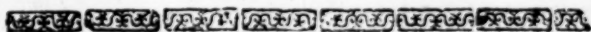
THe counsell the *Philosopher* gave the young men of *Athens*, may with much profit, bee applied by a *Christian*: viz. That they should often view themselves in a *Glasse*, that if they were faire, and well featured, they should doe such things as should bee be-seeming their amiable shape: but if foule, and ill-favoured, that then they should labour to salve the bodies blemishes, by the beauties of a mind, accoutred with the ornaments of vertue, and good literature. The Law is the *Christians Looking-glasse*, which will shew all, without either flattery, or partiality. 'Tis a *Globe* hung in the middst of a *Roome*, which will shew thee every dirty corner of thy Soule. If thou hast wandred in a darke way, this will tell thee thy aberrations, and put thee again into true path. In it will I often behold my selfe: that if I be free from the outward a ctuall violation of it, any thing fair, or have some beauties, I may study daily, how to maintaine them, how to increase them. But if I finde my selfe like a *Leopard* in his spots, or an *Ethiopian* in his hiew naturall, black and deformed (as I cannot be otherwise in my self) it shall yet make me see my defects, and strive to mend them. Known deformities incite us to search for remedy: The knowledge of the disease, is halfe the cure.



LXV.

The Majesty of Goodnesse.

THere is no man so *badly* inclin'd, but would gladly be thought *good*: no man so *good* already, but would be accounted somewhat *better*: which hath oft made mee sit downe with *wonder*, at the choise excellency of *religious vertue*; that even those which in heart contemne this *Princesse*; yet cannot but thinke it an *honour*, to be counted as *Attendants* to her. Such a *divine*, and *amazing* *Majestie* there is in *Goodnesse*, that all desire to weare her *Livery*, though few care to performe her *service*: Like proud *Courtiers*, they would faine be *Favorites*, but scorne to *attend*. If then they cannot but *affect* her that are her *Enemies*; how should they *love* her that joy to be *friends*? If I be *bad*, let my *care* be to be *good* indeed, not thought so. If any *good parts* already shine in *me*; I had rather in *silence* know my selfe *better*, than have the *unconstant* deeme *me*, either *rare* or *excellent*.



LXVI.

The true cause of a wicked mans short Life.

IT was well said of David, *The wicked man shall not live out halfe his dayes*: for by his *intemperancy*, he

pulls on himseife either *Diseases* or *Iudgements*; which *cut* him downe before he be fully growne. And though his *dayes* be *multiplied*, he makes them seeme much *shorter*, than indeed they are. For besides the being taken away by *untimely accidents*, there be *two things* that seeme to contract *time*, in a more compendious *scope*. Either *excessive* and *secure* joy: or else a sure *expectation* of ill. One of these in every wicked man hath *residence*: The *former* is too ordinary; the *latter* not so common, nor fully so *dangerous*. The *first* hath his *conscience* so cast in a sleepe, that it feesles not those *privie* and *perillous* wounds, that *sinne* impaires it withall. All is *frolicke* *jocund*, *merry*: and he swimmes in the fullest *delights* invention can procure him: his eyes *inclined* with *lascivious objects*; his eares *charmed* with *scurrilous talk*; his taste *glutted* with *luxurious riots*; his smell *filled* with *artificiall perfumes*; and his armes *heated* with the *wanton imbraces* of *lust*: every *Sence* hath his severall subject of *solace*: and while in all these, his *affections* are wholly taken up in the present apprehension of *pleasure*; how can he count of the precipitate pace of *time*, that like an *Arrow*, from a strong bent *Bow*, *sings* with the speed of his *course*? If his *delights* would give him *leisure*, to *meditate* a little on this, he might be so much himselfe, as to know how his *time* *possesseth*: But letting it passe, as a thing unthought of, his end steales on him *unlookt for*, *unwelcome*, *unawares*: and all those voluptuous merriments, wherein in his *life-time*, he imbaded himselfe: now seem as a *day* that is past, whose *Sunne* declin'd at noone. But if
other-

otherwise, this *sensuality* blinds him not, or that his *conscience* be awake already: then alas! how timorous and terrifi'd he is, with the expectation of his *doome*, and finall *confusion*? wishing that he were either some *sencelesse stone*, that the bitter *throes* and *pangs* of *despaire* might not freely pierce him; or else that he had such *wings*, as could procure his *escape* from *Death*, and marrow-searching *judgment*. So like a condemned *man*, that knowes the date of his *dayes*, he lyes telling the *clocke*, and counting the *houre*, which he spends, in wishing every *day* a *yeare*, every *houre* a *day*, every *minute* an *houre*, that still he might a while enjoy the *sweet possession* of his deare and beloved *life*. Thus either while his *soule* cleaves to the midst of his mirth, his *way* beguiles him: or else while he quivers with the *consideration* of the *shame* that attends him, hee sayles with such *fear*, that he minds not his *voyage*, so is suckt into a *Gulfe*, ere ever he be aware. A full swinge in *pleasure*, is the *way* to make man *sencelesse*: A confident perswasion of unavoidable *miserie*, is a ready *path* to *despaire*. Those *potions* that are good but *taised*, are mortall *ingurgitated*: *Pleasure* taken as *Physicke*, is like a *Cordiall* to a weakned *body*: and an expedient thought of our *dissolution*, may be as a *corrosive plaster* to eate away the deadnesse of the *flesh*. Both are commendably usefull. I will neither be so *joviall*, as to forget the *end*; nor so *sad*, as not to remember the *beginning* of *life*, *God*.

LXVII.

*Prayer more needfull in the Morning,
than Evening.*

THough *Prayer* should be the *key* of the *day*, and the *lock* of the *nights*: yet I hold it more needfull in the *morning*, than when our *bodies* doe take their *repose*. For howsoever *sleep* be the *Image* or *shadow* of *Death*, and when the *shadow* is so neere, the *substance* cannot bee firre: yet a *man* at rest in his *chamber*, is like a *sheep* impenn'd in the *fold*; subject onely to the unavoidable, and more immediate hand of *God*: whereas in the *day*, when hee roves abroad in the open and wide *pastures*, hee is then *exposed* to many more unthought of *accidents*, that contingently and casually occur in the *way*. *Resirednesse* is more safe then *businesse*: who beleeves not a *Ship* securer in the *Bay*, than in the midst of the boyling *Ocean*? Besides, the *morning* to the *day*, is as *youth* to the *life* of a *man*: it that he begun *well*, commonly his age is *vertuous*: otherwise, *God* accepts not the latter *service*, when his *enemy* joyes in the *first dish*. Hee that loves *chastity*, will never *marry* her that hath lived a *Harlot* in *youth*. Why should *God* take thy *dry bones*, when the *Devill* hath suckt the *marrow* out?

The



LXVIII.

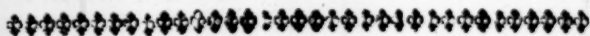
The three Booles, in which God may be easily found.

GOD hath left three Booles to the world, in each of which hee may easily be found: The Booke of the Creatures, the Booke of Conscience, and his written Word. The first shewes his Omnipotencie: The second his Iustice: The third his Mercy and Goodnes. So though there be none of them so barren of the rudiments of knowledge, but is sufficient to leave all without excuse, apologies: yet in them all, I find all the good, that ever either the Heathen, or the Christian hath publisht abroad. In the first, is all Natural Philosophy: in the second, all Morall Philosophy: in the third, all true Divinity. To those admirable Pillars of all humane Learning (the Philosophers) God shew'd himselfe in his Omnipotencie and Iustice, but seem'd, as it were, to conceale his Mercy: to us Christians hee shines in that which out-shines all his workes, his Mercy: Oh! how should wee regravitate his favours for so immense a benefit, wherein including himselfe from others, he hath wholly imparted himselfe to us? In the first of these I will admire his workes, by a serious meditation of the wonders in the Creatures. In the second, I will reverence his Iustice, by the secret and inmost checks of the Conscience. In the third, embrace his Love, by laying hold on those Promises, wherein hee

Dd 4

hath

hath not onely left me meanes to know him, but to love him, rest in him, and injoy him for ever.



LXIX.

*The praise of Learning, yet without Grace,
it is a Mischiefe.*

IF the fault be not in the misapplication, then it is true that *Diogenes* spake of Learning; That, It makes young men sober, old men happy, poore men rich, and rich men honourable. Yet in any without grace, it proves a double mischiefe; there is nothing more pestilent, then a ripe wit applyed to lewdnesse. Because hee that knowes himselfe to bee quicke and acute, relies on his own braine, for evasion from all his villanies; and is drawn to the practice of much vice, by the too much presuming on his owne dexterity. Ability and a wicked wit is fuel to burn the world with; wit and wantonnesse are able to intice a chaste one. Resolution and Policie can cast broyles in Christendome, and put civill men into civill warres; if you beleeve not this, examine the *Jesuite*. On the contrary, where grace guides knowledge, and Religion hath the reines of Art: there, though on earth, the man is made heavenly; and his life is truly Angelicall. Hee does good by the instinct of Grace, and that good he doth well, by the skilfull direction of Learning. Religion is as Grammar, that shewes him the word, and the ground: while knowledge, like Rhetoricke, doth polish it with be-
seeming

ing ornaments. He that gives almes, does good, but he that gives willingly to the needy, and in season, does better. I will set my selfe to attaine both: for as he can never be a good *Orator*, that wants either *Grammar* or *Rhetorick*: So there is no man can be a compleat *Christian*, without *Grace*, and some knowledge. *Uzzah* intended well, but did not know so: and want of goodnesse spoiled *Achisophels* counsell. How can we either desire or love him that wee doe not know? since *affectus motus est Cordis, a notitia & cognitione objecti exercitatus.*

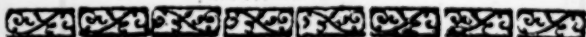


LXX.

A Covetous man can be a Friend to none.

THe covetous Man cannot be a true or faithfull friend to any: for whiles he loves his money better than his friend, what expectation can there be of the extent of his liberality? In adversity, and the time of tempest, when he should be a Haven to rest in, and an *Alter Idem*: he will either like the Crocodile ceaze on him in the fall, and take the advantage of his necessities: or else out of a lothnesse to lose any thing by his disbursements, rather see him macerated by a consuming want, than any way send him a Salve for distresse. Words from a dead man, and deeds of Charity from a man covetous, are both alike rare, and hard to come by. 'Tis a miracle if he speakes at all: but if he doth breake silence, 'tis not without terror & amazement to the hearers.

A covetous mans kindnesse is like the Fowlers sbr ape, wherein he casts mead, not out of charity to relieve them, but treachery to insnare them. He reaches thee bread in one hand, and shewes it : but keeps a stone in the other, and hides it. If yet his courtesies were without danger, I would rather endure some extremity than be beholding to the almes of Avarice. He that over-values his benefite, never thinks he hath thanks sufficient. I had better shift hardly, than owe to an insatiable Creditor.

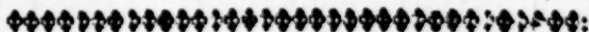


LXXI.

*The folly of condemning the Poore in Christ.
Magnanimity and Humility
Cohabitants.*

I Have seene some high-minded Royslers, scornefully condemne the lowly Poore of Christ : as if they were out of the reach of the shattering wind of Iudgement, or thought it an impossibility, ever to stand in need of the helps of such humble shrubbes. Fooles, so to condemne those, whose ayde they may after want : tis no badge of Nobility to despise an inferiour. Magnanimity and Humility are Cohabitants : Courtesie is one of the fairest Iemmes in a Crowne : twas Casars glory, to save his Countrey-men, which lives still in that speech, which sayes, He pardoned more than he puercame : True Honour is like the Sun, that shines as well to the Peasant in the Field, as the Monarch in his Throne : hee that with-holds
his

his *clemencie*, because the *subject* is base, denies a *remedy* to his *wounded foot*; because 'tis an *inferiour part*: so hee may justly after complaine and want it: When the *Lyon* was catched in a *snare*, 'twas not the spacious *Elephant*, but the little *Mouſe*, that restor'd him his *wonted liberty*: though the *head* guides the *hand*, the *hand* defends the *head*.



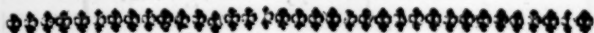
LXXII.

Sudden occasions of sinne dangerous.

A S sudden passions are most violent; so sudden occasions of sinne are most dangerous: for while the senses are set upon by unthought of objects, Reason wants time to call a Counsell, to determine how to resist the Assault: 'tis a faire Booty makes many a Thiefe, that if he had missed of this accident, would perhaps have liv'd honestly. Opportunity is a wooer, that none but heaven can conquer. Humanity is too weake a spell for so powerfull a charme: shee casts a fury into the blood, that will teare out a way, though the soule be lost by it. The Racke is easier than her opportunity; flames are Snow-balls to it; sure, if the Devill would change his properties; he would put himselfe into this subtil thing: shee puls us with a thousand chaines; at every nerve shee hangs a poixe to draw us to her sorcery: and many times in our gaine, we are lost for ever. What sor-
tures cannot force us to, shee will smoothly per-
swade: shee breakes all bonds, lawes, resolutions, oathes.

Wife

Wise was the abstinence of *Alexander*, from the sight of *Darius* his *Daughters*; lest their *Beauty* should incite him to *folly*: she runnes us into *errours*, and makes us so desperate, as to dare any thing: If she offer me her service to *ill*, Ile either kick her as a *Bawd* to *Vice*, or else winke when she shewes me her *painting*. *Occasion* is a *Witch*, and Ile be as heedfull in avoyding her, as I will be warie to eschew a *sinne*. But if I be constrained to heare the *Syren* sing, *Ulysses* was wise, when he tyed himselfe to the *Mast*.



LXXII.

Of being Vices Friend, and Vertues Enemy.

MY hatred to my enemy shall be but in part, my love to my friend, whole and intire: for howsoever I may hate my *Enemies vices*, and his ill conditions; yet will I love his *person*, both as he is a *man*, and my *brother*. His detestation is too deepe, that will burne his *linnen*, because 'tis foule; they may both return to their former *purity*, and then to hate is sinfull. But as for my *friend*, I will love both his *person*, and his *qualities*: his *qualities* first, and for them, his *person*. Yet in neither will I so hate, as to be a foe to *Goodnesse*; nor so love, as to foster *Iniquities*. 'Tis a question which is the worst of the two to be *Vices Friend*, or *Vertues Enemy*.

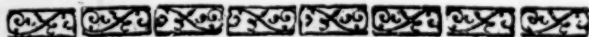
Next

LXXIV.

Next God, the good man is the onely friend.

NExt God, the good man is the onely Friend: for when all other flinke out of the way, he only is a secure *Harbour* for a *ship-wrackt soule* to ride in: if he be *upright* that is fallen into distresse, he then relieves him, as a *brother*, as a *member*; If *lewd*, yet necessity induceth a *commiseration*; and seeing the glorious *Impresse* of the *Almighties Image* in him, he cannot, but for his *Fathers* sake, affect him. If he be *poore*, of *Gods* making, by the unavoidable designment of a *supream* providence, *Nature* incites a *reliefe*: For he knowes not how soone, a like *lot* may fall in his owne ground. The same *Sunne* law *Job* both *rich* and *poore* to a *Proverbe*. If his own ill courses have brought his *decay*; he is not so obdurate and flinty, but that he can afford him a hand of *compassion*, to strengthen him a little in the midd' st of *disasters*: hoping that his *Charitie* may either worke his *returne*, or stay him from speedy *ruine*. If he be *ill*, hee is a *Magistrate*, to correct and reclaime him: if *good*, he is a *Father*, to uphold and love him: if *rich*, he reades him a *Lecture* of *moderation*, and *discreet disposure*: tels him, not *possession*, but *use*, divitiates a man more true'y: if *poore*, hee sets him to *Schoole* with *Paul*, there to learne, *Content is plenty*; tells how that *Pagan Cynicke* could laugh at *riches*, when hee call'd them nothing but
fortunes

*fortunes vomit; if wise, he is his delight and solace, even the Garner, where hee leaves his load, and lockes his store: if ignorant, he instructs him with the Oracles of God, dictates sentences unto him, and speaks all *tanquam ex tripode*. Every way I find him so beneficiall, that the pious wil not live but with him, and the bad man cannot live without him. Who had salv'd the offending *Israelites*, had not *Moses* stood up to intercede? It shall more joy me to live with *Christians* than men.*



LXXV.

The hard-hearted Man hath Misery almost in Perfection.

THE *hard-hearted man* hath misery almost in perfection: and there is none more wretched, than a man with a conscience seared. Other sinners march in the high-way to ruines; but he, as he goes, builds a wall at his back, that he cannot retire to the Tent. Neither mercies, nor judgements win him at all. Not mercies, those, his pride makes him thinke but his due; and while they are but common ones, they passe away with his common thoughts. Benefits seldom sinke deep in obdurate minds: 'tis the soft nature that is soonest taken with a courtesie. Not judgements, for either he reverberates them back, before they pierce as a wall of steel doth a blunt-headed Arrow: or if they doe perhaps finde entrance, like the Elephant, with the convulsion of his nerves, and his bodies contraction;

ction; hee casts out the *shaft* that stickes within him: so still he rests unmollified, for all his *raine* and *haile*. *Warnings* to *perverse* dispositions, are the meanes to make them *worse*. Those *plagues* and *wonders*, that would have *melted* a *milder* soule, only reduced *Pharaohs* to a more hard and desperate *temper*. Strange! that he should *locke* out his *owne* good, with so strange a *key*, so sure a *Ward*; when every *vice* that defiles the *minde*, findes both ready and free welcome. If I live in *sinne*, *Gods* first call is *mercy*; I had better goe willingly, then be led by constraint: 'tis fit he should know the smart of *tor-ture*, that nothing will cause to confesse but the *Rack*: If I finde *God* whips me with any sensible *stroke*, I will search the *cause*, then seeke the *cure*: such blowes are the *Physicke* of a bleeding *Soule*: but neglected, my *sinne* will be more, and my punishment: 'Tis in vaine to be stubborn with *God*: he can crush us to *nothing*, can turn us to *anything*: let me rather return speedily, and prevent *Judgements*, than stay obstinately, and pull down *more*: as 'tis a happy *feare*, which prevents the *offence*, and the *Rod*: so that is a miserable *valour*, which is bold to dare the *Almighty*.



LXXVI.

Of Censure and Calumnie.

SOME mens *Censures* are like the *blasts* of *Rammes* *Borne*., before the *Walls* of *Jericho*: all the
Strength

Strength of a mans *vertue* they lay *levell* at one utterance: when all their *ground* is onely a *conceited fancy*, without any certain *basis* to build on. What religious *minde* will not with amazement shudder at the *peremptory conclusions*, where they have set their *periods*? Wondring, *Man* that knowes so little, should yet so speake, as if he were privie to *All*. I confesse, a *man* may rove by the outward lineaments, what common inclinations rule within: yet that *Philosopher* did more wisely, that seeing a *faire face*, with a *tongue silent*, bad him *speake*, that he might see him. For the *cheeke* may be dimpled with a pleasing *smile*, while the *heart* throbs with undiscerned *dolours*: and as a *cleere face* shewes not alwayes a *sound body*: no more is an *ingenious looke*, alwayes the ensigne of a *mind vertuous*. I will onely walke in *Christs path*, and learne by their fruit to know them: where I want experience, *charity* bids me thinke the *best*; and leave what I know not, to the *Searcher of hearts*. *Mistakes*, *suspect*, and *Envie*, often injure a *cleere fame*: there is least danger in a *charitable construction*.

*In part hee's guilty of the wrong that's done,
Which doth beleve those false reports that run.*

I will neither *beleve* all I *heare*, nor *speake* all I *beleve*; A mans good *name* is like a milke-white *ball*, that will infinitely gather *soyle* in tossing. The *Act* of *Alexander* in this cause, merits an eternall *memory*; that having read a *Letter* with his Favourite *Hephæstion*, wherein his *Mother* calumiated
Antipater.

Antipater, tooke his *Signet* from his finger, and appressed his lips with it: conjuring, as it were the strict silence of anothers disgrace. Oh *Alexander*! this very action was enough to make thee famous: who should not in this admire and imitate thee? A desire to disgrace another, cannot spring from a good roote: *Malice* and *basenesse* ever dwell with *calumny*. I will judge well of every man, whom his own bad life speakes not ill of: if hee be bad, I'll hope wel; what know I how his end may prosper? I had better labour to amend him to himself, then by publishing his vices, make him *odious* to others. If he be good, and belongs to *God*, how can I chuse but offend much, when I speak ill of a child that is in leared to such a Fathers affection? *God* loves his own tenderly; and whosoever offers a disgrace to them, shall be sure to pay for't, either by teares or torment.

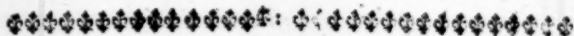


LXXVII.

Three things that a Christian should Specially know.

Here are three things especially that a Christian should know: *His own misery*, *Gods love*, *His own thankfull obedience*. His *Misery*, how just; *Gods love*, how free, how undeserved; *His own thankfulness*, how due, how necessary. Consideration of one, successively begets the apprehension of all: Our *misery* shews us his *love*: his *love* calls for

our acknowledgement. Want makes a bounty weightier: if we thinke on our needs, wee cannot but admire his mercies: how dull were wee, if we should not value the reliefe of our necessities? he cannot but esteeme the benefit that unexpectedly helps him in his deepest distresse: That Love is most to be prized, whose only motive is *goodnesse*. The thought of this, will form a disposition gratefull: who can meditate so unbottomed love, and not study for a thankfull demeanour? His minde is cross'd to *Nature*, that requites not affection with gratitude. All favours have this successe, if they light on good ground, they bring forth thanks. Let me first think my *misery* without my Saviours *mercy*: next, his *mercy* without my *merits*: and from the meditation of these two, my sincerer thanks will spring. Though I cannot conceive of the former as they are; *Infinite*, and beyond my thought: yet will I so ponder them, as they may enkindle the fire of my unfeined and zealous thanksgiving. That time is well spent, wherein we study thankfulness.



LXXVIII.

Fooles great esteeme of outward beauty.

THough the *fooles* of the world think *outward beauty* the only Jewell that deserveth wearing, yet the *wise man* counts it but an accident; that can neither adde nor diminish, to the worth of *vertue*.

RESOLVES.

419

as the is in her selfe: so as hee never esteemes her more or lesse, but as he findes her *accomplisht* with *discretion, honesty, and good parts*. If my friend bee *vertuous, and nobly minded*, my soule shal love him, how soever his *body be framed*: and if *beauty* make him *amiable*, I needs must like him much the better. The Sun is more *glorious* in a *cleare sky*, than when the *Horizon is clouded*. *Beauty* is the *wit of Nature*, put into the *Frontispiece*. If there bee any *humane* thing may teach *Faith reason*, this is it: in other things, we *imagine* more then we *see*; in this, we *see* more than we can *imagine*. I have seen (and yet not with a partiall eye) such *features*, and such *mixtures*, as I have thought impossible for either *Nature* to frame, or *Art* to counterfeit: yet in the same face I have seen that, which hath *outgone* them both; the *Countenance*. Oh! if such glory can dwell with *corruption*; what *Celestiall excellencies* are in the Saints above? Who would not gaze himself into *admiration*, when he shall see so rich a *Treasure* in so pure a *Cabinet*; *unmatched vertue*, in *matchlesse beauty*? But if my friends Body hath more comeliness, than his Soule goodnesse; I like him the worse, for being but outwardly faire: wickednesse in beauty, is a *Traytor* of the *Bed-chamber*; *Poyson* in sweet meates. A *vicious Soule* in a beautifull Body, I account as a *Iesuit* in the *Robes* of a *Courtier*, or somewhat more fitly, a *Papist* that will goe to Church.

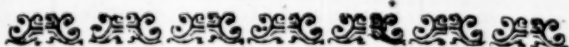


LXXIX.

Of Being, and Seeming to be.

AS I thinke, there are many worse then they seem; so I suppose there are some, better then they shew; and these are like the growing *Chestnut*, that keepes a sweet and nutrimentall kernel included in a rough and prickly huske: The other, as the *Peach*, hold a rugged and craggy stone, under the cover of a Velvet Coate. I would not deceive a good man either way: both offer a wrong to vertue: The one shewes her worse then she is; dulling her beauty with dim colours and presenting her with a hard favour then her owne: The other doth vanish over the rottenesse of *vice*, & makes goodnesse but the vizor of *hypocrisie*. Either are *condemnable*: painting the face, is not much worse then wilfull soyling it. He is as well a murtherer, that accuseth himself falsly, as he that did the act, and denies it. One would obscure goodnesse, with *Vice*: the other would palliate *Vice*, with goodnesse. *Fraud* is in both: & I am sure no pleasure can make deceit allowable. I will therefore strive to avoide both, and with *Chrysostome*, either seeme as I am, or be as I seeme. But if I should erre on one side, I had rather resemble a plaine Country-man, that goes in Russet, and is rich in Revenues, then a riotous Courtier, that weares glorious apparell, without money in his purse.

Sanctity

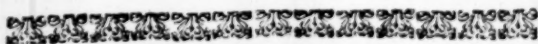


LXX.

Sanctity is a Sentence of three Stops.

A *Christians* voyage to *Heaven*, is a *Sentence* of three *Stops*; *Comma*, *Colon*, *Periodus*. Hee that repents, is come to the *Comma*, and begins to speak sweetly, the language of *Salvation*: but if he leaves there, *God* understands not such abrupt speeches: *sorrow* alone cannot expiate a *Pirates robbery*: he must both leave his theft, and serve his *Country*, ere his *Prince* will receive him to *favor*. 'Tis he that confesseth & forsakes his sinne, that shall find mercy: 'tis his leaving his wickednesse, that is as his *Colon*: and carries him half way to *Heaven*. Yet here is also the clause unperfect, unless hee goes on to the practice of *Righteousnesse*, which as a *Period* knits up all, & makes the *Sentence* full. *Return* & *Penitence* is not sufficient for him that hath fled from his *Soveraignes Banner*, he must first do some *valiant act*, before by the *Law of Armes* hee can be restored to his former bearing. I will not content my self with a *Comma*; *Repentance* helps not, when *sinne* is renewed, nor dare I make my stay at a *Colon*; not to doe good, is to commit evill, at least by omission of what I ought to doe: before I come to a *Period*, the constant practice of *Pietie*, I am sure, I cannot be sure of *complete Glory*. If I did all strictly, I were yet unprofitable: and if *God* had not appointed my faith to perfect me, miserable.

If he were not full of mercies, how unhappy a creature were *man*?



LXXXI.

The great Good of Good Order.

EVEN from naturall reason is the wicked man prov'd to be Son unto Satan, and heir of *Hell*, and torments. For not to speak of Heaven (where the blessed are happy, & all things beyond apprehension excellent) even in the Firmament we see how all things are preserved by a *glorious order*: the Sunne hath his appointed Circuit, the Moon her constant change, and every Planet and Star their proper course and places: For, as they are called fixed Stars, not because they move not at all, but because their *motion* is insensible, & their distances ever the same, by reason of the slow motion of the eighth Sphear, in which they are: So they are not called wandering Planets for that they move in an uncertain irregularity: but because those seven inferiour Orbes, wherein they are set, are diversly carried about: which makes them appeare sometimes in one place, sometimes in another: yet ever in the settled place of their own *Orbe*, whose revolutions also, are in most strict, and ever certaine times. The Earth likewise hath her unstirred *Station* the Sea is confin'd in *limits*, and in his *ebbings* and *flowings*, dances as it were after the *influence* & *affect* of the *Moon*; whereby it is both kept from

putri-

putrification, and by strugling with it selfe, from *over-flowing* the Land. In this world, Order is the life of Kingdomes, Honours, Arts, and by the excellencie of it, all things flourish & thrive: Onely in Hell, is *confusion, horrou*, and *amazing disorder*; from whence, the wicked man shewes himselfe sprung; for there is nothing, that like him lives so irregular, and out of compasse. Disorder, is a Bird of the Divels hatching: I fear, lest those that rent the Church for Ceremony, have some affinity with that Prince of Mis-rule: We oft find the Parents disposition, though not propagated to the child, yet followed by him. I doe not censure, but doubt. We have seldome known him good, that refuseth to obey good orders: who can expect a fruitfull Crop, when the field is sometimes blasted with Lightning, sometimes drenched with Inundations, but never cherished with a kindly Sun? Things uncapable of a true form, are ever mending yet ever unperfect: when the rankes are broken, the Victory is in hazard. One bad voice can put twenty good ones out of tune. I will first order my mind, by good resolution; then keep it so, by a strong constancie. Those souldiers dyed bravely that where they stood to fight, they fell to death,



LXXXII.

*Three things encounter our Consideration, and these
three have three Remedies.*

IN every man, there be three things that encounter our Consideration; the *Mind*, the *Behaviour*, the *Person*: a grosse blemish in any of which sticks some disgrace on the unhappy owner. If the *Mind* be vicious, though the carriage be faire, and the *Person* comely: *Honestie* esteemes nor outward parts, where inward grace is wanting. If his *Mind* be good, and carriage clownish, his outward bad demeanor makes his inward worth ridiculous: and admit he hath both, deserving applause: yet a surferred and diseased Body, makes all dis-regarded, while the approach of his presence may prove prejudiciall, infectious, noysome. To remedy the defects of all these, I find three noble Sciences; *Divinity*, *Philosophie*, *Physicke*: *Divinitie*, for the Soule, to preserve that unstain'd, and holy: as also to endue it with understanding: for, *God* with his Graces instills *Knowledge*: it was the keeping of his *Law*, made *David* wiser then those that taught him. *Divine Knowledge* is not without *humane*: when *God* gives the first, in some measure he gives both: and therefore we seldome find the ignorant man honest; if he be *mentally*, yet he failes *expressively*. *Philosophie* for his manners & demeanors, in the many contin-

RESOLVES.

425

gent things of this life, to fit him both with decent complements, and sufficient staidnesse, neither favouring of curiosity, nor rusticity: Nor was ever Religion found, of a foe to good manners: for she shines brightest in a brave behaviour, so it be free from affection, flatterie. Philosophie is the salt of life, that can dry up the crude humours of a Novice, and correct these pestilent qualities where with Nature hath infected us: which was ingeniously confest by Socrates, when Zophirus by his Physiognomie pronounced him soulely vicious. Physick, to know the state of the Body, both to avoid distempers in health, and to recover health in wearying Diseases: 'tis the restitution of decaying Nature: when she is falling, this gives her a Hand of sustenance; it puts away our blemishes, restores our strength, and rids us of that, which would rid us of our lives: In all these, though a man be not so learned, as to teach them to others; yet in all, I would know so much, as might serve to direct me in mine own occasions. 'Tis commendable, to know any thing that may bear the title of Good: but for these so pleasing Sciences, I will rather study with some paines, than want experience in things so necessary. Thus shall I fit my minde for God; my body to my mind, my behaviour to both, and my friends,

How



LXXXII.

*How the distempers of these times should
affect wise men.*

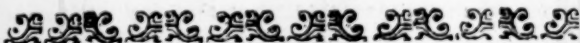
THe distempers of these times would make a wise man both merry and mad: Merry, to see how vice flourishes but a while, & being at last frustrate of all her fair hopes, dies in a dejected scorn, which meets with nothing in the end, but beggery, baseness, & contempt: To see how the world is mistaken in opinion, to suppose those best, that are wealthiest: To see how the world thinks to appall the mind of Nobleness with misery, while true resolution laughs at their poor impotencie, & flights even the utmost spight of Tyrannie: to see how men buy offices at high rates, which when they have, prove gins to catch their soules in, and snare their estates and reputations: to see how foolishly men couzen themselves of their soules, while they think they gaine by their cunning defrauding another: To see how the projectors of the world, like the spoke of the wheele of Sesostris Chariot, are tumbled up & down; from beggery to worship, from worship to honour, from honour to basenes again: to see what idle complements are current among some that affect the Phantastick Garbe; as if friendship were nothing but an Apish salute, glossed over with nothing but the varnish of a faire tongue: To see a strutting Prodigious overlook a Region with his waving Plume; as if he could as easily shake

RESOLVES.

427

shake that, as his *Feather*; yet in private, will creep like a *crouching Spaniel*, to his base muddy *Prostitute*: To see how *Pot-volur* thunders in a Tavern, and appoints a *Duel*; but goes away, and gives mony to have the quarrell taken up under hand. Mad on the other side, to see how *Vice* goes trapped with rich furniture, while poor *Virtue* hath nothing but a bridle and saddle, which onely serve to encrease her bondage: To see *Machiavels Tenents* held as Oracles: *Honesty*, repud shallowesse: *Iustice*, bought and sold, as if the world went about to disprove *Zorobabel*, and would make him confesse money to be stronger than Truth: To see how; flattery creeps in to favour with greatnesse, while plain-dealing is thought the Enemy of State and Honour: To see how the *Papists* (for promotion of their own Religion) invent Lye, & print them, that they may not only cozen the present Age, but gull Posterity with forged actions: to see how well meaning simplicity is foot-ball'd: to see how Religion is made a Politicians Vzor, which having helpt him to his purpose, hee casts by, like Sunday Appirell, not thought on all the weeke after: And, which would mad a man more then all to know all this, yet know not how to helpe it. These would almost distract a man in himself. But since I find they are incurable, I'll often pray for their amendment in private; never declaime, but when I am call'd to't. He loseth much of his comfort, that without a iust depuration thrusts himself into danger. Let me have that once, and it shall never grieve me to dye in a warrantable warre.

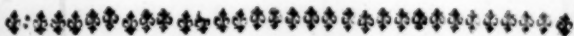
To



LXXXIV.

To revenge wrongs, what it savours of?

TO revenge a wrong, is both easie, and usuall, and as the world thinks, *savours* of some noblenesse: But Religion sayes the contrary, and tells us, 'tis better to neglect it, than requite it. If any man shal willingly offer me an injury, he shal know I can see it; but withall, he shall see, I scorne it: unlesse it be such, as the bearing is an offence. What need I do that, which his own mind will doe for me? If he hath done ill, my revenge is within him, if not, I am to blame in seeking it. If unwillingly he wrongs me, I am as ready to forgive, as he to submit; for I know a good minde will be more sorro vfull, than I shall be offended: *with his own hand hee rebateth his honour, that kills a prisoner humbly yeelding: who but a Divell, or a Pope, could trample on a prostrate Emperour.*



LXXXV.

Who is most subject to Censure.

IObserve none more lyable to the Worlds false Censure, than the upright nature, that is honest & free. For many times while he thinks no ill, hee cares not though the world sees the worst of his actions,

RESOLVES.

429

actions, supposing he shal not be judged *worse* then he knowes himselfe: but the world being bad it selfe, guessees at others by his owne: so concludes bad of those that are not. Some have I known thus injur'd, that out of a mind not acquainted with ill have by a free demeanor had infinite scandals cast upon them; when I know the ignorant & ill world is much mistaken, and conjectures false. I will never censure, till I see grounds apparent: hee that thinkes ill without this, I dare pawne my soule is either bad, or would be so, if opportunity but served him. In things uncertain, *aba construction must* needes flow from a bad mind: who could imagine private vice which they do not see, by a harmlesse carriage which they do see, unlesse either their own ill practice, or desires hath prompted them? Vice as it is the Divels issue, so in part, it retaines his qualities; and desiring others bad, beleeve them so. But Vertue had a more heavenly breeding: shee is wary, lest she censure rashly: & had rather strain to save, then erre to condemne. If my life be free from villany, and base designs, I know, the good wil speak no worse then they see; as for those that are lewd, their blacke tongues can never spot the faire of Vertue: onely I could sometimes grieve, to see how they wrong themselves, by wronging others.



LXXXVI.

Content makes rich.

EVery man either is *rich*, or may be so, though not all in one and the same *wealth*. Some have abundance, & rejoyce in't; some a competencie, & are content; some having nothing, have a mind desiring nothing. He that hath most, wants something: he that hath least, is in something supplied; wherein the *mind*, which maketh rich, may well possesse him with the *thought* of *stores*, who whistles out more *content*, than the *low-fortun'd Plowman*, or sings more merrily, than the *abject Coffer* that sits under the *Stall*. *Content* dwells with those that are out of the *eye* of the *world*, whom shee hath never train'd with her *gaudes*, her *toiles*, her *lures*. *Wealth* is like *Learning*; wherein our greater *knowledge*, is only a larger sight of our wants. *Desires* fulfilled, teach us to desire more: So wee, that at first were pleased, by removing from that, are now growne *insatiable*. *Wishes* have neither *End*; nor *end*. So, in the midst of *affluencie*, we complain of *Penurie*; which not finding, we make. For, to possesse the whole *world* with a *grumbling mind*, is but a little more *spectious* poverty. If I be not *outwardly rich*, I wil labour to be *poor*, in craving desires; but in the virtues of the *Minde*, (the best *Riches*) I would not have a man exceed me. He that hath a *Minde contentedly good*, enjoyeth in it *boundlesse possesi-*

RESOLVES.

431

ons. If I be pleas'd in my selfe, who can adde to my happiness: as no man lives so happy, but to some his life would be *burthensome*: so we shall find none so miserable, but wee shall hear of another, that would change calamities.

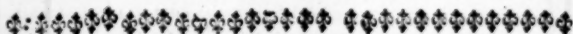


LXXXV. II.

The condition of things, which the world yeelds.

TO have been happy is wretched; to be happy momentany; to may be happy; doubtful. All that the world yeelds, is either uncertainly good, or certainly ill. Even his best *cordials*, have some bitter ingredients in them, lest foolish *sensuality* should catch them with too greedy a hand, Wee should surfeit with their honey, if there were not gall intermingled. The reason of defect, I finde in the *object*, which being earthly must be *brittle fading, vaine, imperfect*: so though it may please, it cannot satisfie. Earth can give us but a tast of pleasure, not fill us. What she affords, let me lawfully use: trust to never. He only that hath beene, is, and shall be for ever, can make my past happiness, present; my future, certaine; and my present, continue, if not as 'tis, better, and then for ever.

Good



LXXXVIII.

Good name, how it is both the best, and brittlest thing that is.

A *Good Name* is among all externals both the best & most brittle blessing. If it be true, that *Difficilia que pulchra*, this is a faire *beatitude*. 'Tis the hardest both to get and keep: like a Glasie of most curious workmanship, long a making, and in a moment broke. That which is not gained but by a continued habit of many *vertuozus*, is by *one* short *vicious action* lost for ever. Nay if it could only vanish in this sort, it would then by many be kept untainted: If it could not be lost but upon certainties; If it were in our owne keeping; or if not in our owne, in the hands of the wise and honest, how possible were it to preserve it pure? But alas! this is *themisery*, hat it rests upon probabilities, which as they are hard to disprove, so they are ready to perswade: That it is in the hands of others, not our selves: in the custody not of the discrete and good only, but also of Knaves, Fooles, Villaines: who though they cannot make us worse to our selves; yet how vile may they tender us to others? To vindicate it from the tongues of these, there is no remedy, but a *constant carefull discretion*. I must not only be good, but not seem ill. Appearance alone, which in good is *too little*, is in evil *too much*. He is a wilfull murderer of his own fame, that willingly

ly appeares in the *ill action* he did not. 'Tis not enough to be *well-tiv'd*, but well *reposed*. When we know *good fame* a *bleſſing*, we may eaſily in the contrary, diſcerne a *curſe*: whereof we are juſtly teized, while we labour not to avoid it. I will care as well to be *thought honeſt*, as to be ſo: my friends know me by the *actions* they ſee, ſtrangers by the things they *heare*: the agreement of both, is the confirming of my *goodneſſe*. The one is a good *complexion*, the other a good *countenance*: I deny not but they may bee ſeverall; but they are then moſt *gracefull*, when both are ſeated together. It had been well ſpoken of *Cæſar*, if he had not put her away, when after *triall*, and the *crime cleared*, he ſaid, *Cæſars wife ſhould not onely bee free from ſinne, but from ſuſpition*. An *ill name* may be free from diſhoneſty but not from ſome *folly*. Though *ſlanders* riſe from others, wee our ſelves oft give the occaſion. The *fiſt beſt way* to a *good name*, is a *good life*: the *next*, is a *good behaviour*.



LXXXIX.

*Earthly Delights ſweeter in Expectation than
in Enjoyment.*

ALL earthly delights I find ſweeter in the *expectation*, than the *injoyment*: All *ſpiritual pleaſures* more in *fruiſion* than *expectation*. Thoſe *carnall contentments* that here we joy in, the *Devill* ſhewes us through a *proſpective Glaſſe*; which makes them

seeme both greater, and neerer hand : when hee
 tooke *Christ* to the *Mountaine*, hee shewed him all
 the *Kingdomes*, and the *glory* of them; but never
 mentions the *troubles*, *dangers*, *cares*, *fears*, *vigilan-*
cies, which are as it were the *thornes* wherewith a
Crowne is lined. Oh! what *Mountaines* of joy doe
 we cast up, while we thinke on our earthly *Canaan*?
 whatsoever *temporall felicity* we apprehend, we cull
 out the *pleasures*, and over-prize them; the *perils*
 and *molestations* we either not see or not think of:
 like the *foolish man*, that at a dear rate buyes a *Mo-*
nopoly, wherein he counts the *gaines*, and overcasts
 them; but never weighs the *charges*, nor the *casu-*
ality, in making him *liable* both to the *hatefull curse*
 of the *People*, and the severe *censure* of a *Parliament*.
 Herein we are all *fooles*, that seeing these *Bladders*,
 wee will blow them beyond their compasse. 'Tis
Satans craft to shew us the *inticing spots* of this *Pan-*
ther, concealing the *torvity* of her *countenance*. But
 when againe we looke at *heavenly things*, like a *cun-*
ning fugler, hee turnes the *glasse*; so detracts from
 those *saire proportions*, the chiefe of their *beauty* and
worth; those, wee beleewe both *lesse*, and more *re-*
*mo*te; as if hee would carry us in *winter* to see the
 pleasures of a *Garden*. Thus the *heart* informed by
abused senses, is content to *sayle* as they *steere*; so ei-
 ther tombes her selfe in the bosome of the *waves*;
 or cuts thorow the way to her *Enemies Countrey*;
 where she is quickly *taken*, *ransackt*, and *ri*s'd all. If
 this were not, how could wee be so heartlesse in
 pursuit of *Celestiall prizes*; or what could breed so
 soone a loathing of that, which most we have co-
 vered,

veted, and sweat to obtaine? If my *minde* grow enamoured on any *sublunary happinesse*, I will coole it with this *knowledge*: and withall tell her, she is happier in apprehending the *taste* without the *teer*, than in drinking the *wine*, that is yet *urfined*. That *felicity* which *experience* findes lame, and halting, *Thought* and *suspicion* give a perfect shape. But if the motions of my *Soule* wheele toward any *Divine sweet*, my strongest arguments shall perswade a *proceeding*. Here *Imagination's* darke eye is too dimme, to fix upon this *Sun*. When I come to it, I am sure I shall find it transcending my *thoughts*: Till then, my *Faith* shall be above my *Reason*, and perswade me no more than I know. Though *fruition* excludes *faith*, yet *believe* makes blessed. So I will *believe*, what yet I cannot *enjoy*.

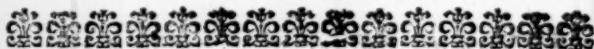


XC.

*How the Minde and Desire make Actions either
Tedious or Delightfull.*

EVery mans *actions* are according to his *mind*, *Tedious* or *delightfull*. For be it never so laborious and painfull, if the *mind* entertaines it with *delight*, the *body* gladly undergoes the *trouble*, and is so farre at the *minds* service, as not to complain of the burthen. And though it be never so full of *pleasure*, that might smoothe the *sences*; yet if the *mind* distasts it, the *content* turnes to *vexation*, *toyle*. *Desire* is *wind*, that against the *Tyde* can carry us
F f 2 merrily;

merrily; with it, make us *flye*. How pleasant would our *life* be, if we had not *crosse gales* to thwart us, *various Tydes* to checke us? With these, how full of *distresse*? yet in them we often increase our *sor-rones*, by vainely striving against *unconquerable Fate*; when if wee could but perswade our *minde*, wee might much ease both it and our *body*. That which is *bad*, though never so *pleasurable*, Ile strive to make my *minde* dislike; that my *body* also may be willing to forgoe that, which my *minde* hates. That which is *good*, and should be done, Ile learne to *affect* and *love*; howsoever my *body* refuse. As my *mind* is better than it, so my *care* shall be more to content it; but most to make it content with *goodnesse*; otherwise I had better *crosse* it, than let it settle to *unlawfull solaces*. I preferre this *unquietnesse*, before the other *peace*. That which is *ease*, Ile easily doe; that which is not, my *mind* shall make so. My *life* as it is full enough of *travell*; why should I by my *minds loathing*, make it seem more *difficult*?



XCI.

That we cannot know God as he is.

I Cannot know God as he is; If I could, I were *unhappy*, and he not *God*. For then must that *eternall Omnipotency* of his be *finite* and *comprehensible*; else how could the *fleet dimensions* of the *minde* of *Man* containe it? I admire the *definition* of *Em-
pedocles*,

pedocles, who said, God was a Sphear, whose Center was every where, and circumference no where. Though his full light be inaccessible, yet from this Ignorance springs all my happinesse, and strongest comfort. When I am so ingulfed in misery, as I know no way to escape, God, that is so infinite above mee, can send a deliverance, when I can neyther see, nor hope it. He needs never despaire, that knows hee hath a Friend, which at all assays can help him.



XCII.

Of the Minde of Man, after the conquest of a strong Temptation.

IF I were so punished, as to live here perpetually, I would wish to have alwayes such a minde, as I finde after the conquest of a strong temptation: then have I as much happinesse, as can be found in this lifes moveables. The tryall first bewrays the danger; then the escape ushers in succeeding joy: and all know, the Sunne appears more lustrious to a Prisoner that comes out of a Dungeon, than to him that daily beholds his brightnesse. When is Wine so pleasant, as after a long thirst? Besides, the soule withdrawn from God, returns in the end with comfort, and again sweetly clozeth with her Maker, whose goodnesse she knows it is, to make her so victorious. Wee are never so glad of our Friends company, as when hee returns, after

tedious absence. All the pleasures that wee have, *relish better*, when wee come from *miserie*: Then, what a *glory* is it to a *noble spirit*, to have *endur'd*, and *conquer'd*? there being more *sweetnesse* in a *hard victory*, where we come off faire, than in the *neglected* pleasures of a *continuell peace*. Those *Fowls* taste best, that wee kill our selves, *birding*: What *Bread* eats so well, as that which wee *earne* with *labour*? And indeed 'tis the *way* to make us *perfect*: for as hee can never be a good *Souldier*, that hath not felt the *toyle* of a *Battaile*; so he can never be a sound *Christian*, that hath not felt *Temptations* *buffets*. Every *fire* refines this *Gold*. If I did finde none, I should feare, I were *vicious* too much; or else that *God* saw me so weake, as I could not hold out the *encounter*: but seeing I doe, the *pleasantsse* of the *Fruit* shall furnish mee with *patience*, to abide the *precedent bitterness*. This gone, I shall finde it a *felicity*, to say, I have been wretched.



XCIII.

Of Nobility joyned with Vertue, how glorious.

Earth hath not any thing more *glorious*, than *Ancient Nobility*, when 'tis found with *Vertue*. What *barbarous minde* will not *reverence* that *blond*, which hath *untainted*, run thorow so large a *Succession* of *Generations*? Besides, *Vertue* adds a new *splendour*, which together with the *honour* of his *House*,

House, challengeth a *respect* from all. But, *bad Greatnesse* is nothing but the *vigour*, of *Vice*, having both *minde* and *means* to be *uncontrollably lewd*. A *debauched Son*, of a *Noble Family*, is one of the *intollerable burthens* of the *Earth*, and as *hatefull* a thing as *Hell*: For all know, he hath had both *example* and *precept*, flowing in his *Education*, both which are *powerfull* enough, to *obliterate* a *native itnesse*: yet these in him, are but *auxiliaries* to his *shame*; that which the *brightnesse* of his *Ancestors*, make his own *darknesse* more *palpable*. *Vice*, in the *Son* of an *ancient Family*, is like a *clownish Actor* in a *starely Play*; he is not only *ridiculous* in himselfe, but *disgraces* both the *Plot*, and the *Poet*: whereas *Vertue*, in a man of *obscure parents*, is like an *unpolisht Diamond*, lying in the way among *pebbles*; which, howsoever it be *neglected* of the *uncivill vulgar*, yet the wise *Lapidary* takes it up, as a *Jewel* unvaluable; it being so much the more *glorious*, by how much the other were *baser*. He that is *good* and *great*, I would sell my life to serve him *nobly*: otherwise being *good*, I love him better, whose *Father* expired a *Clown*; than he, that being *vicious*, is in a *Lineall descent* from him, that was *Knighted* with *Tubal-Cains Fauchion* which he made before the *Floud*.

XCIV.

Of Extreame Passion.

I Finde some men, *extreamly passionate*: and these, as they are more *taken* with a joy; so, they taste a *disaster* more heavily. Others, are free from being *affected*, and as they never *joy excessively*, so they never *sorrow immoderately*: but have together *lesse mirth*, and *lesse mourning*: like patient *Gamblers*; *winning* and *losing*, are one. The *latter*, I will most *labour* for. I shall not *lose* more *contentment*, in apprehending *joies*; then I shall *grieve*, in finding *troubles*: For we are more *sensible* of *pain* than *delight*; the one, *contracting* the *spirits*; the other, *dilating* them. Though it were not so, *living* here, *vexations* are more *ordinary*: *Joy*, is a thing for *hereafter*. *Heaven* cannot be found upon *Earth*. Many *great joies* are not so *pleasant*, as one *torment* proves *tedious*. The *Father* *smiles* more at the *death* of one *Sonne*, than he *smiles* at the *birth* of many.

How

XCV.

How knowledge of our selves, and the things we intend, make us doe well.

IN weighty affairs, we can never doe well, unlesse we know both *our selves*, and the *thing we intend*. Truth falls into *hazzard*, when it findes eyther a *weak defender*, or one that *knows* not her *worth*. How can he *guide* a *businessse*, that needeth a *guide* for *himselfe*? Have we not known *many*, taking their *abilities* at too high a *pitch*, rush upon *matters* that have *prov'd* their *overthrow*? *Rash presumption* is a *Ladder*, that will breake our *necks*. If we thinke *too well* of *our selves*; we *overshoot* the *marke*: If not well enough, we are *short* of it. And though we know *our selves*, yet if *ignorant* in the *thing*, we expose our selves to the same *mischiefe*. Who is so *unwise*, as to *wade* through the *River* hee hath not *founded*; unlesse he can either *swim* well or have *help* at hand: He that takes upon him, what he cannot doe, *rides* a *horse* which he cannot *rule*: he can neither *sit* in *safety*, nor *alight* when he would. Whatsoever I *undertake*, I will first *study* my *selfe*; next, the *thing* that I goe about: being to *seek* in the former, I cannot proceed well, understanding *that*, I shall know the other the *better*: if not the *particulars*, I may cast it in the *generall*: Something *unseen*, we must leave to a *sudden discretion*, either to *order*, or *avoid*. 'Tis not for *man* to see the *events*, further than *nature*, and *probabilities* of *reason* lead him. Though wee know
nor

not what *will be*, 'tis good we prepare for that which *may be*: we shall brooke a *check* the *easier*, while we *thought* on't, though we did not *expect* it. But if knowing both *aright*, I finde my selfe *unable* to *per-*
form it; I will rather *desist* from *beginnings*, than run upon *shame* in the *sequell*. I had better *keepe* my selfe and *Ship* at home, than carry her to *Sea*, and not know how to *guide* her.

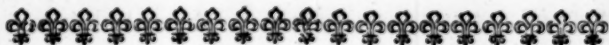


XCVI.

What man would doe, if he should alwayes prosper.

WHat an *elated Meteor* would *Man* grow to, did *prosperity* alwayes cast *sweetning Dews* in his *face*? Sure he would once more, with *Ovids Gyants*, fling *Mountains* on heaps, to pull downe *God* from his *Throne of Majesty*; forgetting all *felicity*, but that *aiery happinesse* hee is *blinded* with. Nothing feeds *Pride* so much, as a *prosperous abundance*. 'Tis a wonder to see a *Favourite* study for ought, but *additions* to his *Greatnesse*: If I could be so *uncharitable*, as to wish an *enemies soule lost*, this werethe onely way: Let him *live* in the *height* of the *Worlds blandishments*. For how can hee love a *second Mistresse*, that never *saw* but *one Beauty*, and still continues *deeply enamoured* on it? Every *man* hath his *desires* intending to some *peculiar thing*:
 God

God should be the end we ayme at; yet wee often see nothing carries us so farre, from him, as those favours he hath imparted us: 'tis dangoreus, to be outwardly blessed. If Plenty and Prosperity were not hazardous, what a short Cut should some have to Heaven, over others? 'Tis the misery of the Poore, to be neglected of Men: 'tis the misery of the Rich, to neglect their God. 'Tis no small abatement to the bitterness of adversities, that they teach us the way to Heaven. Though I would not inhabit Hell; if I could, I would sometimes see it; not out of an itching desire, to behold wonders; but by viewing such horrors, I might value Heaven more dearly. He that hath experienc'd the Seas tumultuous perils, will ever after commend the Lands security. Let mee swim a River of boyling Brimstone, to live eternally happy; rather than dwell in a Paradise, to be damn'd after death.



XCVII.

*Pride and Cruelty, makes any more odious
than any sin besides.*

EVery Vice makes the Owner, odious; but Pride and Cruelty, more than any beside. Pride hath no friend: his thoughts set his worth, above himself; all others, under it. Hee thinks nothing so disgracefull, as want of reverence, and familiarity. There is a kinde of disdainning scorne writ in his Brow and Gesture; wherein all may reade, *I am too good for thy*

thy company. So 'tis just, all should despise him, because he contemneth all. Hee that hath first overprized himself, shall after be under-valued by others: which his arrogancy thinking unjust, shall swell him to anger; so make him more hatefull. Pride is ever discontemitive: It both occasions more than any, and makes more than it doth occasion. As Humility is the way to get Love, and Quietnesse; so is Pride the cause of Hatred, and Warre. Hee hath angered others, and others will vex him. No man shall heare more ill of himselfe, than hee that thinks hee deserves most good. It was a just Quip of that wise King, to that proud Physician; who writing thus; *Mene-crates Jupiter, Regi Agesilao salutem*; was answered thus: *Rex Agesilaus, Mene-crati sanitatem*: Indeed, hee might well wish his wits to him, that was so unwise, as to thinke himselfe G O D. Aristotle, when hee saw a Youth proudly surveying himselfe, did justly wish to be as hee thought himselfe; but to have his enemies such as hee was. I dare boldly say; Never proud person was well beloved. For, as nothing unites more, than a reciprocall exchange of affection; so there is nothing hinders the knot of Friendship more, than apparent neglect of courtesies. Cruelty is a Curre of the same Litter. 'Tis Natures good care of her selfe, that warns us from the Den of this Monster. Who will ever converse with him, that hee hath scene devoure another before him: A Tyrant may rule, while he hath power to compell: but when he hath lost that, the hatred he hath got, shall slay him. Who wonders, to heare young Cato aske his Schoolmaster, how Sylla liv'd
so

so long, when he was so hated for his *cruelty*? It was a devillish speech that *Caligula* borrowed of the *Poet*, *Oderint dum metuant*: I am content if they feare mee, that they should hate mee. And sure if any man took the course for't, he did when hee bade his Executioners so strike, as they might feele that they were a dying. Hee that makes *Cruelty* his delight, shall be sure to have *Hate* his best recompence. *Detestation* waits upon *unmercifulnesse*. Who would not helpe to kill the *Beast* that sucks the blood of the *Fold*? What hath made some *Nations* so odious as those two, *Pride*, and *Cruelty*? The proud *will have* no friend, and the cruell man *shall have* none. Who are more miserable than they that want *company*? I pittie their estate, but love it not. Were I a *Lord* of the whole *Globe*, and must live alone, I had unhappinesse enough to make my *commands* my trouble. The one turn'd *Angels* out of *Heaven*; the other *Monarchs* from their *Thrones*: both I am sure, are able to turn us to *hell*: it is better being a *beast*, than dying a *man*, with either unpardoned.

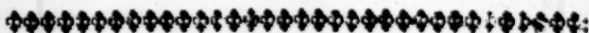


XCVIII.

*Whether Likenesse be the cause of Love, or,
Love the cause of Likenesse.*

I Know not whether is more true, that *Likenesse* is the cause of Love, or Love the cause of *Likenesse*. In agreeing dispositions, the first is certain: in those that

that are not, the latter is evident. The first is the *easier love*, the other the more *worthy*. The one hath a *sure* to draw it, the other without respect is *voluntary*. Men love us for the *similitude* wee have with themselves; God meerey from his *goodnesse*, when yet we are contrary to him. Since he hath *lov'd* me, when I was not *like* him, I will strive to be *like* him, because hee hath *loved* mee. I would be *like* him being my *friend*, that *lov'd* me when I was his *emie*. Then only is *love* powerfull when it frames us to the will of the *Loved*. Lord, though I cannot *serve* thee as I ought, let me *love* thee as I ought. Grant this, and I know I shall *serve* thee the *better*.



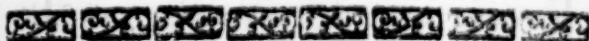
XCIX.

Love and Feare doe easily draw us to beleefe.

WHat we either *desire*, or *fear*, wee are easily drawne to *beleefe*. Tell the *Prodigall*, his *Kinsman's* dead, should leave him an *estate* to swagger with, hee'l quickly give credit to't. The *Mother* of a *sicke Infant*, if shee but heares *death* whisper'd, shee is confident her *childe* is gone: either of them transport the *mind* beyond her selfe, and leave her open to *inconvenienses*. How many have shortned their *dayes*, by sudden false *apprehensions*, that have beene helpt forward by one of these two; or else so discovered their *minde*s, as they have made way for themselves to be wrought

wrought upon by *flattery*, by *seducement* ? in the one, *Nature* is covetous for her owne good; so dilates her *selfe*, and as it were *stretcheth* out the *arms* of her *soule*, to imbrace that, which she hath an opinion may pleasure her, and this is in all *sensitive creatures*; though I know, the desire of only *rationall* and *intelligible things* is peculiar to *Man*: who by *vertue* of his *intellctuall soule*, is made desirous of things *incorporeall* and *immortall*. Thus he that would be well spoken of, beleeves him, that falsly tels him so. In the other, *Nature* is provident for her own *safety*: so all the *spirits* shrink in to guard the *heart*, as the most *noble part*: whereby the exterior parts, being left without *moisture*, the *hair* is sometimes suddenly turned *gray*: the *heart* thus *contracted*, and wrought upon by it self, more easily then admits any thing that is brought her by the *outward senses*. Thus if the *miserable man* heares a *fire* hath been in the *Towne* wherein his *house* is, he cryes *undone*, though his owne were never in danger. In either of these, how might *perswasion* worke and *betray* us? What *Nature* hath infused, I cannot *cast out*, *correct* I may. If I must *desire* and *fear*, I will doe it so moderately, as my *judgment* and *reason* may be still *cleere*. If unawares I be overtaken, I will yet be *sarefull* to conceale my *selfe*: so, though my owne *Passions* be over-strong, others shall not see them to take mee at *advantages*. As many have beene *spoyled* by being *soothed* in their *plausible desires*: so have many been *abused*, by being *malleated* in their *troublesome feare*.

Though



C.

*Though Resolutions change, yet Vowes should
know no Variety.*

Resolutions may often change, sometimes for
the better; and the last ever stands firmest. But
vowes well made, should know no variance: For
the first should be sure without alteration. Hee
that violates their performance, failes in his duty,
and every breach is a wound to the Soule. I will
resolve of, before I vow once; never resolve
to vow, but what I may keep; never
vow, but what I both can
and will keep.

FINIS.



DEO

Authoris Votum.

O H Thou every-where, and good of All !
whatsoever I doe, remember, I beseech
thee, that I am but Dust; but as a Va-
pour sprung from Earth, which even thy
smallest Breath can scatter. Thou hast
given me a Soule, and Lawes to governe it. Let that
Eternall Rule, which thou didst first appoint to swa-
y Man, order me. Make me carefull to point at thy Glory
in all my wayes; and where I cannot right:ly know Thee,
let me right:ly admire Thee: that not onely my under-
standing, but my ignorance may honour Thee. Thou
art All that can be perfect: besides Thee, nothing is.
Oh, streame thy Selfe into my Soule, and flow it with thy
Grace, thy Illumination: Make me to depend on Thee.
Thou delightest, that Man should account Thee as his
Royall Protector; and cast himselfe, as an honoror of
Thee, at thy feet. O establish my Confidence in Thee;
for thou art the Fountain of all Bountie, and canst not
but be mercifull: Nor canst thou deceive the humbled
Soule, that trusts Thee. And because I cannot be de-
fended by Thee, unlesse I live after thy Lawes; Keep me,

Authoris Votum.

O my Soules Soueraigne! in the obedience of thy will; and that I wound not my Conscience with the killing soiles of Vice: for this, I know, will destroy me within, and make thy cheering Spirit leave me. I know, I have alreadie infinitely swerved from the Tendings of that Divine Guide, which thou hast planted in the mind of Man. And for this I am a sad Prostrate, and a Penitent at the foot of thy Throne. I appeale onely to the abundance of thy Remissions, and the wayes thou hast appointed for the buoying up of drowned Man. O my God, my God, I know it is a Mysterie beyond the vast Soules apprehension; and therefore deep enough for Man to rest in safetie in. O thou Being of all Beings! cause me to roule my selfe to thee, and into the receiving arms of thy Paternall Mercies throw my selfe. For outward things, I beleve thou wilt not see me want; they are but the Adjectamenta of thy richer Graces: and if it were not for my Sinnes, it would be some distrust to beg them. The Mines and deprivation, are both in thy hands. I care not what Estate thou givest me, so thou ray thy selfe into my Soule, and givest me but a heart to please thee. I beg no more, then may keepe me uncontemnedly, and unpittiedly-honest. Save me from the Devill, Lusts, and Men: and for those fond darages of Mortalirie, which would weigh downe my Soule to Lownesse, and Debauchment; let it be my glory (planting my selfe in a Noble height above them) to contemne them. Take me from my selfe, and fill me, but with thee. Summe up thy blessings in these two, that I may be rightly good, and wise. And these, for thy eternall Truths sake grant, and make me gratefull.

FINIS.



A full Alphabetical Table, by
R. L. Containing the chiefe Heads of
these Centuries of Resolves.

A

- A**bsent-Good: Of our
sense of it. 77
- Acception of Persons: Not
to Accept Persons, in re-
gard of good Counsell. 110
- Action: 'Tis it that keeps
the Soule both sweete, and
sound. 151. it is the Fatten-
ning food of the Soule. *ibid.*
- Admiration: Of the Worship
of Admiration. 42. How
things Admirable on Earth
should carry the Soule to
Heaven. *ibid.* That Con-
templative Admiration,
is a large part of the wor-
ship of the Deitie. 44
- Advertitie: Friendship in't
prettily discovered. 29 30
- Affections: Of the temper of
Affections. 190
- Ages: The four Ages. 393, 3
- All: That no man can be good
to All. 80, 168
- Ambition: What it will pra-
ctise, rather than let Port
decline. 167
- Anger: That we must beware
of making either an Angry
man or a Drunkard to be
our Friend. 362
- Apparell: A good rule in
wearing it. 395
- Application: That Mis-ap-
plication makes Passion ill.
141
- Arrogancie: 17. It is never in
a Noble nature. *ibid.*
- Assimilation: 209. How eve-
ry thing labours for a Like,
ibid. 210. It is Assimila-
tion that makes the True-
Love-knot of Friendship.
211
- Authors: A rule of Reading
them. 374

An Alphabetical Table.

Ayre : *Of God, and Good*
 Ayre. 306. *An advice gi-*
ven to consider the Ayre,
ibid. & 307

B

Babbling, *Compared to a*
Crane. 333. *It is the Fistula*
of the minde. 291. *Of Si-*
lence, and Babbling. 333
 Beautie: *Fooles greatly esteem*
of outward Beautie. 418
 Beeing: *Of Beeing, and See-*
ming to be. 420
 Benefits: *vid. Courtesies.* 199
That great Benefits cause
Ingratitude. 227. *Nothing*
so inflaves good natures, as
a free Benefit. 199. *A*
Crowne is safer kept by Be-
nefits, than by Armes. 200.
Benefits that are good in
themselves, are made ill,
by their being mis-placed.

229

Bookes : *Of Idle Bookes,*
 323. *A Rule of Reading*
Books, 354. *Three Books*
in which God may be easi-
ly found. 407

C

Censure: 136. *Of it, and Ca-*
lumnies, 415. *Malice, and*

Basenesse, ever dwell with
it, 417. *Censurers seeming*
wise, are the veriest fooles,
 136. *Two things to be ex-*
amined before we Censure,
 137. *Who is most subject*
to Censure, 428: *He that*
steeres by the gale of Cen-
sure, is ever in danger of
Wrack, 6. *How Philoxe-*
nus served a companie of
Malons, that Censured
his Poverie. 215

Change : *No estate exempt-*
ed from Mutabilitie, 145.
Change is the great Lord
of the World, *ibidem.* *In all*
Changes, to regard three
things. 171

Charitie : 266. *Without it,*
Man is no better than a
Beast, *ibid.* *It is that onely,*
that gives life to other ver-
ties, 267. *Charitie a Debt,*
and not a Courtesie. 269

Chastitie: *That the best Cha-*
stie, is Marrimonial Cha-
stie, 263. *vide Marriage.*

Christian: *Compared to the*
Moomin a three-fold con-
dition, 356. *His Constancie*
compared to a Needle in
a Dyall, 359. *His life no-*
thing but a vicissitude of
Sinne, and Sorrow, 361.
His voyage to Heaven is a
sentence

An Alphabeticall Table.

- sentence of three stops, 421.*
Three things that a Christian should specially know,
 417
- Choler:** *Of it, and Pride, 225.*
Pride and Choler compared to the Fox at full, 225.
Choler admits no counsell that crosses him, 226.
Pride and Choler compared to a burning house. 226, 227
- Commendations:** *Of being Proud, by being Commended. 353*
- Compatie:** *Of it, and Solitarinesse, 385.*
That a wise man may gaine by any Companie, 33, of ill Companie; the gaine by it, 34, 35, 176.
A rule for it; the use both of good and bad Companie, 36.
No enemy like ill Company, 176.
'Tis like a new-trimmed Ship, ibid.
The complaints made of it, in the end of our life, ibid.
Companie; Ill Companie is every mans Delilah, 177.
Every part of man is endangered by ill Companie, ib.
'Tis wisdom rather to have no Compani- on, than a bad one, 178.
The choice of our Companie, is one of the weightiest actions of our lives, 210, 211
- Compellation:** *The bitterness of Reprehension is sweetened with the pleasingnesse of Compellations. 21*
- Compulsion:** *Against it, 160.*
vide Importunitie. They work with a wrong Engine, that seeke to gaine their ends by constraint. 161
- Conceit:** *Misconceit hath ruined many a man. 96*
- Conscience:** *An example of a guiltie Conscience. 87*
- Consideration:** *Three things encounter it, and three Remedies for it. 424*
- Constancie:** *The Constancie of a Christian compared to a Needle in a Dyall. 359*
- Contemplation:** *Nothing can carry us so neere Heaven, and God, as it, 44.*
so that it be joyned with Action, ib.
- Content:** *309.*
That there is no absolute content heere below, 311.
It makes Rich, 430
- Covetousnesse:** *A covetous man can be a friend to none, 409.*
A base slave. 361
- Countie:** *167.*
It cannot extend to All abundantly, 168.
Of inconsiderate Countie, ibid.
Counties best object, 169
- Counsell:** *That good counsell should*

An Alphabetical Table.

should not be valued by the person that gives it. 110
Courtesies: 199. *vide Benefit. How Courtesie conquers.* 161. *Nothing so inflaves a gratefull nature, as Courtesies.* 199
Court: *A Plaine Heart in Court, is but grown a better word for a Foole.* 134. 135
Cowardize: 371. *Of it, and Feare.* 218. *vide Feare. Whether a Coward may be good for ought.* 219. *A Coward eclipseth Gods Sufficiencie.* 220. *Cleomenes mucharistablenesse towards a Coward.* 220
Craft: *That sinne is more Craftie than Violent.* 116
Credit: *vide Reputation.*
Crowne: *It is safer kept by Benefits, than by Armes* 200
Curiositie: *Of Curiositie in knowledge.* 91. *How it fills the world with Brawls.* 92
Custome: *Of the difference of Custome in sinne, and the first Act.* 67. *Of Custome, in advancing Money.* 113

D

Death: *Of Mans unwillingnesse to Dye.* 37. *Two sorts of men differing much in their conceits of Death.* 39. *That it might not seeme terrible, we should dayly expect it.* 330. *It is the beginning of a godly mans Joy.* 342. *Man is never quieted, if he hath conquered the feare of Death.* 40. *The feare of Death kills us often.* *ibid.* *It argues an evil man.* *ibid.* *Of whom Death is easily welcomed.* 41. *Of praise or dispraise after Death, what, how little availeable.* 45. *Of Death.* 147. *No spectacle more profitable, more terrible.* *ibid.* 148. *Scaligers definition of Death.* 149. *A fine and full description of Death.* 149, 150
Deceit: *It is Dissimulations Dresse.* 134
Delight: *Earthly delight may be sweeter in expectation, than in enjoyment.* 423. *How the Minde and Desire make actions either tedious, or delightfull.* 432
Denials: *Of them, and Petitions.* 59
Derision:

An Alphabeticall Table.

- Derision: *It makes the Peasant brave the Prince.* 208
- Desire: *How it makes actions either more or lesse tedious or delightfome.* 435
- Derraction: 137. *It can endure nothing but Selfe-excellencie, ibid. A detractors stab.* 158. *Whence bred, ibid. A Detractor, where he findes not faultes, he deviseth some, ibid. The Detractor wounds three. at once.* 160
- Differ: *Of the causes that make men differ.* 296
- Diligence: *Vide Industrie: It hath a kind of good Angel waiting on her.* 152
- Discontent. 118
- Discourse: *Of tedious discourse, 290. In discourse, 'tis better to speak Reason, than Authors.* 140
- Discretion: *It is the Key of the Minde.* 139. *It is mans Lord-keeper.* 192
- Disgrace: *The desire of disgracing another man, cannot spring from a good root.* 417
- Dissimulation: 133. *Whether it be in it selfe a Vice, or no, ibid. Deceit is Dissimulations Dresse.* 134. *A dispute about it, ibid. The best way to avoid it.* 136
- Divination: 300. *It is a God-like qualitie.* 301. *One evill in it, ibid.*
- Divinitie: *It crosseth not nature, so much as it exceedeth it.*
- Dreames: 163. *They are a notable meanes to discover our own inclinations, ibid. A man may be collected what he is, by telling his Dreames, ibidem. Every Dreame is not to be considered of, nor to be cast away, 164. It is good to give Dreames our consideration, but not our trust, 165. To observe Dreames, what may be the benefit.* 166
- Drunkards, and Drunkenness: *We must beware of trusting a Drunkard to be our friend, 362. A Drunkard prettily pictured, 259. He is surely drunke himselfe, that so prophanes Reason, as to urge it to a drunken man.* 10
- A notable good Tricke of a Dutch Drunkard.* 228
- Drunkenness: *It is the betrayer of the Minde, and doth dis-apparel the Soule, 358. It robs us of Reason, ibid. Drunkenness doth Anatomize*

An Alphabeticall Table.

tomize the Soule, *ibidem*.
 Drunkennes bestiates the
 bravest spirits, 259. What
 a Monster Man is, in his
 inebriations, *ibid*. A won-
 der to see a Drunkard not
 rinated. 260

E

Education: Of its force. 298
 Elect: Of Gifts proper to the
 Elect onely. 390
 Encrease: 'Tis best increasing
 by little at once. 303, 304
 End: Of good and bad End,
 331
 Enemy: When a Friend or
 Enemy is most dangerous,
 7. An Enemy is a perpe-
 tuall Spie, &c. 74. He is
 further described, 74, 75.
 Of a reconciled Enemy,
 74. Enemies like Miners,
 76. The good use of an E-
 nemy. 395
 Envie: Is a squint-ey'd fool.
 400
 Evil: Of the Evil of Man
 from himselfe and Occasi-
 ons, 64. Of doing Good
 with Labour, and Evil
 with Pleasure. 342
 Excesses: They have, for the
 most part, ill Conclusions,
 167

F

Fall: That all things have a
 like Progression, and Fall,
 154. That Religion suffers
 in a Seeming-Good-mans
 Fall. 286
 Falling: Of Libelling against
 them that are fallen. 292
 Fame: 45. Of mens desire of
 Fame after death, *ibid*. 47.
 Fame never dyes, 48. A
 reason of Fames eager pur-
 suit among the Heathen,
 ibid. Vertue had a kind of
 Misericie, if Fame onely were
 all the Garland that did
 Crown her. *ibid*.
 Familie: It is like a Plume of
 Feathers. 17
 Fate. 242
 Favorite: Of being the Worlds
 Favorite, without Grace,
 334. Favorites are Prin-
 ces Skreenes. 354
 Faith: Of it, without workes;
 and of workes, without it.
 248
 That no Friendship is like to
 that of Faith. 347
 Feare: Of it, and Cowardize,
 218. The Coward meetes
 with more dangers than the
 Valiant man, *ibid*. Feare
 frustrates a sufficient de-
 fence,

An Alphabeticall Table.

fence, 220. No Armor can defend a fearefull heart, ibid.

Flatterie: *It is a false glasse both to Vertue and Vice, 346. How it falls into favour with greatnesse, 427.*

Fooles: *Their esteem of Outward Beautie, 418. A plaine heart in Court, is but growne a better word for a Foole.*

Forgetfulnessse: *Of it & Memory 337*

Fortune: *vide Fate, 242*

Fraud: *It is threefold, 135*

Friend: *when a Friend and an Enemy is most dangerous 7. In chusing of a Friend, we must take heed of an An ry man, and a Drunkard, 362. Of purchasing Friends with large Gifts, 376. That all Secrets should not be revealed to the Faithfullest Friend, 365. A Covetous man can be a Friend to None, 406. Next to God, the Good man is the onely Friend, 413. How to make God our Friend, 32. Hee that is but a baie Foe, will hardly be but a false friend, 76.*

Friendship: *None like that*

of Faith, 339. A tryall of true friendship, 29. The friendship and policy are scarce compatible, 255 concealed grudges are the gangrene of friendship, 379. Our common Friendship in these times described. 426. The best Friendship is betweene different Fortunes, 212. Of having friendship with him that hath not vertue, 347. A Practise, with a Rule of friendship, 373.

G

Gain ill gotten, Gain farre worse than losses with preserved honesty, 88

Gifts: *Of purchasing friends with large Gifts, 376. Of Gods gifts that are common to All, and particular to the Eleit only, 390. Gifts the greatest vsury, 301.*

God: *Of Him, and the Ayre, 305. God not to be defined, 288. Three Books in which he may be easily found, 407 That we cannot know him as he is, 436.*

Good: *and Goodnesse: Its Majesty, 463. Of our sense of absent Good, 77, 78, 79*
H h That

An Alphabetical Table.

That no man can be good to All, 80. That no man ought to be excessive good, 83. Good is Generative, 84. Communicative, 85. Next God the good man is the only Friend, 413. Gospel: The Law and Gospel how given, 141. Government: That we are governed by a Power that is from above us, 185. How to establish a troubled Government, 341. Government & Obedience the two causes of prosperity, 387. Grace: Of being the worlds Favorite without Grace, 343. Grace only can make a man happy 344. Grudge: concealed grudges are the Gangrene of true friendship, 39. Guile: It is threefold, 135

H

Happinesse: That no mans Happinesse is perfect, 131. Better never to have been happy, then afterward to be drowned in calamities, 187, 188. Examples, ibid. & 189. Hard heartednesse: That

the Hard-hearted man hath Miſery almost in perfection, 414. Heart: Mans owne Heart is the greatest Traytor, 203. Hearer: The danger of a fruitlesse Hearer 389. Heaven: How to make the Earth a step towards heaven, 42. Honest: It is now a Vice to be honest, 179. Honor: A two-fold way to honour, 369. Of affecting an high state of honor, 370. 200. Honor us compared to a Noble Virgin, 13, 14. Of Fooles and Clownes lifted up to Honour, 14. How to make honour lasting, 235. Hope: 249. The miserable mans god, ibid. The presumptuous mans devil, ib. Both a Flatterer and a true Friend, 250. Humanity: That and Miſery are Parallels. 345. Humble: Of Humility, 324. The humble man is the best Peace-maker. Magnanimity and Humility are Concomitants. A humble man compared of all trees to the Vine, 14. Hypocrisie: Of Being and Seeming to be. 420.

An Alphabetical Table.

I

- Idleneſſe** : *Of it*, 150. *An idle man is a barren piece of earth, ib. How all the Creatures are kept out of idleneſſe, ibid.* 151. *The idle man what like,* 151. *By idleneſſe men learn to do ill, ibid. The root of all Vice,* 152. *Of idle Bookes,* 323
- Jealouſie** : *Of it*, 383. *It is the worſt of Madneſſe,* 241. *It is like a Ginne that we ſet to catch Serpents,* ibid.
- Jeſts** : *Of truth and bitterneſſe in jeſts,* 124. *No-thing dents deeper into a generous mind then jeſts in ſcorn,* 126
- Ignorant** : *Of the Miſery of being Old and ignorant,* 368
- Imperfection** : *Of Mans imperfection,* 88. *Notably delineated in many particulars,* 89
- Imperiousneſſe** : *What it turnes to,* 18
- Importunity** : *Too much importunity teaches a man to deny,* 160
- Inconſtancy** : *Of mans in-*
- conſtancie,* 169, 170.
- Induſtry** : *It is never un-*
fruitfull, 152
- Infidelity** : *what it cauſes,* 31
- Ingratitude** : *That great Benefits cauſe it,* 227
- Injuries**, *vid. Wrongs: Bet-*
ter to ſuffer then to offer
injuries. 387
- Innocence** : *It hath more of*
God in it, then any other
Quality, 266
- Insultation** : 207. *It is not*
ſafe to inſult over any, no
not the meanest, 207. what
a laſh inſultation is to the
ſoule, 208. Examples, ibid.
- Integrity** : *how to be reſpe-*
cted, 397
- Joy** : *Of miſery after joy,* 187
Death is the beginning of
a Godly mans joy, 342
A good mans joy amidſt
his ſorowes. 399

K

- Knowledge** : *Of curioſity in*
it, 91. *The three things*
which a man ſhould ſpe-
cially know, 417. *How the*
knowledg of our ſelves, &
the things we intend, make
us to do well. 441
- Knowledge is the Treſure**
of the mind, but diſcreti-
on is the key. 139
- H h 2. I.

An Alphabetical Table.

L

Law: Gods Law our Looking-glasse. 403
 Learning, *It without grace is but a mischief.* 418. Learning compared to a River, 91
 Libelling: Of Libelling against them that are fallen. 392
 Liberty; Of restraint, 393 *It makes Licentiousness.* 364
 Life: Of its uncertainty, 108 *How we must live, that lives well,* 313. *A Christians mans life nothing else but a vicissitude of sinne & sorrow,* 361. *The vanity and shortness of mans life,* 392. *Of the four ages in it,* 393 *Two things that ought to be respected of us whilest wee live,* 397. *The true cause of a wicked mans short life,* 403. 404. *Hee that thinks of Lifes easynesse, can neither be careless, nor covetous,* 109
 Likeness: *It is likeness that makes the True-loves knot of Friendship,* 211. *vide.* Assimilation *whether likeness be the cause of love, or love the cause of likeness,* 445

Little: *Tis best increasing little at once.* 303
 Logicke: Of it, 172. *Tis Reason drawne into too fine a thread.* *ibid.* *Its pure Art is Excellency,* 173
 Longing: Extreme longing seldom scene to succede well. 332
 Losses: Of the losse of things loved, 104. *In them what to looke to,* 340. *Of the lamenting of the Losse of trifles.* 372
 Love: That, That love is most to be prized, whose onely motive is goodness, 418. *Whether love be the cause of likeness or likeness of love,* 445. *That love and feare doe easily draw us to believe,* 446. *Enduring love is ever built on vertue.* 7.
 Lying: Of it and untruthes, 328. *How Plato held a Lye lawfull,* 135. *Lyes of three sorts.* *ibid.*

M

Man: Of Mans imperfecti-
 on. 88 *Of the evil of Man, from himselfe, and occasion,* 64. *Of his imperfection,* 88. *Of Man over-valued,* 93. *Of his inconstancy,*

Of

An Alphabetical Table.

- of himselfe, 202. That a Man is neither happy nor miserable, but by comparison. 22. Man compared to a vast Sea. 190. When best 191. Of mans self, 201. Tis the inside of Man that does undoe him, 202. Mans owne heart the greatest traytor. 203. Man is meersly the Ball of Time. 244.
- Marriage:** Of it, and single life, 262. It perfects Creation, *ibid.* That Matrimoniall Chastity is the best 363. The Reasons why it should be kept inviolable, *ibid.* What sorts agree best in this estate, *ibid.* What Poverty and Riches do in Marriage, 264. The comparison of Marriage and single life, 265
- Meanes:** Of use of it, 367. A pretty story of it. 286
- Memory:** Of it: and forgetfulnessesse. 337.
- Mercy:** It is in a Martial man how shining a vertue 142. He shall conquer both in peace and Warre, *ibid.*
- Mind:** How the Mind makes Actions either tedious or delightful, 435. Of the Minde of Man after the Conquest of a strong temptation. 437
- Minister:** Of a Scandalous Minister, 284, 285. See this finely amplified. 286.
- Money:** Of Custome in advancing Money, 113. Money is a generall man. 114
- Modesty,** 237. Its both a vice and vertue, *ibid.* 238. An excellent cuibe to keepe us from straying, *ibid.* Modesty in women what like. 239. Misery of care in it, 164 Of misery after joy. 187. It is like a sudden dampe. 188. Three things aggravate it. 329. Humanity and Misery are Parallels. 345
- Moderation,** 234 It makes Greatnesse lasting, *ibid.* 235. A pretty example of Moderation 236.
- Moone:** A Christian man compared to it in a threefold condition. 356.
- Musick,** 273. More for pleasure then for profit of man. 273. Its description, 273. Which is the best, *ibid.* The curiosity of it fitter for women then for men. 274. Musicke is both good and bad according to the end wherto it tends, 275. The strange uses and effect of it, *ibid.*

An Alphabetical Table.

N

Name : *Of a good Name,*
346. *It is the best & brit-*

tlest thing that is, 432

Nature: *That Divinity doth*
not so crosse Nature, as it
exceeds it, 287. *how com-*
mended of natures, recom-
pending wrongs, 121. *Na-*

ture, whether a Mother,
or a Stepdame, 194

Neglect : *The great evill*
that it brings both to bo-
dy and soule, 384

Nobility : *When it is to be*
joynd with vertue, how
glorious it is, 438

O

Occasio. *Of the evil of man*
from occasion, 64. *sudden*
occasion of sin is dange-
rous, 411. *Occasion and*
Nature are like two inor-
ordinate Lovers, 203

Old: *The misery of being old*
and ignorant. 368

Once : *Sinne but once com-*
mitted gets a pronenesse
to reiteration, 374

Opinion: 182. *The founda-*
tion of all temporall happi-
nesse. 182, 183

Order : *The great good of*
good order. 422

Ostentation : 246. *Great*
Workes undertaken for
ostentation, misse of their
end, and turn to the Au-
thors shame. 144. *Clouds*
of disdain are commonly
raised by the wind of O-
stentation. 248.

P

Passion : *Of extreme passi-*
on, 440. *What it is to ad-*
monish a man in the high
of his passion, 21. *Violent*
passion what like. 21
Misse application makes
passion ill. 141

Perfection : *That Religion*
& Nature is necessary to
perfection, 326

Petitions: *Of them, & deni-*
als, 56. *Much danger in*
them both, *ibid.* *A rule in*
answering a friends Peti-
tion, *ib.* *A rule in making*
Petitions, 57, 58. *What to*
do in a friends denying our
petition. *ibid.*

Plain: *To be plain & plea-*
sing in speaking, what it
argues. 22. *A plain heart*
in Conrr, is but growne a
better word for a Foole.
134, 135.
plea-

An Alphabetical Table.

- Pleasures:** *What losse comes by gaining the pleasures and profts of this world,* 366. *Earthly pleasures sweeter in the expectation then in the enjoyment,* 433
- Poets: and Poetry,** 213. *A play that makes wordes dance,* *ibid.* *They are called Makers,* *ibid.* *And Vates,* 214. *A conjecturall reason of Poets poverty,* *ibid.* *They are of free natures,* 214. *A difference to be put between Poets & Rimers,* 214. 15. *Two things blamed in Poetry,* 216. *The things tha Poets should be wary of in their Rimes,* *ib.* *It should be short,* 217
- Policie:** *That it and friendship are scarce compatible,* 255
- Policie** *is a circumstantiall Dissembling,* 134. **Police** *is not a Flowr growing in every mans Garden,* 193 *It is but a Braine-warre,* *ibid.* *When it runs smoothest,* *ibidem.* **Policie** *in friendship like Logicke in Truth,* 255, 256. *The different end of Policie and Love:* 257
- Poore : and Poverty, of it,** 59. *The Worlds folly in*
- contemning the Poore in Christ,* 410
- The Poore are the first that must stand the Shocke of extremity,* 59. 60. *Vertue how valued in a poor man or woman,* 60. 61. *Extream poverty is a Lan-thorn that light us to a ill misery,* 61. *The poor is the proper object of pitty,* 64
- Posterity:** *How to be prized and used.* 84
- Prayer:** 334. *By it we speake to God. Of the danger of the neglect of the duty of Prayer,* 358. *More needfull in the Morning then in the Evening,* 406
- Praises:** *he that loveth them is called an Ayr-monger,* 49
- Pre-ching:** 69. *The excessse of it in its defect, hath made the Pulpit slighted,* *ib.* *A wonder to hear men preach at once so little & so long.* *ib.* *A pretty reason why men are so usually sleepy at a Sermon, and so vigilant at a Play,* 70 *A sharpe invective not against Plaine, but Rude preaching,* 70, 71. *A good Preacher should bee as a good Orator,* 71. *A quip for*

An Alphabetical Table.

for hasty Preachers, 71. a-
gainst sluttish preachers. 73
Pr. de: Of it and Choller. 225.
It is never in a noble Na-
ture, 13. Of being proud,
by being commended, 353.
That Pride and Cruelty
makes any man more odi-
ous then any sinne besides,
443. A proud person never
well beloved, 444. Pride &
Cruelty are Curres of the
same Litter, *ibid.* Pride
being in fashion, brings
Humility out of coun-
enance, 6.
Pride and Choller compared
to a Fox, at the full. 225.
A pretty Censure of such
as would come to prefer-
ment by Pride, *ibid.* It is
an uncharitable vice, 226.
What Pride and Choller
wants, *ibid.* These two are
compared to a burning
house, 227
Projectors: Of being a secret
Projector of ought. 353.
Prosperity: Of sudden prof-
perity, 1. Governement
and Obedience the two
causes of a common prof-
perity, 387. What man
would doe, if he should al-
wayes prosper. 442
Punishment: That no mans

sinnes are alwayes unpun-
ished, 178, 180, 181.
Puritan: 10. Why none of them
will owne their owne name,
ibid. in *finem*. The various
acceptation of it, 11, in *prin-*
cipibus. He is a Church-
Rebel, *ibid.* What kind of
Puritan is both to be loved
and hated, 12.

R

Railing: A pretty use of one
that railes on a man, 396.
Reading: A Rule in reading
of Authors, 354
Reconciliation: Of reconci-
ling Enemies, 74.
Religion: Of its choice, 50.
That it is our best guide,
192. A rare thing to see a
Rich man Religious, 349.
It is no foe to good man-
ners, The Rule or Domi-
nation of Religion, 51. The
submission of reason to Re-
ligion, *ib. dem.* The Prote-
stant Religion commended
53. That Religion governs
All, even the World, Na-
ture, and Policy, 194.
Repentance: Without comes
ruine, 279. how repentance
infaours us againe with
God, *ibid.* all things against
a man,

An Alphabetical Table.

- a man, whilst he lives im-
penitently, 277. Repen-
tance after Fayling) is a
Prompter to a sinner hold,
277, 278
- Reprehension: 19. A friends
love therein manifested, ib.
A rule for it, ibid. 19, 20,
23. Publike Repentance
what like, ibidem. A pretty
comparison to manifest a
means in Reprehension,
22. An argument drawne
from the unbened tongue,
ibid. A good Rule, and
shrewd Check for a Repro-
ver, ib. 23. Against rough
Reprehension. 161
- Reputation: vide Good
Name, 346
- Resolution: Of sudden Re-
solution, 4. It is the most
fortifying Armour a man
can wear, ibid. Fortunes
Resolution necessary to in-
safe us from the Thefts
and Wiles of Prosperitie,
5. Though Resolutions
change, yet Vowes should
know no varieties. 148
- Restraint: That all things
have their Rest, 130. Of it
and Libertie. 223
- Revenge: To Revenge
wrongs, what it saunders of,
498. Whilst we thinke to
- Revenge a wrong, we oft
begin one. 127
- Reward: Of it and Service,
16
- Riches: How advanced by
Custome, 113. vide En-
crease, 303. A rare thing
to see a Rich man Religi-
ous, 349. Content makes
Rich, 430
- S
- Sanctitie: It is a Sentence of
three stops. 421
- Scandall: Its fault and fruit,
284. Of Scandalous Mini-
sters, ibid. 285
- Science: Of it and Wisdome,
138. It comes short of wis-
dome. ibid.
- Sea: Every man is a Vast
Sea. 190
- Secrecie: It ought to be in
Projecting ought, 353.
That all secrets should not
be imparted to the faith-
fullest Friend. 365
What two Friends should doe
with their secrets, when
they depart one from ano-
ther. 458
- Servant: The good of a dis-
creet Servant, 16. Good to
use a servant sometimes
like a Friend, 17. But this
should not make him saucie,

An Alphabetical Table.

18. <i>A good rule betwene Master and Servant, ibid.</i>	Souldier: <i>Of him and warre,</i>
Servants usually are our best Friends or worst Foes, 112	279. <i>A Souldier should have in him both Courage and Compassion, 143. A Souldiers life is a life tempting to exorbitancie,</i>
Shame: <i>Just shame saddens a good mans Soule. 377</i>	282. <i>Their life but an ordered Quarrell. ibid.</i>
Silence: <i>Of Silence and Babbling, 333. A prettie example of enjoying Silence. 416. 417</i>	Speech: <i>Of Speeches bewraying, 416. Reasons of giving a deafe eare to evill speaking. 241</i>
Sinne: <i>That Sinne is more Craftie than Violent, 116. The horrour that it leaves behind, 86, 87. That no man Sinne goes alwayes unpunished, 178. Of Veniall Sinne, 336. Sinne brings sorrow, 347. Sinne but Once committed, begets a proneness to Reiteration, 374. The sudden occasion of Sin most dangerous. 411</i>	Spending: <i>Of it, and Sparring. 358</i>
Solitarinesse: <i>Of it, and Companionship. 385</i>	Speede: <i>Times continuall Speede. 23</i>
Sorrow: <i>That sinne brings it, 347. Sorrowes are like putrid Graves, 175. Of all objects of sorrow, a Distressed King is the most pittifull. 187, 188</i>	Stedfastnesse: <i>A Christians Stedfastnesse in his Saviour, compared to a Needle in a Dyall. 359</i>
Soule: <i>Of it, 195. Of the manifold distractions about it, ibid. Whether it followes the temperature of the body, 196</i>	Sudden: <i>Of sudden Resolutions. 4</i>
	Sufferance: <i>That it causeth Love. 253</i>
	Suite: <i>vide Petitions, 56, 57</i>
	Suspition: <i>vide Jealousie. Of it, 240. Whence it proceeds most commonly. ibid.</i>
	T
	Temptation: <i>Of the minde of a man after the Conquest of a strong Temptation, 437</i>
	Time: <i>Its continuall speed, 23. A</i>

An Alphabeticall Table.

23. *A thing in time promyseth good successe*, 21. *Of the waste and change of time*, 144. *Time is Changes agent*, 145. *Man is but times Ball*, 244. *An example of vaine spent time*, 303. *How the distempers of these times affect the wise*, 426

Travell: 270. *A rule for converse in Travell*, 272. *A Travelling foole is the shame of all Nations*, 271. *How to better our selves by Travell*. *ibid.*

Traitor: *Mans owne heart the greatest Traytor*. 203.

Treacherie: *Its worst kinde*.

Trifles: *Of lamenting the losse of Trifles*. 372

Troubles: *They are the best tutors to goodnesse*. 332

V

Valour: *A Christians valour and true fidelitie*, 338. *Valour, when best tempered*. 141

Value: *Of being over-valued*, 93. *There is no destraction worse, then to over-value men*. 96

Varietie: *Though pleasing,*

yet troublesome. 50

Vertue: *Of the end of Vertue and Vice*, 8. *Of it and wisdom*, 230. *A Vertuous man is a wonder*, 335. *Every Vertue hath two Vices clogging her*, 336. *What a Vertuous man in the puritie of his life is like*, 351. *Of being Vertues friend, and Vices foe*, 412. *Vertue and Vice compared*, 438, 439. *Vertue and Vices large attendants*, 24, 25. *When a man is rightly vertuous*, 123. *and when upright*, *ibidem*. *Vertue is Natures envie*, 178, 179. *Vertues garment how sacred*, 230. *Of Nobility joyned with Vertue, how glorious*. 438

Vice: *Of the end of Vice and Vertue*, 8. *Vices path*, *ibid.* *A painted Harlot*, 9. *when most dangerous*, 129. *Its flourishing and decay*, 426. *Vices attendants*, 25. *Its now a Vice to be honest*, 179. *Vices brave bold face*, 180. *It hath a punishment though secret*. 180, 881

Vicissitude: *All temporall things have their vicissitude*, 131. *This vicissitude maintaines the world*. 132

An Alphabetical Table.

Vine: Humilitie compared to the Vine. 14

Violence: Of it and eagerneſſe, 27. It oft proſpers, but ſeldome is bleſſed, *ibid.* Example in the Covetous, *ibidem*, and others, by many pretty ſimilies, *ibid.* & 28. The Authors Conclusion from the premiſes. 19

Vowes: Though Reſolutions change, yet Vowes ſhould know no varietie, 448

Vprightneſſe: Inward integritie, and outward up-rightneſſe ought to be reſpected. 397

W

Warre: Of it, and Souldiers, 279. A Souldier ſhould have in him both courage and compaſſion, 143. War is the Blood-letting of a Body Politique, 379. The cauſes of Warre reduced into five heads, 280. It is lawfull for Princes by War to vindicate the honour of themſelves and their people, 281. Three Vertues which ought to be in every Commander of Warre, *ibidem*. Warre is one of the

offences with woe. 183

Watches: A wiſe man will keepe a double watch, 203

Will: That it is accepted with God for the deede, 378

Wiſe: What the comfort of a wiſe Wiſe is. 264, 265

Wiſedome: Of over-valuing our wiſedome, 93. Of it, and Science, 138. Of it, and Vertue, 230. They are the guards of ſatiſtie, *ibid.*

Woman: Of her, 100. Man, why made her Matter, 101. Of a Woman with a wiſe Soule. 264

Word: The Word of God our Looking-glaſſe, 402. A word in leiſon, compared to ſtriking in time. 21

Workes: Of them without Faith, and of Faith without them, 348. Great workes undertaken for oſtentation, miſſe of their end, and turne to the Authors ſhame, 144. Examples of it. *ibid.*

World: Of being the worlds favorite without Grace, 334. Its enchantment, when it ſmiles on us, 360. What gaine comes by the proſit and pleaſure of the World, 366. The condi-

An Alphabeticall Table.

<i>condition of the Worlds things.</i>	431	<i>what it savours of,</i>	428.
Wrongs: Of Natures re- compencing wrongs,	121.	<i>Whilest wee thinke to re- venge a wrong, wee oft beginne it,</i>	127.
<i>of apprehension in wrongs,</i>		<i>'Tis a Princely thing to disdaine a wrong.</i>	128
126. To revenge wrongs,			

FINIS.





